WANLEY PENSON;

OR, THE

MELANCHOLY MAN:

A

MISCELLANEOUS HISTORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Oft by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping woful wan like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

At length he reſts upon the lap of earth;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And MELANCHOLY mark'd him for her own.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

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THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART V.

PENSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

Briſtol.

" What then! is the reward of virtue bread?

I HAVE very little opinion, Bountly, of that doctrine, whether delivered by the poet, the prieſt, or the philoſopher, which teaches that virtue (by which I would be underſtood here to mean the act of doing good) is a kind of bartering with Providence for an equivalent to be returned in ſome worldly happineſs.—'Tis a doctrine fit only to wheedle a child with,

whoſe ideas can comprehend nothing more ſublime than a tinſel coat, or a tinkling play-thing.—'Tis a doctrine that debaſes the virtue into the character of a uſurer, who aids his friend but in the expectation of a gainful return. Whereas this virtue reckons not on a return, but poſſeſſes its full reward in the moment it is exerciſed.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can beſtow,
"The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt glow,
"Is virtue's prize."—

Yet, notwithſtanding the little credit I give this doctrine, which human life in *general* evinces to be deduced only from imaginary principles—yet, I ſay, for a *particular*, I am this day an inſtance that Providence ſometimes rewards an act of humanity in *ſpecie*, if I may be allowed the term.

But in ſuch a caſe how indulgent is the Parent of the world! even like a fond mother, who gives a ſpoiled child *trencher-money* to eat its dinner. For what is it we do when we relieve diſtreſs, but ſatisfy an

uneaſy ſenſation, which quickens in our breaſts at the ſight of human miſery?

This morning, after breakfaſt, Mr. D—'s ſervant opened the door of the parlour, where I happened to be ſitting alone; and announcing a gentleman, who wiſhed to ſpeak with me, retired.

The gentleman on the inſtant entered with a kind of blunt air.

"Hoy! maſter Penſon," ſaid he; "where are ye?—Ho! you are maſter Penſon, I ſuppoſe."

"My name is Penſon, Sir."

"Well well—bring to—bring to; no yawing d'ye ſee—look here—"

And ſo ſaying he took a chair and ſat down; beckoning me to do the ſame.—I did ſo.

He looked at me very ſeriouſly; and though his aſpect was rather of the rough kind, yet there was a tint of good nature evidently blended in the ſhades of his countenance.

"May I be favoured with the knowledge of your commands, Sir?"

He drew his chair almoſt cloſe to my knees.

"Why *look ye* now, my lad," ſaid he; "according to my reckoning, d'ye ſee, I think you ſail in too high latitudes; and if an old ſeaman has any judgment in the matter, the ſhrouds of your topmaſt are ſo ſlack that your look-outs never mount them."

"Sir," ſaid I, "you muſt pardon me, but I don't comprehend you."

"Like enough, like enough," ſaid he; and peering over a book I held in my hand—"Ha!" continued he, "what book haſt got there?"

"The Fool of Quality, Sir."

"The fool what—what is it about?"

"Why, Sir, it is the hiſtory of an imaginary character, whoſe manners, as here deſcribed, being oppoſite to the maxims of the world, the author has entitled his hero a *fool*—well knowing there were thoſe that *would*, if *he* did not."

"Ah! like enough; an honeſt hearted fellow, a ſeaman, *'tis like?*—But didſt ever read that book before?"

"The

"The firſt volume a few days ſince, Sir."

"Like enough," ſaid he: "and didſt thou read there of an honeſt ſimple fellow, who ſent a large venture out in a rotten bottom; and when he heard 'twas loſt, e'en went to the ſea ſide, and caſt in gold for luck?"

"I never read any ſuch thing, Sir."

"Ha! How! what ſail without a chart? A venturous fellow 'faith!—Gi' me thy hand, my lad."

"'Tis at your command, Sir; but—I really do not underſtand you."

"No!—But *thee* ſhalt though.—*Thee* didſt lend one Carvile ſome caſh. He was a rogue; but I am appointed to ſettle his debts.—*There's* what he borrow'd of thee like a knave, and what thou (don't be angry with me, my lad) lenteſt him like a fool."

"Sir!"

"No matter, no matter. I love a fool to my ſoul. We ſeamen are all fools in

the opinion of the land-lubbers, becauſe we help our friends in the firſt inſtance, and reflect upon the moſt prudent method of doing it afterwards: whilſt a lubberly landman puts his hand in his pocket, and takes out a guinea—then reflects, puts it in again, and pulls out a half-crown—reflects again—then puts it in, and pulls out a ſhilling—and ſo continues to dip and heſitate, till at length with a deal of importance he drops a half-penny into the hat of an old battered acquaintance."

The old ſeaman's ſentiments, Bountly, were ſo congenial with my own, that I involuntarily ſqueezed his hand, he having familiarly taken mine while he was laſt ſpeaking.

The ſignal was not unnoticed. The ſeaman's eyes gliſtened. He returned my ſqueeze in a hearty ſhake.

"Art a ſeaman, lad?" ſaid he haſtily, and gazing eagerly at me—"Art a ſeaman?"—But ſuddenly recollecting himſelf,

"No

"No matter, no matter," ſaid he; "thou haſt got an honeſt ſeaman's ſoul: but look here; here is a bill to the value of Carvile's debt.—That's well; but that's nothing: Moll has told me all. Her debt I can't pay, but by loving thee; nor ſo neither; for that's only a quit-rent for't. I love Moll," continued he; "ſhe's my ſiſter's daughter: I muſt take the poor thing in tow; ſhe has been beating about ſadly. That Carvile was always a knave. He was my father's ſervant; and, by his falſe tongue, ſome how, found means to overhaul my ſiſter.

"My father never would ſpeak to either of them after; but I interceded ſo far as at length to get ſome money from him to ſet 'em a going in the way you knew 'em in; and they might have done tolerably, had he not been too crafty to gain confidence, and too full of projects to profit by any. My ſiſter has been dead ſome years; and the raſcal, full of a favourite ſcheme, clapped

up a marriage, unknown to any of the family, between his daughter and a fool of a fellow, whoſe caſh he wanted to have the direction of. This induced our whole family to renounce him quite. His fool of a ſon-in-law, I find, ſoon killed himſelf a drinking, but ſpent the greateſt part of his money firſt; and Carvile's ſchemes miſcarrying, he it ſeems has abſconded: ſo I found at my return to England, from whence I have been abſent ſome time, my poor niece adrift without oars or ballaſt, and no proviſion but what thy good heart afforded her; for which relief *I*, as well as ſhe, am under an eternal obligation to thee; for Moll is ſtill my ſiſter's child, though ſhe had a rogue to her father."

"Sir," ſaid I, "what I did for your niece merits no acknowledgment; as it was only the effect of an impulſe, which to comply with, did pleaſure to myſelf."

"No ſlipping of cable, boy," ſaid he; "that ſhan't do,—*thee* and I muſt be bet-

ter

ter acquainted. If *thee* wert my own boy, how would I glory in thee!"

I ſighed involuntarily.

"I believe not," ſaid I: "did you know me, I am conſcious you would have more to blame than applaud in me."

"Pſhaw!" ſaid he, "what'ſt think I can't take an obſervation? Why I'd procure thee the command of the firſt ſhip in the navy."

"You fancy I have obliged you," I replied; "and you ſpeak the warm language of gratitude: but even your expreſſion convinces me that you would alter your opinion of me, were you but acquainted with me.—What would you ſay of a ſon in whom you wiſhed to glory, who had no ambition for any thing called glory?"

"What the Devil! How now!"

"Even ſo, Sir: the world methinks contains nothing that can ſtimulate ambition in my boſom."

"Split

"Split my blocks! Why, where now? I am out of ſoundings!"

I interrupted his exclamations, and he repeated them till, at length, by little and little, he drew from me the principal incidents of my ſhort life, as an apology for my preſent ſentiments.

"Well," ſaid he, "and what's all this to mope about?—Mere *every-day* luck!—We are all ſubject to ſtorms; and if we are wrecked, we muſt ſwim for't, not fold our arms and be drowned. Drown, indeed! drown puppies. Why, if *thee* haſt loſt a fortune, get another—the world's wide enough, and there are fools enough in it to encourage the attempt. *Thee* haſt loſt a ſiſter, and found her again, and loſt her again—queer enough to be ſure—and ſad enough too; for ſhe was got pretty deep into thy hold it ſeems: but what of that? I know what 'tis to loſe a ſiſter, and a good one too; for I have loſt more than one, with-

without the hope of finding 'em again. *Thee* haſt loſt alſo a father and mother—Splice! why ſo have all the folks in the world, except God and the Devil. But then *thee* haſt loſt a pretty wench—that's bad to be ſure. I was melancholy myſelf for three days, when my ſweetheart, Nelly Trig, died; but I got over it, doſt ſee. Zounds! what weep for a wench ſeven years, ſo many pretty ones as there are ſtill left behind!—'Tis out of reaſon—*thee* art wrong; begin a freſh reckoning, man. Not *like* the world, indeed! Why 'tis as good for thee as it was for thy father; is it not?"

I was about to interrupt him; for, though his manner made me ſmile, I was ſomehow picqued, that he ſo ſuperficially ſcanned my ſentiments; yea, in fact miſcalculated them: for, in my diſcourſe with him, I had advanced only to this amount, that though an event in which my affections were intereſted might have too much, perhaps, let down the natural tenor of my ideas,

yet

yet the common diſappointments and viciſſitudes of life were ſufficient to convince a reflective mind, that it were more the part of a rational being to obſerve the buſtle of the world, than to thruſt amidſt its confuſion: but he prevented me---

"Avaſt," ſaid he, "and let me give thee a piece of advice---Don't be too ſqueamiſh. Why, if a ſeaman was to conſider too nicely what that is compoſed of which he eats, why he'd ſtarve himſelf in the midſt of plenty; for 'tis almoſt impoſſible to avoid having ſometimes a grub in the pot. And the ſame holds good in life; we muſt take it as 'tis---we may ſcrutinize its faults till our ſtomachs heave at its pleaſures. We may refine ſo much, as to be unfit for our ſtations as men---Doſt hear me, my lad? thy mind has loſt its digeſtion: every thing remains on it; thence it becomes overcharged, and (as the doctor told me once after I had been ill of a fever) it requires ſome gentle ſtimulants. Now doſt mind me?

me? I have proof that if thou delighteſt in any thing, 'tis in acts of generoſity: but theſe thou canſt, in thy preſent circumſtances, indulge only on a narrow ſcale; whereas, wouldſt thou but *put out* in life a little, a thouſand to one but thy talents would ſoon procure thee a fortune; and then what ſea room would thy good-nature have to work in!—Come, come, brace up man! What'ſt ſay, ha?"

This, my Bountly, was delivered with ſuch a tone, and ſuch a countenance of good nature, that I could not but feel its force, though my heart recoiled at its tendency: it prevailed on me ſo that I forgot my pique; I even forgot what I had intended to object, and only thus replied, conſcious that though his conception of things was leſs abſtracted than mine, it was better ſuited to the groſs of human life.

"I acknowledge," ſaid I, "that it would be an unhappineſs, as well for the individual as for the world in general, if the many

many viewed things in the light I view them in. I believe my mind is in ſome degree (perhaps a great one) debilitated. But how is it to be reſtored to its priſtine vigour? and till that can be done, how can I follow your advice? You may tell a man with tender eyes not to ſuffer the tear to fall when the north wind blows in them; but you ſpeak in vain, unleſs you ſtrengthen the nerve, and—

He interrupted me; "Avaſt," ſaid he: "I would not tell him any ſuch thing; but I'd tell him to tack about, and let the wind blow in his poop. Splice it! Tears and north winds indeed! Why, I tell thee, *thee* muſt turn tail to all that, and ſteer forward to new fortune."

"Sir," ſaid I, "I will not be ſo unnatural as to ſay my preſent mode of thinking is immediately inſpired by grief ſtill exiſting for an object long ſince loſt. No—Grief is a paſſion too violent to be of long duration; but probably, by nature formed

too

too ſuſceptible, untoward circumſtances *once* gave my mind that turn which, by too long indulgence, perhaps is now grown habitual to it. I will not pretend to juſtify myſelf; yet though I cannot reliſh the enjoyments of the generality of mankind, I have, notwithſtanding, enjoyments to which probably that generality are ſtrangers. A man having loſt one ſenſe has the remaining frequently in greater perfection. This I can aver, that thoſe pleaſures (though they are but few) which I can enjoy, I enjoy with a moſt exquiſite reliſh. But the incentive whereby you would urge me out of my quieſcence (though I allow the acquiſition of wealth, for ſuch a generous purpoſe, to be a powerful one)—you will pardon me, but it has not its intended effect on me: for, if conſidered nicely, what would the acquirement of riches, even for ſuch a benevolent intent, amount to more than this, to oppreſs with one hand, and relieve with the other?

There

There are indeed various vocations in the world in which a man may do decently by fair means, ſo that he ever keep company with *ſuſpicion* as his guard againſt impoſture: but who, ſave from neceſſity, would be bound to a companion ſo illiberal, without hope of being enabled ever to enlarge himſelf? And to amaſs a haſty fortune, one muſt ſubmit to meanneſſes ſtill more degrading, even to the taking every advantage that may offer. This the world thinks *fair*; but I think cruel.—To ſay I take only that advantage which another *would* if I did not, is no juſtification of my fault, but a charge of injuſtice brought againſt the whole ſpecies of man; an impeachment, which, in my own behalf, I will never lay myſelf under the neceſſity of making while I have a competence for myſelf, and an honeſt mite for the diſtreſſed. With regard to the love you blame me for, I acknowledge I have a ſufficient acquaintance with the human heart to know

it

it is transferable. The exiſtence of an exceſs of affection for a deceaſed object, to the excluſion of all living ones, through a life of forty or fifty years, is only to be met with in romances.—Yes, Sir, I acknowledge it transferable; I feel too ſenſibly it is ſo; but I am ſenſible alſo that its pureſt effuſion is *now* mixed with ſad remembrances. In ſhort, I am ſenſible I poſſeſs not that which can merit a return from the only object to whom it can poſſibly be transferred."

The old captain was all attention while I ſpoke: his looks occaſionally evincing his diſlike or approbation. When I had ceaſed—

"Splice it," ſaid he, "but thou haſt an odd method of boxing thy compaſs; and though I can't wiſh all the world like thee, yet *thee* doſt caſt up thyſelf ſo cleverly, that I wiſh there were more of thy draught than there are; they would be to the world what the magnetic needle is to the

mariner, which, though inactive itſelf, diſcovers to him his variations, and the rhumb upon which he is ſailing. And ſplit me, ſince I know thee art out in ſome of thy bearings, if I ben't glad to hear that love is again haling thee *to*, on t'other tack. Let it—'twill ſhift thy ballaſt—ha, boy? and we ſhall ſee thee right again 'fore 'tis long. Say old Captain Brudenell ſaid ſo."

A thought ſtruck me here, Bountly—but I will not anticipate.

"Brudenell, Sir!" ſaid I; "pray have you any knowledge of the Brudenells of G---?"

"Knowledge! do I know my own ſhip, doſt think? Why, Clement was my brother; he is dead: and I have now only one brother living, an old bachelor like myſelf. Clement has left a daughter behind him: we ſhall do well for her between us. I intend in a few weeks to go ſee her. She was a ſweet wench once: I hope ſhe e'n't ſpoilt. Splice me, if ſhe is, old Jack will find another mooring for his freightage.

But

But doſt *thee* know any thing of theſe Brudenells, then, my lad?"

"Sir," ſaid I, riſing and taking his hand, "I had the pleaſure of knowing your worthy brother, and I have now the additional pleaſure of knowing the uncle of the moſt deſerving young lady in the world."

"Which, what young lady?" replied he, with quickneſs—"a Carvile, or a Brudenell?"

"Miſs Sylvia Brudenell, Sir."

"Sylvia! ah," ſaid he, "that is her name. But that is not *ſhe*, is it?" continued he, peering in my face with an eye ſhrewdly inquiſitive.

I believe I looked confounded; however I replied as calm as poſſible—"Sir, I beg your pardon—I have not the preſumption—my ideas are humbler."

"I'm ſorry for't," ſaid he, "that's all. Thee haſt odd notions of things, 'tis true; but Sylvia and thee would not have made

a bad match, for ſhe uſed to have odd notions too. Laſt time I ſaw her, 'twas at Siſter Bell's, at Haverford; ſhe tried forſooth to make it out that a conſcientious man could not be a *ſoldier*. A jade! I knew where ſhe was driving, becauſe I bear a commiſſion in the navy—not conſcientious indeed! But there, *thee* waſt not far off the ſame calculation thyſelf juſt now: —ſaplings both—but ye'll know better 'fore ye have caſt as many reckonings as I have; though, by the way, doſt ſee, however I may act myſelf, I am better pleaſed to ſee young folks ſteer too cloſe, than *yaw* the devil knows where; and, in fact, I have always loved Sylvy the better for not running on a line with the common fleet of fools. Gi' me the man that on occaſion is obſtinate enough to hold his own ſteerage. Though, doſt mind me, I could wiſh that thine was held a *leetle* leſs tight. But however, as 'tis, I love thee; and I wiſh Captain Brudenell may never have a worſe man for

for his kinſman, that's all; and no harm, I hope, neither."

I thanked him for his candour; and ſoon after he departed, full of expreſſions of gratitude for what I had done for his kinſwoman, having firſt engaged me to dine with him to-morrow; and which indeed he found no great difficulty to do, averſe as I am to the cultivation of new acquaintance; for thou wilt obſerve, by my unuſual openneſs to him, that there was ſomething about him which let him within my habitual cloſeneſs.

Methinks I feel my mind uncommonly light on this rencounter; and more cauſes than one perhaps could be aſſigned for it. But, I believe, the principal one is, my having diſcovered here a ſoul whoſe firſt tones are in uniſon with my own, though ſome of the inferior ones may a little diſagree. Another cauſe may be, that fortune for once ſeems to favour me; and, what is more, has rewarded me for what the

world would call a fooliſh act. Who, though he dare not repine at the frowns of Providence, but feels himſelf happy in its ſmiles?—And perhaps there is yet another cauſe—ſhall I inveſtigate it?—'tis irkſome to do ſo: yet may not one be permitted a pleaſurable ſenſation, on a conviction that one *is* agreeable to thoſe to whom one would wiſh to be agreeable? One would not wiſh to diſguſt, Bountly. Well, then, perhaps, a great cauſe of my preſent cheerfulneſs (if any emotion of my breaſt can deſerve that name) is, that I have acquired, by a blind caſt, the good opinion of Miſs Brudenell's uncle. But what then? What will this avail me? Can I take an advantage of it?—No, I cannot, my Bountly, be ſo ſelfiſh. Say, I love Miſs Brudenell; and ſay too, for the ſake of the concluſion, that ſhe has a regard for me: ſhall I evince my affection, and requite her eſteem, by doing her an injury? Shall I, who, were it in my power, would raiſe her to a throne,

throne, and to happineſs, ſhall I ſink her in penſiveneſs and obſcurity? No.—Yet to ſeek an alliance with her, what were it but to do this? Fortune has placed her in a ſuperior ſtation; I can ſink *her*, but ſhe cannot raiſe *me*. Beſides, am I not conſcious (as I have before hinted to thee) that my moſt ardent affections will henceforward be tinctured with melancholy. Can it be otherwiſe, long taught, as I have been, by experience, to expect viciſſitudes in the midſt of enjoyments. Who then could be happy with ſuch a companion? No, Bountly, my reſolution is taken; though the meeting with this bluntly honeſt navigator will detain me, probably, a few days longer in Briſtol than I intended. But 'tis little odds to me where I am.

Adieu,

W. Wanley Penson.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

Briſtol.

EVERY thing relative to human life is chequered with good and evil. I ſee nothing but I find in it ſomething to admire, and ſomething to regret.

Some of the inſtitutions of Moravianiſm I am pleaſed with; others are, in my opinion, worthy abolition.

They have *choir houſes*, as they call them, a kind of nunneries, where their ſingle women live together under the care of a matron. Theſe *ſingle ſiſters*, as they term them, take no *vow*, nor are under any thing more than a voluntary reſtraint, being at liberty to quit the ſiſterhood whenever they find themſelves diſinclined to comply with the rules of it.

This is an inſtitution I am pleaſed with; and I ſhould not be ſorry to hear there were many

many ſuch houſes eſtabliſhed with proper regulations in this kingdom; as they would form happy aſylums for the weaker ſex, many of whom, for want of ſuch places to take ſhelter in, are frequently expoſed to the inſidiouſneſs and rapacity of an unfeeling world.

But I think, on the other hand, theſe people are too ſtarched in matters of *courtſhip* and *marriage*.

Whatever ſets itſelf againſt the courſe of nature, however plauſible, I diſlike. Wedlock *firſt*, and love *after*, is like building a houſe on props, and then laying the foundation; in which caſe, 'tis a hundred to one if the top do not ſlip out of ſquare whilſt the bottom is ſearching for. Wedlock ſhould be the completion of love. But to begin with the completion! the phraſe is abſurd; yet this muſt be the caſe with a pair who, till the wedding day, have never ſeen each other but at a diſtance, or delivered their ſentiments to each other but

through the medium of a third perſon; or, at moſt, have been indulged but with a few formal interviews.

Beſides, the abſolute ſeparation of the two ſexes is certainly prejudicial to both. Nature formed each with a propenſity to the other; and that not merely for the propagation of the ſpecies, but for moral advantage; each ſex having peculiarities, both of excellency and defect, evidently intended to work on and moderate each other. What could one conceive of a world of *men*, but as of a world totally harſh, haughty, and obſtinate; or of a world of women, but as of a ſet of beings, ſubtle, timid, and mutable. But let them mix—the harſhneſs of man loſes its acrimony, his haughtineſs mellows into magnanimity, and his obſtinacy into a rational ſteadineſs; whilſt, by the ſame blending of qualities, woman's ſubtlety poliſhes into addreſs, her timidity meliorates into a becoming diffidence, and her mutability takes

the

the conſiſtency of a pleaſing yieldingneſs. Thus, by intercourſe, the ſexes perfect each other's qualities, and become for each other rational companions. This certainly was the intention of nature.

But there is nothing, however well intended, but is ſubject to perverſion.—— True—and this undeniably is the caſe in the familiarity of the ſexes. But then, on the other hand, it is the fault of moſt who attempt to mend nature, to cramp it; and then it grows out, like children who, to mend their ſhape, are cramped in tight-laced ſtays: and I will venture to infer that the reſtraints of Moravianiſm ſometimes afford corroborating proofs of this, though they may not be glaring enough to catch general attention.

Yet, after all, I do not know what could ſecure the reputation of ſuch places as theſe *ſiſters houſes* (to which I have only the objection of their being rendered almoſt inacceſſible to man, yea quite ſo, if

if he approach in the character of a lover), but ſuch a kind of regulation that ſhould in a great degree exclude the other ſex.

When a reformation of any defect takes place in human policy, things generally advert to the oppoſite extreme. Britons, tired of lawleſs authority, threw it off in the reign of Charles the Firſt; but, unhappily for themſelves, threw off with it even neceſſary ſubordination. The reformers, diſguſted with the ſuperſtitious rites of Rome, in their zeal for the reformation, rejected almoſt every inſtitution in the lump, however laudable, that had the misfortune to be of Romiſh origin, or that had happened to have been peculiarly countenanced by the papal ſee. For this reaſon, *religious houſes* are (in England eſpecially) held in a kind of abhorrence; and I know no proteſtants who have had the temerity to attempt (though many have acknowledged that ſuch inſtitutions, upon reformed principles, might be attended with

with ſome advantages) to eſtabliſh any thing of the kind, in our iſland, but theſe *brethren*; who admit none into theſe communities (not even children for inſtruction) but thoſe of their own perſuaſion; and who have very properly abrogated the vow of celibacy, as too great an outrage againſt reaſon: in ſhort, upon the whole, who have ſo far improved upon an old exploded plan, and effected thereon a congreement betwixt religious zeal and natural propenſities, that, could they yet enlarge a little in ſome inſtances, ſuch as the admiſſion of children for inſtruction (for which the retirement and ſtrict manners of theſe communities ſeem well adapted)—but eſpecially could they hit on a method of conforming a little more with nature in the prelude to matrimony—their ſingle ſiſters choir houſes are what I could admire as a uſeful inſtitution in civil ſociety, conſidering them as refuges for the fatherleſs and the friendleſs, and ſecluſions for thoſe who, diſguſted with the

the world, could no longer enjoy it, or render themſelves ſerviceable to it.

Of their ſingle *brethrens* houſes, for ſuch they alſo have, I cannot expreſs myſelf ſo favourably. Man is not of ſo domeſtic a turn as woman—his diſpoſition is leſs docile; beſides, in general, he is not expoſed, or rather not liable, to the temptations, dangers, and diſtreſs of the weaker ſex, and conſequently ſtands not in ſuch need of an aſylum: wherefore I cannot diſcover the utility of ſuch an eſtabliſhment; neither do I think it, in many reſpects (in this country at leaſt), eligible.

They tell me there is a hiſtory of their ſect ſoon to be publiſhed. I ſhall like to peruſe it: for certainly one ſees and hears enough among them to excite one's curioſity.

'Tis amazing what projects they are for ever planning and executing for the propagation of Chriſtianity among the Heathen, in all parts of the world. But nothing

ſtrikes

ſtrikes me more than the maintenance of ſubordination among them. I have before ſaid, that they have as many degrees in their prieſthood (I believe more) as we have in the eſtabliſhed church; and the reality of the ſubordination of the different degrees is equally, if not more, evident. Whatever is determined at their ſynods, which are frequently convoked, is ſubmitted to without heſitation, alike in the frozen regions of Greenland, as in the ſultry clime of the Indies. And a mandate from one of their biſhops, though unattended with the leaſt civil authority to coerce it, ſhall remove, on the aſpiration of a trifling complaint againſt him, a miniſter from one end of the earth to the other, without the leaſt objection on the part of the perſon removed, even though ſuch a perſon, as is the caſe with ſome, have an independent fortune.

Man, conſidered in different points of view, appears a contradiction to himſelf.

Taken

Taken individually, what can be more eccentric and opinionated?—but viewed collectively, or engaged in ſome purſuit, and what ſo readily ſubmits to be governed? The art of governing then ſeems in a great meaſure to conſiſt in a knack of inventing ſomething adapted to the taſte of certain ſets of men, in order to engage their attention: this all politicians have given occaſional proofs of their being aware of.—Among theſe brethren, *paſſive obedience* appears to be a pervading principle: but what renders the principle effective is, the term *divine direction* on the one hand, and on the other, *childlikeneſs*. The firſt, the repeated deceptions practiſed in all ages will naturally lead one to ſuſpect, and conſequently to ſmile at the latter.

Childlikeneſs, in the ſenſe theſe people underſtand it, is undoubtedly a virtue. To the commands of God all his creatures ought to pay implicit obedience—but read his laws, and mark the difference 'twixt God

God and man—rather than inſiſt on implicit obedience, *he* ever evinces the juſtice, the reaſonableneſs of his decrees, and ſeems to excite, while delivering them, the exerciſe of our faculties to bear teſtimony to his wiſdom and goodneſs: whilſt man, having faculties only in common with his fellows, arrogates that authority frequently over his equals, which God condeſcends *not* to exerciſe over his creatures—in iſſuing commands unattended with the ſhadow of a reaſon. Hence, I think, we may conclude that implicit obedience is the doctrine of *man*; and whenever injunctions of this character are laid, however ſanctioned with the ſacred name, they may fairly be concluded *his*, and queſtioned accordingly. Nevertheleſs, this doctrine, though I could wiſh it never aſſumed a ſupernatural ſanction, and which, after tracing it to its origin, one may be tempted to conſider as an evil, ſeems among theſe people to *effect* a conſpicuous

virtue, over and above the doubtful virtue of acquieſcence, viz. harmony. Nor is it much to be wondered at; for ſince they believe their *teachers* to be influenced by the ſpirit of God, the people think they obey his decrees in *their* dictates; and who, with the leaſt tincture of piety, would murmur at the appointments of Heaven?

This harmony, this tranquillity, and the love they appear to bear towards one another, and which is ſo viſible on a ſlight acquaintance with them, is what I admire moſt of all in theſe people; and on this account I can pardon them a hundred little peculiarities.

A member of their community will be known among his brethren, travel whither he will: for, by their *accounts* (daily read in their ſocieties) from their ſettlements in every part of the world, as well as by the frequent removal of their miniſters from one place to another, even the common members pretty well know, not only moſt

of their ſettlements, with their buildings, ſituation, and extent, but frequently even the names of moſt of the inhabitants; by which means they are in a manner united all as one family, and enabled, if a ſtranger arrive among them, preſently to diſcover if he be a brother; which when aſcertained, they receive him not only with hoſpitality, but with hearty affection, and the moſt evident pleaſure.

Men, for their ſecurity, form themſelves into large ſocieties, into empires, and ſtates; but, for their enjoyments, into ſmaller communities, into fraternities, and ſects. And as the minds of men are various, ad infinitum, I think the more ſects there are, the greater poſſibility there is for each man to find *one* ſuitable to his diſpoſition, in which, and with whom, he can enjoy himſelf.

Philoſophers are of opinion that all the planets which compoſe the ſolar ſyſtem are formed of materials ſimilar to thoſe of

our earth. But may not one reaſon cloſer, and infer that each ſeparate planet is formed of ſuch particles of matter, which, in their own nature, were heterogeneous to the particles that compoſed the other planets; and which, conſequently, could unite with, or gravitate to, none but themſelves; and that, were a piece of Saturn, or Jupiter, or even our Moon, detached, and brought down hither, it would fly off again by a natural antipathy, and ſeek its native ſphere, where only it could connect itſelf?

Theſe particles uniting form little epitomes of the general ſyſtem; and though averſe to an indiſtinct connection, yet mutually act upon and keep each other in due order; whilſt one and all readily coincide with the general influence, and, inſtead of interrupting, complete, nay *effect* the general harmony: for were not theſe particles of heterogeneous matter ſuffered to form themſelves into diſtinct bodies, may not one reaſonably conclude that nature would be in a ſtate of confuſion?

Now,

Now, as it is allowed to reaſon from the phyſical world to the moral, I conſider a ſtate or empire, in the moral world, as ſimilar to ſuch a *compound ſyſtem*, which, in the natural, I have ventured a conjunction on; a ſyſtem in which are a number of heterogeneous minds; at leaſt heterogeneous in particulars, though they may agree in generals; but in which, nevertheleſs, as every mind has a natural tendency to ſociality, each inſtinctively attaches itſelf to its neareſt likeneſs, thereby forming bodies, every one diſtinguiſhable by its own peculiarity. And, as to the inhabitants of Saturn their ſyſtem undoubtedly, to their nearer view, appears more ſtriking and of greater conſequence than the general one, ſo the peculiarity of each diſtinct community poſſeſſes the attention of its individuals in a far greater degree, and appears to them of greater moment, than the general affairs of the ſtate wherewith ſuch community is con-

nected; even ſo much, that, provided their own ſyſtem be not interrupted, they yield to the ſupreme influence peaceably and almoſt implicitly: wherefore I conclude that it tends equally to the tranquillity of a ſtate, and the happineſs of the individual, that all the different caſts of men quietly aſſociate, and form ſuch connections wherein they can enjoy what appears to each the thing of worthieſt moment; or, in other words, that which accords with the native bias of their minds, and conſequently conduces to their contentment.

In ſhort, that men ſhould form themſelves into ſtates and kingdoms, I conſider as much the intention of nature, as that planets ſhould gyre into ſyſtems; and equally as much ſo, that the former ſhould ſub-connect into ſects and communities, as that the latter ſhould form leſſer ſyſtems within the greater; and that *that* government which labours to counteract this aſſociating propenſity, labours to counteract

the

the courſe of nature, and conſequently works its own diſquiet: of this the hiſtory of nations is a ſufficient proof.

For it is not ſo much from perſuaſion as diſpoſition that men become ſectaries. A man of any particular turn of mind (and who but has a bias more or leſs inclined?) is always unhappy till he meets with ſome of ſimilar ideas, with whom his can coaleſce.

The dry reaſoner, who will allow you nothing but what you can win by ſyllogiſtic approaches, who will queſtion even his own birthright rather than want a ſubject of debate, is formed by nature for a *Preſbyterian*.

The prudiſhly preciſe, and the extremely frugal, or, in other words, the *very* circumſpect and the *very* good managers, aptly fall into *Quakeriſm*.

The hero, who, not content with the conqueſt of man, would fain conquer the *Devil*; the coquette, whoſe ambition can-

not be ſatisfied with earthly adulation; the lover, who, having diſcovered his miſtreſs to be but a woman, aſpires to an object of ſuperior quality; and the debauchee, who wiſhes to regale on a feaſt without cloying his deſires: in ſhort, all thoſe of high paſſions and warm imaginations, are ready, ſooner or later, to commence *Methodiſts.*

Thoſe, on the contrary, who have equally warm imaginations, but want the countenance to indulge them in an expoſed ſituation—who like to enjoy themſelves, rather ſnug in a corner—who with a rich ſuit of clothes would parade in their own room, but in the ſtreet would ſhoot along as though aſhamed of them—who would fain *do* wonders, and leave mankind to wonder *who* did them—are formed to coaleſce with *Moràvianiſm.*

Whilſt our churchmen are the beau monde: thoſe who are too polite to trouble themſelves with enquiries and calculations; but

but admit, as a reaſon the moſt cogent that can be offered, this ſhort deciſion: "It is the faſhion, Sir."

Indeed, an eſtabliſhed religion, whether it be Lutheraniſm, Calviniſm, or Epiſcopacy, will ſoon dwindle into a *no* religion; for, though it may retain many ſerious adherents, yet thoſe who contemn all religion in their hearts, or who diſgrace all by their lives (which, I think, I am juſtified by common obſervation in ſaying, are the major part of every known empire), and who of conſequence, either falling in with no ſect, or, being refuſed of all, neceſſarily remain on the eſtabliſhment, muſt ſtamp on any eſtabliſhed religion the character of inconſiſtency and no meaning.

But we are not hence to conclude that there is a fault in the principles of eſtabliſhed religions, or that their doctrines are only calculated for thoſe who will not give themſelves leiſure to reflect?—No—Perhaps there are no doctrines that will bear

bear a cloſer inveſtigation than thoſe of *our* eſtabliſhed church; and yet I have obſerved that a diſſenter can generally put down a churchman in argument—and why? Becauſe the latter, conſcious perhaps that *he* has nothing to fear from adverſe opinion who is ſupported by power, has accuſtomed himſelf to take every thing on truſt, and neglected to acquire information.

This reflection almoſt tempts me, Bountly, to venture here a wiſh, that there was no ſuch thing as an eſtabliſhment, but that every paſtor ſhould rely on the voluntary adherence and ſupport of his flock. We ſhould ſee then our church flouriſh in reality over its opponents: at leaſt I am confident, from the metamorphoſis which would then take place among the clergy, that we ſhould ſee its members a wiſer, if not a better people—a people able to give an account of their faith, if they did not reduce it into practice.

But,

But, on comparing conſequences, this too would be attended with evil. I ſhould make a bad reformer; for though, on *one* view, I might fancy I could point out where an amendment could be made; yet, on a *ſecond*, I always find it more feaſible to apologiſe for a ſeeming imperfection, than juſtify an alteration of it. This then being the general reſult of my enquiries, to what purpoſe are they made? thou wilt ſay. My anſwer is—to exerciſe my ruſty faculties, and amuſe my friend. —As to any other deſign, it is prevented by a conviction that the world is already too much botched to be mended by me.

Adieu.

W. Wanley Penson.

Penson

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

Briſtol.

BOUNTLY, I have written thee lately a deal about that oddly reported ſect, the *United Brethren.* Why I have done ſo I have already explained. 'Tis true, I originally intended only to have given thee ſuch ſketches of their peculiarities as might have enabled thee to form an idea of their real character: but in attempting this, I have been led to reflect on ſubjects that never before occurred to me, and which beguiled my unpractiſed faculties into prolixity and deſultorineſs: nor can I promiſe an amendment of this fault in future, as I really cannot be aware of the occaſion till after I have ſlipt away by it.

But why do I apologize to thee?

Thou telleſt me thou art pleaſed that I ſuf-

ſuffer my mind to expand on a variety of ſubjects; and that, without objecting to the method of conveyance, thou art amuſed with the information I convey thee. This (not to mention the ſtrength I find my mind gradually acquire by the exerciſe of its function) ſufficiently ſtimulates me to proceed.

I have already told thee of ſome things I approve among theſe *brethren*, and of others I diſapprove: but I have now ſomething to remark, that I both like and diſlike at the ſame time; and that is their behaviour to thoſe who, having been once connected with them, have (to uſe their own phraſe) *proved unfaithful*.

Such they treat with a coolneſs, an indifference bordering on contempt, whatever claims ſuch may have as men on their humanity.

This I approve, as it evinces they have no ſecrets which they are fearful of having divulged, notwithſtanding that privacy of manner,

manner, I have before hinted at, as one of their characteriſtics. — And this I diſapprove, becauſe, in caſe ſuch perſon be an object in diſtreſs, it manifeſts a want of ſenſibility, and leads me to conclude that the brotherly love, apparently ſo alive among them, is rather a ſpark directed by the breath of enthuſiaſm, than the real glow of affection; for a man once my brother is my brother always; and though I may diſapprove his conduct, I muſt ever feel for his diſtreſs. Indeed, Bountly, I am inclined to think that what we call enthuſiaſm is a contractor of the mind, ſomething that dulls the finer feelings of the human heart, as gazing on a too bright object renders the eye incapable of delicate inſpection.

But I'll tell thee how I came to make this obſervation.

A man in a mean garb, but which, though decayed, indicated that it had ſeen better days, was introduced yeſterday to Mr.

Mr. D——, whilſt he and I were ſitting together: for, on account, I believe, of ſome one of the cauſes I ſome time ſince ſuppoſed, Mr. D—— has ſo far received me into his good graces as quite to lay aſide ceremony with me. Now as Mr. D—— appears naturally, and more eſpecially towards thoſe of his own perſuaſion, a kind, friendly man, I could not but the more remark his behaviour to this ſtranger, which was abrupt almoſt to a breach of common decorum.

The man, it ſeems, had come ſome few days before from the north, where he had been connected with theſe people: but was now no longer owned by them.

He had been, I found, with Mr. D—— before; and now came to inform him that he ſhould be under the neceſſity of trying to return to the north again; for that (though it appeared he was a native of theſe parts) he was diſappointed in his hopes of getting work in or near his own

pariſh;

pariſh; and that the pariſh, to apply to which had brought him from the north, had refuſed to relieve him. Wherefore, though to return to the north would be returning to a place from whence he could derive no hope, and liable as he was through his extreme poverty to periſh by the way, yet he muſt attempt it, unleſs ſome of his brethren would be ſo kind as to find him ſome employment, and ſo prevent what in fact would be but an act of deſperation; and that in that caſe he would ſubmit to the meaneſt drudgery.

To this indirect petition Mr. D—— gave an abrupt refuſal; telling him he deſerved no ſuch favour at the hands of him or his brethren.

The man then in a more direct manner begged Mr. D——, would give him a line to certify, to his acquaintance in the north, what was the real reaſon of his returning among them; namely, that 'twas not the conſequence of effrontery, but neceſſity; as

as he really could not find employment in the parts he had removed to in ſearch of it.

This too, without ſoftening the negative, Mr. D—— abſolutely refuſed; telling him he had brought all his troubles on himſelf, and muſt himſelf get out of them.

To this the poor man replied with a hearty acknowledgment of his faults; but continued to repreſent his preſent diſtreſs in the moſt moving complaints.

Mr. D—— cut him ſhort with a repetition that, be his diſtreſs what it would, it was of his own ſeeking.—"Beſides," ſaid he, "even now, would you be but adviſed, and leave your bawling boy in the workhouſe, you would get rid of one half of it."

This ſeemed ſadly to wound the poor fellow.—"Indeed, indeed," replied he, "I cannot. I am ſorry I muſt be obſtinate; but, leave my poor boy! indeed I cannot."—And ſo he retired with the countenance of utter dejection.

Employment indeed! Why how, Bountly, ſhould a man with his aſpect get employment?——The viſage of melancholy, the conſequence of deep diſtreſs, may extort the donation of a few halfpence from mankind, by working on the ſame principle that would induce them to pay a ſcavenger to remove ſomething that excites diſagreeable ſenſations: but to employ it, to have it under their eye!—No, Bountly.

A fellow with the countenance of jollity, whoſe mind is eaſy enough to lay itſelf out for the diverſion of his employers, is only likely, maugre our humanity, to edge himſelf into patronage. But he whoſe countenance is the eſcutcheon of adverſity —poor fellow! muſt the *marks* of his *diſtreſs* then be an obſtacle to his procuring relief from it?——How pitiable!

Theſe reflections, Bountly, ruſhed over me as the wretched man retired.

He had been gone two minutes. I roſe with

with a trifling excuſe, and followed him. I ſoon ſaw him, and preſently came up with him. Methought he looked ſtill more dejected.—"I have no hope left," ſeemed to be imprinted on his countenance in legible characters.

I looked hard at him, and made as though I intended to paſs him. He made me a bow of recognizance, but immediately took his eyes off me, as though he had ſomething that demanded his attention more than any object then around him.

Bountly, I know what a monopolizer of attention is grief.

I ſtopt.

"And ſo you are really going to the north of England, are you?" ſaid I.

"There, or any where, ſir," ſaid he; "it matters not much to me."

"But if your boy can be taken care of, why will you burthen yourſelf with him, when you may be relieved of him?"

"O ſir!" ſaid he, "were you a father,

The poor thing is but four years old.—It loſt its mother, and I the beſt of wives, about five weeks ſince. It has only *me* in the world to take notice of him; and it tears my heart to think of parting with him, eſpecially to leave him in a workhouſe. Were you only to witneſs how he ſobs, and clings round my knees, when I am only leaving him for a few hours; how he begs me at my return not to leave him again; you would not wonder at my reluctance to part with him. But I am wretched indeed, and I in ſome ſort deſerve it."

"Where is your boy, my friend?" ſaid I.

"At the houſe of a poor kinſwoman," he replied, "about a mile from this city."

"Are you now going thither?"

"Yes, ſir."

"Will you give me leave to accompany you?"

The man eyed me with an eye of ſurpriſe and doubt, and heſitatingly pronounced—"Yes, ſir, if you chooſe it."

We

We jogged on.

"Your diſtreſs appears accumulated," ſaid I: "would it be diſagreeable to you to inform me how it became ſo?"

"Truly," ſaid he, "my diſtreſs ariſes from having acted contrary to the advice of thoſe who wiſhed me well; and the conſequence is, that they now leave me to ſtruggle with my calamity unaſſiſted: but what hurts me moſt of all is, their not vouchſafing me in my extremity even the favour of their countenance.

"I am a native of C——— pariſh, near this city; but have lived for many years in the north of England, where I was ſettled in a pretty way, in helping to carry on a manufactory there eſtabliſhed by the *brethren*, with whom I ſuppoſe, by your being at Mr. D—'s, you are not unacquainted. I was careſſed by them, and lived in peace and proſperity: but at length I happened to make an intimacy with a young woman not of their ſociety; and whom,

in ſhort, becauſe ſhe had ſuch qualifications as attracted my affection, I married contrary to their advice.

"By this means I was no longer admitted a member of their community: for whoever belongs to them muſt be led by them, and be *faithful* in all things.

"However, as I lived very orderly, and as my wife was a diſcreet, *moral* woman, I was, after a while, on importuning for it, re-admitted among them, which was a great pleaſure to me: for as they were people I liked, and had been ſo long uſed to, I was quite out of my element in being out of their connection.

"Nevertheleſs, though I was re-admitted, I believe I never poſſeſſed their confidence to the degree I did before. This frequently ſet me to *reaſoning*; and I ſometimes found myſelf inclined to ſelf-juſtification.

"I ſhould have told you that, during the time of my excluſion, I had engaged in buſineſs

on

on my own account; and (to cut my ſtory ſhort) ſome conſiderable time after having been re-admitted, as an opportunity offered, I was inclined to enter on a larger ſcale than I had hitherto. On this I conſulted my brethren. They adviſed me againſt it, becauſe my capital was but ſmall, and they were fearful that the credit of the ſociety might be injured through me, as they did not think it likely I could ſucceed.—In conſequence of this diſſuaſion, I forbore for a time. But the proſpect that opened to me was ſo tempting, that at laſt, in defiance of advice, I ventured.

"For a while things proſpered with me: but preſently the markets fell; and I, having a greater ſtock on hand than was proportioned to the capital whereby it was managed, was obliged to ſell at a great loſs.

"I could not make my returns. I grew dejected; and as my brethren rather blamed than conſoled me, I indulged myſelf, as a ſubſtitute for other conſolation, too often in a cheering glaſs.

"My exceſſes reached the knowledge of my brethren, and I was again turned out from among them.

"I was about this time obliged to ſell every thing I had to pay my creditors, and henceforward to work as a journeyman for my livelihood. For though, when I had made the moſt of every thing, I was ſtill much in debt, yet no one hitherto was ſo unkind as to moleſt my perſon.

"But, as work grew ſcarce, I experienced great diſtreſs; and as my behaviour had diſgraced my brethren, they treated me with a total diſregard. Yet I ſhould not, after all, have left the north, where there was a much greater likelihood of my procuring a comfortable ſuſtenance than any where elſe, but for an unlucky circumſtance.

"Paſſing a lane one evening, in the duſk, in the village adjoining that wherein I lived, I ſaw the ſon of one of my creditors ſtanding, with two or three other boys, all about fourteen or fifteen years of age,

on

on the ſide of the way, at a little diſtance from where I was to paſs.

"I moved on unconcerned. I had juſt bought a two-penny loaf, and a penny-worth of milk, and was carrying them home for the ſupper of my wife, my child, and myſelf. I had laid out all the money I had; and was comforting myſelf with the thought that, gloomy as my proſpects were, I had however for this evening ſecured a competence: when ſuddenly a rope, laid acroſs the way by theſe boys, roſe between my legs; and, taking me at unawares, threw me down. My loaf tumbled into the kennel, my milk was ſpilt, and my diſh broken; my wife and child at home, ſtarving; and I, now, nothing to relieve them.—My prudence forſook me: I aroſe, followed the boys, and unluckily overtaking my creditor's ſon, gave him two or three trimming ſtrokes, and then went home with a heart truly dejected.

"When I came home, how was my grief in-

increaſed to find my wife in excruciating pains, and my little boy crying by her !— I called in a neighbouring woman.—My wife was with child ; her pains terminated in a premature delivery ; and before the morning my wife, my poor Nelly, was a corpſe.

"The woman who attended, begged a little money for her interment, which we were under the neceſſity of performing the ſecond day after.

"I had juſt returned from the ſcanty funeral, and had flung myſelf, with my boy in my arms, on the poor pallet where my Nelly breathed her laſt ; when the woman I mentioned before, came in, in a violent buſtle, and told me that Mr. C——, the creditor whoſe ſon I had beaten, had ſued out a writ againſt me, and put it into the hands of a man in the next village, whoſe wife had juſt whiſpered it to her, that it would certainly be ſerved on me next morning. The cauſe ſtruck me immediately ; but the imprudence was committed :

committed: and I knew it was in vain to hope that the interference of my brethren would ſtop the firſt torrent of Mr. C———'s reſentment, could I have engaged them to attempt it; which I had not the courage to try to do, as I was conſcious my conduct had already diſguſted them, and now was likely to make them a common talk.

"Imagine now, ſir, what was my ſituation. No friend to comfort or adviſe; my wife ſuddenly ſnatched from me, and I as ſuddenly to be ſnatched from my poor friendleſs child, and caſt into a priſon, where I could do nothing for its relief.—'Twas too much.—I ſtarted; and packing up a few rags (the whole, indeed, I had to pack) I took my boy in my arms, and ſet off without conſidering whither to go.

"I bent my ſteps ſouthward, and at every town I paſſed aſked employment: but whether people diſliked my appearance, or what elſe, I know not, but none could I get; though I ſaw others could, even where

where I had been refuſed: ſo that I began to conſider myſelf as a Cain on whom Heaven had ſet a mark of its diſpleaſure. A little charity however ſerved to keep me from ſtarving. Wearied out with perpetual vagrancy, I reſolved to approach my native place, in hopes there I ſhould find ſome who would countenance me, though in indigence, or that my pariſh would put me in ſome method of ſuſtaining myſelf.

"But misfortune continues to purſue me. I can get no kind of employment, nor will the pariſh aſſiſt me farther than by taking my boy from me; whilſt that which completes my wretchedneſs is, that gaining courage, from a deſpair of every other means of relief, to beg my brethren in theſe parts to procure on my behalf the interference of my brethren in the north with Mr. C—, I have met with an utter refuſal, and that in terms that cut me to the heart. Yet it was but what I expected, and nothing more than I have deſerved: for I have been wiſe in my own conceit;

and,

and, O my heart! perhaps I am ſo ſtill. I would not be obſtinate, but I cannot forſake my poor boy—indeed I cannot."

We were now arrived at the door of a cottage, which the man opened. Juſt oppoſite the door ſat a child on the ground, with its arms folded on a ſtool, and its head reclined on them, ſighing moſt piteouſly. But on hearing the door open, and ſhut again, it looked round; and ſeeing my poor diſtreſſed man, ſtarted up, and flying to him, clung round his knees; crying, in an agony of grief, "O ~~my~~ daddy—~~my~~ daddy—Dickey die—Dickey *will* die, if daddy leave him more."—Then quitting its hold, it turned away; and, wringing its little hands, cried moſt bitterly, exclaiming in broken accents, "Dickey's mammy dead, Dickey's daddy gone—Oh! Dickey's daddy leave him—leave him die, leave Dickey die." A moment after, turning again, it fell on its knees, and embracing its father's legs, looked up

in his face with an aſpect more perſuaſive than all language; and, whilſt the ſob diſjointed its liſping prayer, cried, "Dear daddy, don't leave Dickey more—carry him back, and put him in the coffin with mammy; but don't leave him more."

O Bountly! hadſt thou—had Mr. D—— but ſeen my poor man's looks at this moment—the tear trickling ſilently down his ſunk cheeks, as he raiſed his kneeling child from the ground, to preſs it to his boſom—and the bare acquieſcence, "Never, never," (the whole reply he could make to the concluding petition of his boy) iſſuing with a ſigh from his quivering lip!——But the paroxyſm of the moment abating, he turned towards me.—Sympathy, I believe, was portrayed on my countenance. "Are you a father?" he cried. "Oh could you then, could you—" He ſtopt: I underſtood the import of his aſpiration, but could only find utterance to reply in his own words, "No, never, never."

However, after a pauſe of a few minutes, recollecting myſelf, I deſired my diſtreſſed man to remain where he was till he heard from me again; and, putting on an old board a little ſilver for preſent relief, I retired, leaving him mingling his tears with thoſe of his poor boy, whom he continued to fold in his arms, and whoſe cheek was reclined againſt his diſconſolate father's.

All men, Bountly, feel for themſelves: few feel for others; few ſubſtitute themſelves in the place of their neighbours, in order to judge either of their actions or their ſufferings.

I have ſeen a man who, when groaning with the rheumatiſm, would have thought it the height of cruelty in any one to have paſſed *his* complaint without commiſeration; and who yet was no ſooner a little eaſy, but he would vent the moſt ſarcaſtic jokes on a perſon writhing with the colic.

My friend Mr. D—, had he but a moment ſubſtituted himſelf, in idea, in the place

place of the poor north-country man, never could have blamed his affection for his boy. There are certain weakneſſes in human nature which render it amiable: but theſe, like the ſhades in a picture, are reckoned blemiſhes by the unſkilful obſerver.

Captain Brudenell, though not perhaps ſo ſtrict a liver as Mr. D—, has a heart more ſuſceptible; a heart not ſo totally attracted by things beyond the ſphere of humanity. To him I repaired from my diſtreſſed ſtranger.

I had viſited the captain twice ſince the interview I recounted in a former letter. His increaſing heartineſs had won more and more my confidence. I repaired to his lodgings therefore now, without heſitation, and aſcended the ſtaircaſe that led to his apartment without ceremony: but hearing the warbling of a female voice, I halted at the door, and diſtinguiſhed the following lines ſung in a moſt tender cadence:

"Whilſt

"Whilſt on my breaſt my babe reclines,
Its ſighs my trembling heartſtrings rend;
Whilſt round my neck it fondly twines,
Its infant ſmiles my woes ſuſpend.
Yes, yes, ſweet babe! from thee
Derive at once my bliſs and miſery.
A tear!—oh me!—how is my heart diſtreſt!
A kiſs——and mammy's bleſt!"

Happy preſage! thought I, as I turned the lock. What a melting introduction to my embaſſy! If the captain be but within hearing, I need but hint my ſuit, to gain his aſſiſtance.

I entered.—The captain was ſitting in a great chair, ſmoking his pipe; and his niece (Carvile's daughter, whom I have had occaſion to mention before) ſtanding by the window, fondling her pretty babe.

We were no ſtrangers. On my entrance the babe crowed at me; and the grateful mother ran and put it chuckling into my arms. I wanted not this to ſtimulate me to plead for parental tenderneſs.

I ſat down with the child in my arms, and told my buſineſs to the captain.—— He heard me with emotion.—When I had barely concluded—" Avaſt, my lad," ſaid he, ſmaſhing his pipe in the fire-place, and ſtarting from his ſeat—" avaſt five minutes :" and away he hurried.

He preſently returned, rubbing his hands in high ſatisfaction.—" I've done it, my boy !" ſaid he—" I've done it !——At the firſt houſe in the city," continued he—" an old acquaintance of mine—only to carry parcels, and ſo forth ; the poor fellow will get a comfortable maintenance.—Part company indeed ! blaſt the thought !—Why I'd ſink the beſt *he* in chriſtendom that ſhould attempt to part my ſwab of a niece, there, and her bantling.—But here—here's ſomething for a little grog ; go lighten the poor fellow's heart.—Split my blocks ! I ſay, part company too !—Why I believe there's ne'er an honeſt fellow among all the land lubbers but thyſelf, my lad ; and I

wiſh

wiſh *thee* wasn't *quite* ſo tickliſh, that's all. But go, go."

I took a haſty leave, and returned to my poor diſtreſſed man, who the ſame afternoon was initiated into a means of getting a tolerable ſubſiſtence, without parting from his poor Dick.

Thus propitiouſly, my friend, did Providence ſmile on my endeavours to render a ſervice to a fellow-creature; indeed, ſince I came to Briſtol, I have enjoyed its countenance to a degree which, withoutaltering my ideas, has however diſpelled ſomething of that gloom, which, like the effects of the cloſe air of a vault on vegetation, gave them their "pale caſt."

Captain Brudenell has juſt been with me. He informs me he has juſt received a letter from Hampſtead, from his niece Miſs Brudenell, congratulating him (in anſwer to one he ſent her with the information of his being in Briſtol) on his arrival in England; and inviting herſelf, as he did not mention an intention of leaving Briſtol haſtily, to

be his gueſt for a night or ſo, in the courſe of ten days or a fortnight, in her way to Haverford. The captain ended his communication with deſiring to know if my ſtay in Briſtol would be ſo long; as he ſhould be happy to have two old townſfolks, two people he ſo well loved, &c. caſt anchor beſide him for a tide or two. But this will not do, Bountly. The captain, though he ſuſpects nothing I believe of my ſentiments, would be very ready to put forward ſomething.—I have not time to explain my meaning farther, nor need I my reſolution.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

Briſtol.

I INTENDED to have returned this day to G——: but Mr. D— has prevailed on me to ſtay a day longer, as to-morrow is a feſtival

feſtival day in their community, on which they celebrate what they call a *love-feaſt*; and he has promiſed to introduce me to it. I had heard long ſince of ſuch a rite ſolemnized among theſe people, and *ſo* heard of it as to render me curious.

I know not how it will be conducted yet; but I do not much like the term: neither at this day can I ſee the utility of ſuch an inſtitution.

In the firſt ages of chriſtianity their *agapes* ſeemed neceſſary. The Chriſtians being then not only a ſcattered but an oppreſſed people, undoubtedly ſuggeſted the idea firſt among them of having all things in common; their circumſtances ſeemed to require ſuch a regulation. The ſame circumſtances too rendered it neceſſary in their aſſemblies, when the ſcattered gathered together from diſtant places, that thoſe who had been moſt oppreſſed, bringing with them their ſcanty pittance—and thoſe who had been leaſt oppreſſed, bringing of their

abundance—ſhould regale together; that ſo the whole might be comforted, and encouraged to perſeverance.

But methinks, with the neceſſity, the inſtitution might have ceaſed; eſpecially as, by the term, this inſtitution ſeems rather a dangerous one in our libidinous times; and indeed the apoſtle treats it rather as ſuch in *his*. Nevertheleſs I am *told* theſe Moravians preſerve therein the ſtricteſt decorum; and, as they make it a cuſtom to admit any ſerious perſon to participate with them, it ſeems a proof that they indulge nothing on the occaſion whereof to be aſhamed.

And here I cannot but wonder what myſteries a certain prelate alludes to in a work ſome time ſince publiſhed, which he compares to the Eleuſinian myſteries, and the myſteries of the heathen prieſthood. For though theſe Moravians ſometimes in their converſation, and ſometimes in their manners, affect an air of inexplicitneſs; yet the books

books of their doctrine, and the books of their ceremonies and regulations, are, as well as their places of worſhip, open to every body: the latter indeed I muſt on certain occaſions except; but they are occaſions when a man of ſenſe would not wiſh to diſturb what all Chriſtians hold profoundly ſacred.

Thou haſt never read the work I have alluded to, I believe, Bountly—'tis no great matter whether thou haſt or not. Some men are fond of exaggerating characters, in order to create wonder, or excite a laugh: on the contrary, as I have before ſaid, I am inclined to think (and the experience I have hitherto had ſtrengthens the idea) that mankind of all caſts are more alike than report allows them to be; and conſequently that even thoſe we call fanatics, are characters, like ghoſts, more to be wondered at when reported at a diſtance, than when enquired into upon the ſpot.

Nevertheleſs, though I cannot but think the ſaid prelate frequently levels his artillery againſt a cloud, I can leſs approve his manner than his ſubject. Let enquiries be made, let errors be exploded; but let the means be conſiſtent with the deſign.

The biſhop examines modern enthuſiaſm, and compares it with the ancient—a rational, though not a very *devout*, amuſement. He is very learned, ſo far he is in character; and he attempts to be vaſtly ſmart.—How now!—Methinks I ſee the venerable paſtor, whilſt penning certain paſſages, whiſking off his full bottom, and clapping on his napper a ſpruce queue.—Can religion be a ſubject for a *ſacred* character to be ſmart on?—But what was the biſhop's deſign? I cannot gueſs.—Was it to convince? *Serious* enquirers are not to be convinced by a joke, and the *light* are not in need of *being convinced* of the ſin of over-righteouſneſs.—Was it to ridicule, to expoſe? This one can hardly ſuſpect of a learned

learned *Chriſtian*, who could not but know that, whatever charges he brings againſt modern enthuſiaſm, he might with equal juſtice have brought againſt all thoſe primitive Chriſtians whom we are generally taught to admire. A Bolingbroke or a Shafteſbury might have indulged ſuch a humour, but a *biſhop* methinks ſhould rather have liſtened to the advice of Horace—'Sit quod vis ſimplex duntaxat & unum;' and not have confounded his character with one ſo oppoſite—that of a ſneerer.

It is a point pretty well agreed on all hands, that the founders of all new ſects are, and ever have been, actuated by a ſpirit of enthuſiaſm. Chriſtianity itſelf was once the ſyſtem of a ſmall ſect of ſo-called enthuſiaſts; and, if there be any truth in hiſtory, as much like our preſent methodiſts as a golden pippin to an apple. Yet the good biſhop indulges a laugh at the modern picture of his ancient progeniture, not willing to remember that from ſuch an origin he

he derives his preſent dignity. Did the biſhop think, when he wrote, that he ſhould be read only by ſchool-boys? Did it never enter his imagination that his book would come into the hands of people as well verſed in hiſtory as himſelf; and who conſequently could as eaſily, as logically, and perhaps as ſatirically too (and who would be pleaſed to do ſo), extend to the whole of Chriſtianity the parallels he draws betwixt modern enthuſiaſm and the fanaticiſm of the ancient Heathens? Was he not aware of the danger of fabricating a weapon wherewith to g'll his antagoniſt, which in the hands of a third perſon, equally inimical to both combatants, might eventually puſh *him* from the high places, and expel the name of his greatneſs?

'Tis true the biſhop tells the Methodiſts and Moravians ſome ſhrewd truths; but his being a branch of the ſame ſtock ſhould have made him careful of not injuring the common cauſe: whereas, on the contrary,

contrary, he ſeems reſolved to have the laugh on his ſide, though to obtain it he leads enquiry to a point of view that expoſes his mother's nakedneſs.

There is nothing ſo ſacred, but what may be turned into a jeſt; nothing ſo evident, but may be ſophiſticated; nothing ſo innocent, but intereſt or prejudice can miſrepreſent. Of this, ſchiſmatics have given ſufficient proof in their remonſtrances againſt eſtabliſhments, and eſtabliſhments in their reprehenſion of ſchiſmatics. This imprudence, in mutually reproaching and calumniating each other, has done more harm to the common cauſe of religion, than every thing ſaid and done by its profeſſed enemies. Nor is it to be wondered at; ſince an unprejudiced obſerver, from their petulancy and prevarications, cannot but conclude that the leaders of denominations are more eager to gain followers of themſelves than of the truth. Here at home the diſſenter rakes even in unſeemly

places for wherewithal to beſpatter the churchman; and the churchman collects what often redounds to his own diſhonour, to overwhelm the diſſenter. Thus in expoſing one another they expoſe themſelves; the world is led to inſpect the quarrel; and, inſpecting farther than was wiſhed, diſcovers more tricks than worth on either ſide, and laughs at both.

This puts me in mind of a ſtory, which, though it ſuits me here as a parable, I ſhall relate as matter of fact, atteſted to me lately by one of the perſons of the drama—old Ben Elton of F—— : thou knoweſt him.

A tinker and a pedlar had long travelled the country very amicably together: one vended his wares and little inventions, ſuch as toaſting-forks, mouſe traps, clay deer, and paper flowers; and the other mended pots and kettles: and both regaled at night out of the ſame mug.

But it happened at a certain period that buſineſs ſadly failed with the poor pedlar,

pedlar, ſo that he could not, a nights, pay his ſhare of the reckoning.

Neceſſity is the mother of invention. Old arts would no longer ſupport him; he had recourſe therefore to a new one. He got ſome bits of horn, and carved them into the ſhape of little rams horns: then, making his friend the tinker acquainted with his ſcheme, he borrowed a few ſhillings of him; and repairing to a farm houſe, bought ſome chickens. With theſe he travelled onward ſome miles in company with his friend the tinker.

Being arrived at a convenient place, he, with a cement which was ſupplied by his friend the tinker, affixed his little rams horns ſo tenaciouſly to the heads of the chickens, and concealed the cement ſo curiouſly by the inſertion of ſmall feathers, that the cheat was not eaſy to be detected; then proceeding through the villages, he ſhewed them as a great natural curioſity. This brought him in halfpence, pence, and ſixpences in abundance; and he ſometimes

ventured

ventured for a conſiderable ſum to ſell a chick or two, but this only when he was about to leave a village.

By this means the pedlar acquired wealth ſo faſt, that he thought himſelf ſuperior to the company of his old friend the tinker, and avoided him accordingly.

The tinker took this hard; and knowing the means of the other's affluence, reſolved to make uſe of them himſelf, and go ſnacks in the favours of fortune. However, having ſtill a ſneaking kindneſs for his quondam comrade the pedlar, and not willing he ſhould have it in his power to accuſe him of ſetting up againſt him, he a little varied the impoſture; and inſtead of *rams* horns carved *ſtags* horns, which he cemented to the heads of young ducks.

The invention ſucceeded equally with that of the pedlar; and the fame of ſtags horns, in the firſt week, became equal to that of rams horns.

The pedlar heard of it, and was highly nettled at the tinker for not being

content

content in his ſtation; neither could he forgive him for having unallowedly innovated his original invention. However, as he ſaw no means of redreſs, he pocketed his reſentment, till they happened one day both to meet in a little country town.

The pedlar had hoped to have engroſſed the curioſity of this place entirely by his wonderful ram-horned pullets: but lo! as he was parading, exhibiting, and flouriſhing away to the crowd gathered about him in the market-place, a chap arrived with ſomething tied up in a handkerchief, who, liſtening a moment to the pedlar's rhodomontade, interrupted him by declaring "that his ram-horned pullets were *not* the greateſt curioſity of the kind ever ſeen; for that he had a duck in his handkerchief with natural ſtag's horns, and which he had juſt purchaſed for three half-crowns of a man at the farther end of the town, who had ſeveral more of them."

While he was ſpeaking, another crowd ap-

appeared in view, attending the tinker, who was exhibiting theſe wonderful ducks. The pedlar, thus ſuddenly diſappointed in his expectations, loſt his prudence and temper together.—"Friend," ſaid he to the man who had bought the duck, "that fellow yonder is a cheat; and if I don't prove him ſo in five minutes, ſet me in the pillory. I know the raſcal; the horns of his ducks are nothing more than a bit of an old broken comb cemented on their heads. 'Tis a trick of his to impoſe on the world, and leſſen its eſteem for thoſe *real* little cornutos of mine here, d'ye ſee. If you won't believe me, hand me the duck; and I'll prove what I have ſaid in five minutes, by taking off its horns."

The tinker was by this time arrived ſo near as to hear part of the vociferous argument of his old friend. He ſtood a moment aſtoniſhed at his effrontery; but ſeeing him take the duck, and actually begin to looſen the horns—and knowing that the ruin

ruin of both of them would follow the diſcovery—he, with a countenance compoſed of apprehenſion and reſentment, tempered with a ſmall portion of latent friendſhip, exclaimed—"Nay, Jack! now don't let thy ſpleen outſtrip thy wit—don't now! The world is wide, man; thee wou't repent it."—But expoſtulation was ineffectual—off went the horn: the pedlar exulted—the tinker looked confounded—the populace hooted; and, ſhouldering of the poor tinker, pelted him out of the town.

But, whilſt this was tranſacting, ſome who yet remained around the cracking pedlar, began to examine the *chicken* they had purchaſed, naturally reflecting that one rogue is always the betrayer of another. They examined—and lo, to the pedlar's utter confuſion, the *ſame means* he uſed to looſen the horns from the head of the duck, *looſened alſo* thoſe from the head of the chicken. The conſequence was, that

he was hooted and pelted out of the town yet more diſgracefully than the tinker.

* * * * *

This letter, my Bountly, though I had propoſed making it a brief one, is grown, like moſt of the others I have lately written thee, too long. Nevertheleſs, before I conclude, thou muſt indulge me a few lines more, to prevent the apprehenſion ariſing from what I have written, that the principles of thy friend, through his being chance led to the inſpection of religious diverſities and religious diſputes, are ſo apoſtatized, as to ſuffer him to conſider religion as all a cheat. Religion *itſelf* I revere as a thing happily calculated for the good of mankind: but what I have a ſuit againſt are the rams horns and ſtags horns, the artificial appendages to religion; the lucre, the form, the definition of ideal things, and the phraſe in which they are defined; and about which men have ever been envying and expoſing, quarrelling and fighting

with one another—theſe are what *deſerve* contempt, becauſe they have brought on religion a contempt *undeſerved.* Let this party boaſt of their rams horns and that party of their ſtags horns, and let both get all the admirers they can in a peaceful way, and I would be well contented; but why ſhould they fall out and expoſe one another, and try to engage the whole world in a quarrel about things which each muſt be convinced are either not to be proved, or are otherwiſe of no real worth, no intrinſic value—mere fallacies—flags that ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different corps of mankind, but not in the leaſt to mend them?

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

Briſtol.

TO be prejudiced againſt an unexamined thing, is not always of diſſervice to it when

it comes to the examination; for though it may occaſion a jealous ſcrutiny, yet if we find the grounds not quite ſufficient to ſupport our prejudice, we are generally diſpoſed to make a drawback, not merely equal to the evidence wanting, but ſomething more, as an atonement for unjuſt ſuſpicions.

I have been to a Moravian love-feaſt, the previous idea of which did not much meet my approof; but obſervation and participation, in ſhort the thing itſelf, ſo abated my diſlike, that, ever the dupe of my ſenſibilities, I at length felt myſelf pleaſed even in ſpite of my judgment—I ſay in ſpite of my judgment; becauſe *that*, notwithſtanding, ſtill kept hinting that this antique inſtitution ought to have ceaſed with the occaſion of it.

But theſe people have *now* a kind of reaſon, a kind of neceſſity, which they can urge in behalf of its retention: for though, like the ancient Chriſtians, they are not an oppreſſed people, they are however a diſperſed

perſed people; and on theſe feſtival days (which are ſet apart to commemorate ſomething remarkable that has happened in their community) aſſemble together from places many miles diſtant; whence probably, thinking that to regale at an inn, on ſuch an occaſion, would be unſeemly, they have, to ſupply the neceſſities of nature, adopted and modernized this relic of antiquity. But this is only a probable conjecture, which I make from obſerving that, though they only allege ſpiritual motives for their proceedings, there are others behind frequently of a political and provident nature.

This inſtitution, as at preſent celebrated among theſe Moravians, I can be the more pleaſed with, as there is ſomething pretty and expreſſive in it. But I think the celebration can hardly be called, in the common acceptation of the word, an act of devotion: though I do not ſee why it be not as much ſo as preaching; as it teaches us a certain Chriſtian duty by a

ſymbol, which the latter frequently does by words, viz. "Love one another." Nevertheleſs, however my approbation may have been faſcinated by this ceremony, I muſt acknowledge I am fearful of it; for, ſhould it degenerate any way from the preſent ſtrictneſs theſe people obſerve in it, it may be the occaſion of many evils among them.

This is the moſt formal of all the ceremonies I have obſerved among the Moravians—I mean in the external appearance: for the members of the community ſeem to enjoy it as a feaſt indeed; that is, they ſeem quite happy in it, a ſmile of cheerfulneſs pervading the whole aſſembly.

When I entered the chapel the organ was playing, but every thing elſe was quite ſilent. The floor was ſtrewed with yew, myrtle, ivy, and other evergreens. At the upper end of the chapel, inſtead of a pulpit, was a long ſettle, placed on a raiſed floor; before which, on the ſame floor, ſtood a ſmall

a ſmall ſquare table, covered and hung round with green cloth. Oppoſite this table, at the other end of the chapel, was a very large table, covered with a white cloth, bordered and embelliſhed with blue ribbons. This table was loaded with china-ware, waiters, &c. and all the implements called tea equipage. On the front of this table, and oppoſite the green table, was faſtened a very large ſheet of paper, bordered with flowers and evergreens, and inſcribed with a text of ſcripture; and on the wall, over the afore-mentioned ſettle, was faſtened another ſheet, inſcribed with another text, and embelliſhed as the former.

The chapel now began to fill. The women all ſat on one ſide, and the men on the other, leaving an area or paſſage between them.

Some of the benches, I obſerved, were filled with youngiſh women, all dreſt in white, with pink ribbons pinned plain

round their little plain caps. On enquiry I found that pink ribbons were the badge of the *ſingle ſiſters*: other rows were decorated entirely with ſcarlet ribbons; theſe I found were all *girls*: and others wore all blue ribbons, and theſe diſtinguiſhed the *married ſiſters*. Theſe marks of diſtinction I find are worn in all Moravian ſocieties; but to what end I cannot think, unleſs it be as a ſubſtitute to that intercourſe between the ſexes which among them is forbidden: and indeed ſuch a ſubſtitute ſeems neceſſary, eſpecially in their ſettlements (for theſe people, I learn, are fond, where they can, of purchaſing an eſtate, building thereon, and living in little towns quite to themſelves, where they can adhere to their regulations much more preciſely than when their ſituation obliges them to comply a little with the cuſtoms of the age)—I ſay ſuch a ſubſtitute ſeems neceſſary among them in ſuch ſituations (in which they are to be found even

in

in England): for as a young fellow has little chance of ſeeing the ſiſters except in the chapel, it may ſerve to prevent his making application to his paſtor for the hand of one already betrothed.

But be this as it may, I ſhall never ſee a pink ribbon in future but I ſhall fancy it inſcribed with this motto—*Merx mercabilis*; nor a blue ribbon, but I ſhall read on it—*Noli me tangere.* As for the ſcarlet ribbon, *Immature*, is a very proper tranſlation of its ſignificance.

But to proceed.—The miniſter now entered. 'Twas one of their biſhops, who was travelling on a kind of viſitation buſineſs. He was an elderly venerable looking man, dreſſed in black, with his own black hair, which parting on his forehead, hung in natural curls on his ſhoulders.

He ſeated himſelf behind the green table afore-mentioned; and three other miniſters who attended him, ranging themſelves on his left hand; ſat on the ſame ſettle with him.

him. On his right hand ſat an elderly gentlewoman, who, I was told, was the biſhop's wife; and on her right hand, ſtill on the ſame ſettle, ranged three other women, neatly but plainly dreſſed—probably the wives of the other miniſters.

The biſhop now, without opening any book, began to ſing; and the people catching the tune, and being doubtleſsly well acquainted with the words, ſang with him: the organ, too, ſoon fell in with the air, and filled up the chorus.

This laſted ſome minutes. A little while before the ſinging concluded, two ſervitors, who ſat at the lower end of the chapel, by the great tea table—a man and a woman—aroſe; and, taking two large baſkets of rolls, ſerved firſt the biſhop and miniſters, and then all the people; the man ſerving the men, and the woman the women.

Preſently after, tea was ſerved round on waiters: none of the people moving from

from their places; but the ſervitors bringing every thing required to each individual, with a ſoft, ſteady ſtep—no buſtle, no hurry—no: the grand character of all Moravian aſſemblies, viz. ſtillneſs, prevailing, as far as it was poſſible, even in this.

While the aſſembly were regaling on their rolls and tea, the biſhop opened a converſation, by informing them that he had lately in his round been at ſuch and ſuch places, and ſeen ſuch and ſuch brethren who were known to them, and who had commiſſioned him to tender them their loves.—Many of the people, in return to this information, enquired for theſe brethren's healths, &c, but never more than one ſpoke at a time,

A deſultory converſation now took place, chiefly between the biſhop and the other miniſters, and principally relating to the affairs of their church, their miſſions, ſettlement, ſucceſſes, &c, but ſometimes on other topics,

pics, though ſtill ſomething of a religious tendency. On ſome ſubjects they ſeemed inclined to be rather a little facetious; and, like all the reſt of mankind, though objects themſelves of the ſmiles of many, indulged a ſmile at the expence of others. Among a diverſity of other ſources, I remember the jumpings and contortions of the French prophets—anecdotes of the ſtiffneſs of quakeriſm, the dryneſs of preſbyterianiſm, and the extreme zeal of methodiſm, afforded conſiderable portions of hilarity.—But I muſt own they were unmixed with any degree of ill-nature.

How eaſily we can diſcern thoſe weakneſſes in others, which, though they prevail equally in ourſelves, we cannot be conſcious of!——Poor Will Atkinſon! Thou knoweſt crazy Will, the old taylor of N———. I met him once running haſtily down a lane. "What's the cauſe of ſuch haſte, William?" ſaid I.

"Why," ſays he, gathering up an infi-

infinity of importance into his geſture, "cauſe enough! Yon woman would have uſed my arm to help her along the lane."

"And would you not afford it her, William?"

"Who? me! Why the woman's mad—ſhe ſays ſhe's a ducheſs, and has miſſed her ſervant. But ſhe's a couſin Betty."

"And why would not you help a couſin?"

"What! the lord of the manor lend his arm to a lunatic? However, I'll go ſend one of my ſervants to help her through the dirt. Poor thing! I'm ſorry for her." And off he poſted.

However, I muſt do theſe Moravians the credit to ſay, that of all people to whom the term of enthuſiaſts is applied, theſe have the leaſt (of all that have come within my knowledge) of extravagancy in their external deportment; and of their notions I am not here ſpeaking—extravagancy! no—

no—their caution and circumſpection would rather beſpeak them a ſect of philoſophers.

But I am for ever rambling.—Whilſt the ſecond diſh of tea was handing round, a noiſe at the front door of the chapel, which was bolted, attracted the eyes of all the aſſembly. One of the ſervants went to it and opened it, but held it ſo as to prevent any one from entering; whilſt he ſeemed (though his voice was too low to be heard where I ſat) as though he was diſſuading ſomebody from obtruding. This laſted ſome time, and ſuſpended the eaſe of every one preſent.

At length the ſervant, with a countenance conſiderably diſcompoſed, admitted the obtruder:—and who ſhould it be but the identical parſon in whoſe company I ſat ſome uneaſy hours at the ſhopkeeper's at L———! He entered with a determined and lofty air. The ſervant ſeemed at a loſs what to do with him. The biſhop noticed it; and after whiſpering a moment

to

to the miniſter who ſat next him, obſerved to the ſtranger, "that *this* meeting was not a public one, and that it was unuſual with them to admit in it any but their friends."—The parſon replied, "he knew it; but they muſt this once excuſe a breach of their cuſtoms, and he ſhould behave himſelf ſo as not to give further diſturbance."—The other expoſtulated a moment; but finding the obtruder poſitive, and conſcious of no right to expel him by force, he made a civil apology, and the ſervant ſhewed him to a ſeat in the gallery.

The people now proceeded in drinking their tea; which when they had concluded, an ode compoſed for the occaſion was ſung, partly by the miniſter and people ſeparately, and partly together, accompanied by the organ. After which the whole aſſembly ſtood up whilſt the biſhop prayed, in a ſtyle which, though extempore, was far ſuperior to any thing of the kind I had heard before; his expreſſions being aptly ſuited,

ſuited, and his periods harmonious. He addreſſed himſelf, as the Moravians do in all their prayers, to the *ſecond* perſon of the Trinity. This is one of the remarkable traits of this ſect.—And here permit me an obſervation.

Moſt religions that have come under my obſervance, generally ſet forth God in the moſt elevated phraſes, as a being at an infinite diſtance above us; exceedingly awful, tremendous, and greatly to be feared.

According to the chriſtian ſyſtem, as well as the voice of nature, theſe certainly are in the right.

The Moravians, on the contrary, always treat of him as of a friend and brother, a being greatly and above all things *dear*. According to the chriſtian ſyſtem, theſe alſo are in the right.

But conſidering him in both points of view, is ſtill more right.

By being uſed to think of him in too diſtant

diſtant a manner, we loſe all confidence in him, and we ſhudder when we bring his auguſt idea home to our imagination: but by going on the other extreme (however pleaſing may be the conception of having our Maker for our brother, our Judge for our boſom friend) perhaps we may be led to indulge a prepoſterous confidence, and to treat the name of the Moſt High with unbecoming familiarity. But the mind of man is generally adverting to extremes; and as each extreme has, and ever had, adherents, probably they ſerve, like the lead on the ends of a rope dancer's pole, to keep the world on a balance: at leaſt they certainly teach the rational and obſervant how, cautiouſly, to ſteer along the narrow *way—rope*, I ſhould have ſaid, to have completed my alluſion.

The ceremony now concluded in a manner that ſurpriſed me. But as it was enblematical of the pretenſions of this ſect to brotherly affection, and brotherly equa-

lity, it qualified the offence my unaccuſtomed ideas were ready to take at it. 'Twas this. The biſhop having ended his prayer, and ſung a few lines of a hymn, he turned to the miniſter who ſtood next to him (for the whole aſſembly were ſtill ſtanding), and, embracing him, ſaluted him; and was in return embraced and ſaluted of him again. The biſhop then turned to his wife, and ſaluted her; and ſhe immediately after ſaluted the ſiſter who ſat next her; *that* ſiſter ſaluted the next, and ſhe the next beyond, and ſo the ſalute preſently circulated through every claſs of the ſiſters; whilſt that given by the biſhop to the firſt miniſter was, in a ſimilar, though not ſo ſoft a manner, *bearded* through the whole brotherhood; ſo that each brother embraced the brother who ſtood next him on each ſide, whether he were rich or poor, his maſter or his ſervant.—This I find is a conſtant cuſtom with them on ſimilar occaſions, as an indication of their humility and affection; and

I ſhould

I ſhould readily have concluded that the indice pointed truly, had not the ſtory of the north-countryman obtruded itſelf on my memory. "And what then?" thought I—"The general tenor of their lives may be humble and affectionate for all that!" I wiſh to think well of mankind whenever I can find it poſſible; and charity now whiſpered, "Give credit to the indice; there is nothing perfect: thou haſt a good watch in thy pocket, whoſe index generally points truly, and yet ſometimes it will make a falſe beat."

The aſſembly were now diſmiſſed.

Juſt as I went out of the door, the parſon before mentioned, who had been diſpoſed of in the gallery, joſtling by me, recognized me.

"Ho! Mr. what d'ye call," ſaid he, "what are you of *this* perſuaſion?"

The rencontre, Bountly, was far from deſirable. I could have wiſhed he had not recollected me; and I found a certain

ſhame overſpread my countenance; in ſpite of my reaſon, in ſpite of my conviction that I was not in a ſituation that ought to inſpire ſhame. How abſurd!—But I have on many occaſions felt a like ſenſation ariſing from an action, ſentiment, or ſituation truly laudable; and that merely from a conſciouſneſs, that ſuch action, ſentiment, or ſituation, did not coincide with the general cuſtom, or accord with the opinion of the times. As for inſtance: Thou knoweſt how from the beginning, in my heart, I condemned the principles of the American war; how I trembled, how I ſtill tremble for its conſequences; how perſuaded I was that my ideas of it were politic, rational, and juſt, and eaſily to be defended on either of thoſe grounds: I ſay *thou* knoweſt this; yet when in G——, where the people would be for lord N——, though lord N—— were for the devil, I feel myſelf abaſhed even at the idea of being ſuſpected to entertain

tertain notions, however juſt, that may turn againſt me the common cry.

Every man that reflects a moment muſt know that the major part of mankind make no more uſe of their inveſtigating faculties than juſt what is neceſſary to preſerve life, or gratify its appetites. And yet 'tis at the tribunal of this majority that the reflective few ſtand abaſhed. And they have cauſe: for *argument* cannot prevail on the fooliſh to comply with the wiſe; cultivated faculties being neceſſary to feel its force: therefore the wiſe muſt give way to the fool, or elſe go to loggerheads at once, with the odds of a thouſand againſt one.

But I proceed—To the parſon's query I anſwered with as bold a negative as my confuſion could muſter up; adding "I was there only out of curioſity, to be witneſs once to the ceremony of a love-feaſt."

"Love-feaſt!" replied he: "why aye —I don't know;" then, as though ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, he aſſumed his uſual

importance, which before ſeemed rather lowered, and continued, with an exclamation—" Mummery! mere mummery!—But look you, I have lodged theſe few days paſt juſt over the way yonder; and enquiring the cauſe of this aſſembly here to-day, and being told that it was a private meeting day among the Moravians, my curioſity, as you ſay, was excited, to know what paſſed in theſe private aſſemblies, of which I had heard very odd reports. Now, thought I, if I apply for leave to be preſent (as to be ſure to a man of my cloth they would not have given a denial), this will defeat my deſign; for they will then be diſguiſed, and I ſhall not ſee them as they are.—Therefore, as I knew they dared not deny me admittance, I reſolved, you ſee, rather on a breach of good manners than a balk of my curioſity. Beſides, by the way, I ſee no reaſon for paying a compliment to theſe myſterious conventicles; for if there be no harm, why ſo curious in con-

concealment?—Lawful dealers don't lock up their warehouſes; they leave that to the ſmuggler."

"Sir," ſaid I, interrupting him, "I am inclined to think well of all men till their actions oblige me to ſubvert my opinion—and if you are not obſtinate in abiding by a preconception, I believe, though you came abruptly on theſe Moravians to-day, you gathered thereby no proof of their private meetings concealing any thing in the leaſt criminal."

"Criminal! No—who ſpoke of criminality?—But what a farce!—Tea indeed!—They ſhould add thereto a pinch of ſnuff, and then their love-feaſt would be a complete treat for old women." And ſo ſaying, he made me a kind of half-bow and left me.——Now, on the whole, Bountly, whatever was the motive of the parſon's curioſity, I think the reſolution he took to gratify it, even by the means of circumvention and unpoliteneſs, far from repre-

henſible; ſuch a proceeding being far more generous than to propagate falſehoods on hearſay. But after all, though I have ſeen nothing among theſe Moravians abſolutely cenſurable; yet they in ſome degree deſerve cenſure, as they ſeem to court it by an unneceſſary myſterioufneſs.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

Briſtol.

O BOUNTLY, how is the heart of thy poor friend tantalized!—My ſiſter—Oh, has Heaven yet one bleſſing in ſtore for Penſon—one ſolace yet, to lull him to a forgetfulneſs of the paſt?—My long loſt ſiſter—Alas! I am not certain—but I hope, I would fain believe, I have diſcovered her. What could induce her to fly the houſe of her parent—the brother of her affection?

But

But if I have diſcovered *her*, I doubt not ſoon to diſcover what has long been a myſtery too deep for me to develope.

I am juſt going to ſet out for London (inſtead of returning to G——), in ſearch of her. Mr. D—— is getting me directions and credentials to take to the paſtor of the Moravian brethren in London, and is alſo kindly making other neceſſary preparations for my journey, whilſt I ſit down to inform my friend of this ſudden event; though indeed I am hardly collected enough to detail thee the particulars of this diſcovery. Some perhaps would wonder how ſuch a diſcovery could ſo diſcompoſe me, and would admit any other object of her ſex rather capable of producing ſuch an effect than a ſiſter. But I pride myſelf, Bountly, that my affections are more alive, as well as more refined, than the affections of ſuch who would raiſe ſuch a wonder. What! am I to be ſuch a mere animal that nothing ſhall move me but what is ſomehow connected with a means

of

of gratifying my ſenſes? Is there no ſuch thing as love unmixed with a ſenſual idea? The pureſt of what we *commonly* call love is not abſolutely ſo: whilſt the love of a brother for a ſiſter unites in it all the tenderneſs which her ſex inſpires, with the moſt perfect purity. Indeed, I know of no affection ſo tender, and ſo abſtracted from every groſs idea, as that between a loving brother and ſiſter (for that between parents and children is not upon ſo equal a footing, there being ſomething of ſuperiority and ſubmiſſion in *that* which checks the freedom of the ſoul); and ſhall not the ſudden recoil of ſuch an affection be allowed ſufficient to move my boſom? Let the ſenſualiſt ſmile—I am proud that I have affections that can be acted on otherwiſe than by the ſtimulus of ſenſe.

Nature formed my boſom highly ſuſceptible of every tender connection—formed it ſo as to render ſuch connections deſirable; but, alas! vouchſafed me little of the enjoyment. I loved Cary as a ſiſter before I knew

I knew ſhe *was* ſo—there was a vacancy in my heart ſtill reſerved for ſuch an affinity, which, like the empty ſeat of an abſent friend, whilſt it reminded me of the want of it, perpetually exalted its idea. At length Cary crept into this vacancy; but, lo! ſo ſoon as I found ſhe had a right to poſſeſs it, it was again forſaken. But I am falling into my old fault, of playing round a circumſtance that affects me, inſtead of deſcribing it. However, having taken this circuit in order to examine whether the *cauſe* were adequate to the preſent emotion of my mind, I find it has anſwered this end at leaſt (and which I alſo hoped from it); namely, that of rendering me ſufficiently collected to be circumſtantial; for, as I have before obſerved to thee, I feel nothing ſo ſuited to allay an effervеſcence of my mind as turning my faculties to rational inveſtigation, even though what they inveſtigate be the cauſe of ſuch effervеſcence. Thus then:

Mrs.

Mrs. D—— this morning indulged a curioſity I had long cheriſhed, by taking me with her to the *choir houſe* of the Moravian ſingle ſiſters, where I amuſed myſelf ſome time in admiring the neatneſs of their dreſs, the neatneſs of their dwelling, and the neatneſs of their work, they being moſtly employed in tambour, embroidery, &c.

Sitting by the ſide of one of their frames, one of the ſiſters unfolded a paper, from which ſhe drew ſome cotton, and caſt the paper aſide. It fell at my feet. Some time after, obſerving it had writing on it, I took it up, almoſt without thought, and read the following lines, complete, for there were part of others torn acroſs.

"That breeze I'd be breathing
Which his grave o'erblows,
Soft the cerements wreathing,
Which his limbs compoſe.
Yes—of the world weary,
On his peaceful breaſt,

Now

Now myſelf I'd bury,
In his grave-clothes dreſt."

But, O my Bountly, what was my ſurprize to ſee this ſediment of melancholy ſubſcribed Caritas Mahud; the very name by which I knew my ſiſter till our relationſhip was diſcovered!

My emotion at this moment was, I believe, viſible; but I endeavoured to appear calm.——"Madam," ſaid I to the ſiſter who had caſt the paper from her, "is this the favour of a correſpondent?"—She held out her hand for the paper—I gave it her; and having glanced over it, ſhe replied very laconically, "No, ſir."——"Pray, madam" (and my articulations began to grow haſty), "do you know the writer? Is ſhe here?—Whence did this come?—Does any one here know a Cary Mahud?"—— The ſiſter replied, that it came to her wrapped round an encloſed parcel ſhe had lately received from London. In the ſame inſtant another ſiſter anſwered, that

that ſhe believed there was a perſon of the name of Cary Mahud in the ſiſters houſe in London ; but was not certain.

" I'll go to London directly," cried I, and was ſtarting away (for, alas ! Bountly, there ſtill are, and I apprehend ever will be, moments when I am not ſo collected as I ought). But Mrs. D——— ſtopped me—" My good friend," ſaid ſhe, " whither ſo haſty ? What's the meaning of this? You ſeem moved : what is it has moved you ? Whom would you ſeek ?"

" Oh," ſaid I, " my ſiſter."

" Your ſiſter !"

" Yes, my ſiſter ; 'tis her own writing," ſaid I, again ſeizing the torn paper : " but what can be her ſorrows ? Whom does ſhe ſo deeply lament ? Had ſhe a lover ? had ſhe a huſband ? Let me haſte to know the whole of her calamity.—' Buried with him in his grave-clothes.' Thrilling thought! But thy brother ſhall haſten to comfort thee—to reconcile thee again to life!" And ſo ſaying

I left the houſe, where the ſiſters, ſurpriſed, I ſuppoſe, at my emotion, replied to my exclamatory queries only by evident confuſion.

I repaired immediately to Mr. D——, and told him the occurrence, and my reſolution in conſequence of it. The ſuddenneſs of the thing ſurpriſed him; but he ſoon ſuggeſted to me the neceſſity of procuring directions, &c. He is gone to his paſtor for that purpoſe, who reſided not long ſince in London; and as ſoon as he returns, I ſhall ſet off.

He is returned, and I have directions; but I am more puzzled than ever. I deſired Mr. D——, without informing him of my reaſon for making ſuch a query, to aſk his paſtor whether, if there were ſuch a perſon as Cary Mahud among the ſiſterhood in London, he could ſay if ſhe were married, ſingle, or a widow. Mr. D——

brings

brings me word that a very few months ſince ſhe was ſingle, and that it is almoſt a certainty ſhe ſtill continues ſo. This is all a contradiction to the idea I had conceived from her verſes. But I'll not ſtay to conjecture, but go and examine. I ſhall juſt ſtep to my hearty captain Brudenell, and then quit Briſtol immediately. In haſte, dear Bountly, farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

T——y.

IN the hurry of my laſt, I forgot to tell thee where thou mighteſt direct to me, ſhould any thing occur which thou wouldſt wiſh to communicate.—I therefore take this firſt opportunity, afforded me by the halting of the coach, to inform thee that I will

will call daily at the houſe of our common friend Mr. F——, in London, in the hope of receiving a token of thy remembrance: I have to thank thee for one received juſt as I was leaving Briſtol; and am pleaſed that my late exertions, the rouſe, to uſe thy own words, which my faculties have lately permitted, meet thy approbation: it will encourage me to endeavour to prevent their again ſubſiding; though, by the way, I think this mode of expreſſion very unapt; for certainly my faculties, inſtead of having been in a ſtate of quieſcence, have rather, like the waters of a whirlpool, been long too much agitated, by ruſhing *all* to *one* centre: wherefore what thou calleſt a rouſe is, in fact, only ſuch a ſubſiding as ſuffers them to expand a little more evenly.

My mind is certainly very apt to ruſh into ſuch whirlpools. This morning the idea of having diſcovered my long loſt ſiſter drew my attention from every other

conſideration; for had I been capable of deliberation, I ſhould not perhaps have been in ſuch haſte to ſet out in ſearch of her; for would not writing have anſwered the ſame end? Beſides, did ſhe not leave me voluntarily? At leaſt, ſhe knows where to find me. But then her diſtreſs—methinks I would fain conſole her; at leaſt, I would know whether ſhe needs that conſolation which the melancholy tranſfuſed into her verſes ſeems to indicate ſhe does. But, after all, is it ſhe? 'Twas her name; 'twas her hand: but the ſame name may appertain to different perſons, and characters may bear an almoſt indiſtinguiſhable reſemblance to each other? In ſhort, Bountly, to be explicit, I journey towards London, not with half the eagerneſs I ſet out, and yet not abſolutely from any of the conſiderations above offered; but from an idea that glanced on me the moment my perturbation was capable of admitting a reflection; namely, that while I ruſh on, uncertain,

uncertain, to find a ſiſter, I ſhall certainly deprive myſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing my ſympathizing friend, Miſs Brudenell, at her intended viſit to G——. Thus, as one eddy ſucceeding to another weakens the force of the former, this contingency reſpecting Miſs Brudenell, I own, of itſelf has much abated the firſt impetuoſity of my deſires to be in London. Nevertheleſs I'll proceed; though, for the mere ſake of expedition, I think I ſhall not ſhut myſel up in the coach for above another ſtage, for the company in it are unſuited to me, and the rattle and cloſeneſs of it render me ſtupid and ſick—in ſhort, I have already caught a coach calenture, and long to throw myſelf into green fields.—But proceed—Yes, Cary, I *was* thy friend—I *am* thy brother; and thou, be where thou wilt, canſt not but be ever my ſiſter: whilſt Miſs Brudenell may ſoon be perhaps the huſband of another.——Another!—I am aſhamed of the expreſſion, Bountly. She will ever

be Penſon's friend, and nothing more, and nothing———What means this?——A porter having enquired for me has, on my being pointed out to him, this moment delivered me a ſmall parcel, directed for W. Penſon, at Mr. D—'s, Briſtol. "Whence did you bring it, friend?" ſaid I.—"From London, ſir."—"From London!" ſaid I; "why, how did you know my name was Penſon, or that I was (or rather am) the Penſon here directed to?"—"Why, ſir," ſaid he, "as I was examining the parcels in the boot of a coach juſt now going for Briſtol, among the reſt I took up this. The coachman of the other coach in which you are a paſſenger, looking over my ſhoulder, and reading the direction, told me the parcel was for a gentleman in this houſe, who belonged to his coach; for that he had taken him from Mr. D—'s in Briſtol, with whom he was well acquainted."

Having uttered this as rapidly as he well could, the fellow departed.

In

In examining my parcel, I find it to be an elegant gold repeater: the emboſſings of the outer caſe repreſent Ulyſſes ſteering betwixt Scylla and Charybdis; and on the inner is engraved in cypher, N. L.

Who this came from I cannot even gueſs; for I have no acquaintance in London from whom I could expect ſuch a preſent; or if I had, how ſhould they have known of my being at Mr. D—'s in Briſtol?

My Bountly would not trouble me with ſuch a gift, as he knows it would be to me ſuperfluous; nor——but I have not time for farther conjecture, for the coach is ready. —The coach!—Methinks I recoil at the thought of re-entering it. I ſhall certainly ſoon quit it. 'Tis a progreſſion too mechanical for me. My motions have an antipathy againſt being regulated by the coincidence of hours and mile-ſtones, even though——But I muſt not write another word. Adieu.

W. Wanley Penson.

THE

THE

MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART VI.

OLD SNELL.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

N——.

BOUNTLY, I have been deceiving myſelf.—Lately had I fancied that my mind, from ſome innate ſpring, was recovering a degree of equability; but, alas! I find I am but a barometer, affected merely by ſituation. The date whence I write will point thee the degree of my inſtability. Could I divide myſelf, the ſwifteſt whirl would

would not convey one half of me too ſpeedily to my hoped for ſiſter; whilſt the other half would ſpontaneouſly recoil back to G——, there to await the arrival of—— What would I ſuggeſt?—I will not indulge the thought.—But is it to be wondered at, that ſuch counter-attractions ſhould abate my firſt velocity, or that it ſhould abate peculiarly at N—, the ſcene of my childhood, and of my youth; a ſcene I have ſedulouſly avoided theſe many years? But now, methinks, paſſing ſo near it, I could no longer reſiſt the impulſe which tempted me, once more, to explore its regretted haunts.

I have quitted the coach. I could not accommodate myſelf to it. My deportment perhaps is unſocial: but thou, Bountly, knoweſt my heart. I cannot accord with the unfeeling. I am out of tune amidſt them; my ſpirits cannot expand among them. If I am neceſſitated a little to open myſelf to them, I feel as

though uncloathing for a cold bath in the depth of winter, when one ſhrinks at the looſening even of a button. Therefore, when I am, as now, deprived of the ſociety of a ſuſceptible mind, I make my pen my companion, and the paper I write on becomes my only collocutor; for, propitious to my feelings, *that* diſtinguiſhes them without miſconſtruing their motive; and, impreſſed with my ſentiments, *this* reflects them without a ſarcaſm on their ſingularity.

Unboſom myſelf to the world, Bountly! What, to be its ſport! its ſcorn! Why, truly, that would be, like a tame jay, to expoſe myſelf to be pecked to pieces by the wild ones. No. It may continue to think me an odd fellow; but it ſhall not know I am a weak one.

I am vexed, Bountly. "This world, ſo fitted for the knave, delights me not." Yea, truly, I like neither it nor myſelf. "'Tis an unweeded garden; things rank, and groſs in nature, poſſeſs it merely:" and I, alas!

alas! a weak thing amidſt it, am incapable of weeding it, and equally incapable of adapting myſelf to its rudeneſſes. I wiſh nature had formed me of a mold leſs ſenſible: yea, I wiſh myſelf a man of the world.——No; that is a miſtake.—— I find, on recollection, I wiſh neither the one or the other. But I wiſh I could for a while enter into the ſpirit of the world—even juſt long enough to acquire me a fortune: *then* I would be myſelf again to enjoy it.

I cannot, indeed, at this moment ſay I am abſolutely unhappy in myſelf; but in the unhappineſs of others I am truly vexed.

Thou wondereſt that I ſhould on a ſudden covet fortune, who have ſo long renounced the purſuit of it: but at this moment I peculiarly feel its abſence.—Covet it!—No, I covet it not.—Yet, if I had it, I would do ſomething.————Alas, poor Tray! Have I hurt thee?——He was ſleeping at my feet, Bountly; and my foot

foot partaking of the agitation of my mind, when I told thee I would do ſomething, I gave the poor fellow an involuntary kick.

I ſee I was not deſigned to reform the world. If I were to attempt it, and fortune afforded me the means, I ſhould probably do evil where I deſigned good.

Poor Tray! I intended not to hurt *thee!*—'Twas a man, an unfeeling man, "dreſſed in a little brief authority," that incited my indignation: but its unequal vengeance fell on my faithful dog. I wiſh it had been the 'ſquire—I ſhould have enjoyed his howling.—The 'ſquire!—A Turk!—Poor old Snell! how has he injured thee!—Yes, Bountly, even poor old Snell, our ſchoolmaſter.—I will tell thee more of him preſently, if I can compoſe my irritability.—The 'ſquire!—He is a villain. How pleaſed I am to ſee that ſentence on my paper!—'Tis a ſtroke of juſtice, though an impotent one. Let me read it again—

The 'ſquire is a villain.—Yes, I am pleaſed that my pen has ſtruck a truth bluntly, and not trimmed and minced till degenerated into a half falſehood. Nothing could pleaſe me more but the making the villain ſubſcribe himſelf to the term.—But—Let me pauſe a moment that I may be myſelf again.

Now, Bountly.——I have already told thee I am at N——: I ſtept a little out of my road, to ſigh in it once more.—How many years, alas! is it ſince I breathed there-to a farewel one! No matter.—No matter, neither, for the imprudence that led me to revive the idea of my diſappointments on the ſpot where the *firſt* broke on me: here I am again on it, and have been rambling it over ſome hours; but finding few animate things whom I knew, or to whom I was known, I at length ſearched for old acquaintance among old poſts, old pavements, and old walls.

Canſt thou hold a converſation with a poſt,

poſt, Bountly?—What a queſtion!—But obſerve now.—When thou meeteſt an old friend, what talk ye over with each other but paſt events? The mementos, furniſhed by thy acquaintance, call forth and connect thoſe furniſhed by thy own faculties, and thou enjoyeſt over again the ſcene long paſt. Such enjoyment have I in contemplating an old poſt, a tree, or an old hovel, on which I have clomb, beneath which I have ſat, in which I have played.

Do I dwell on trifles, Bountly? If I do, it is here neceſſary; it would otherwiſe be unaccounted for, how I lighted on the miſeries of our poor old maſter. Permit me then.

I viſited the mill—I enjoyed its clack—I peeped into the ſluice that uſed to fill us with ſuch dread.—Our fears are all proportioned to our abilities.—The ſluice is but ſhallow; yet methought I wiſhed to find it ſomewhat fearful even now: the finding it otherwiſe ſeemed to obſtruct the

the courſe of my recollections, and mark with a quere of doubt certain pages of circumſtances and events, which, till then, I had admitted as unqueſtionable.—But would it not be cruel to tell poor Snell—Tell him!—Methinks it would be inſolent to *eye* him with the idea that I admired not *now* his wiſdom, that I feared not *now* his arm.—Enough—let the ſluice too inſpire its wonted deference—I ſhall dread it again if I live a few years longer; then again ſhall my tottering ſteps avoid its brink.

But the mill and the meadows around were unaltered: that pleaſed me. I traced the ſtream—I ſat on its borders—I liſtened to its ribblings, re-enjoying in idea what was once enjoyment in reality; yea, even to the picking pebbles from it, as I uſed to do. I have them now in my pocket, and can ſcarcely forbear pulling them out to count them. But how ſilly was all this! Yet why more ſilly than the hiſtory of human

human life?—Theſe pebbles are memoirs of my youth. They recount to me what once were my delights, and educe how valueleſs are my preſent ineſtimables; mere pebbles, Bountly: but with this cold comfort annexed, that probably my preſent apprehenſions on the other hand are inſpired by nothing in itſelf more dreadful than my former ones—a ſhallow mill-ſluice.

I am interrupted—my landlady has juſt brought me my ſupper. Nature needs refreſhment. It ſhall be afforded Then ſhall my ſoul again commune with its friend, "renewed in all her powers, and freſh with life!" Thou wilt gueſs, by what I have ſaid, that I have an apartment to myſelf; though I ſhould firſt have told thee that, finding few here who did, or would recogniſe me, I have taken my lodging at a little inn.

An apartment to myſelf! Yes, Bountly, I have.

I have. Thou haſt often blamed me for indulging myſelf ſo much in ſolitude; and perhaps wilt again tell me, that I debar myſelf of much pleaſure, which, in converſation, I ſhould have a probability of meeting with.—But, Bountly, have I not frequently heard thyſelf complain of the general inſipidity of mixt company, eſpecially *that* to be met with in an inn, or a tavern; where, methinks, mankind meet only to draw out each other's folly, and expoſe each other's frailty?—Delightful engagement ſurely! But, however delightful, I feel I am not calculated to enjoy it. It hurts me to be preſent where a man, perhaps not quite ſo glibly tongued as his companions, is ſingled out (as ſuch a one is ever ſure to be) as a butt for the rude jeſts of the others: though, truly, I would not myſelf leſs chooſe to be ſuch a butt, than to ſhine in ſuch a groupe, by returning their ill-natured inuendoes.—O ſhame! that men equally ſubject to the ſame infliction, ſhould embrace with ſuch eagerneſs every

every opportunity of wounding each other! From beings of ſuch deſcription, Bountly, thou muſt permit me to fly, whenever it is in my power; for in ſuch company I cannot remain, but with a ſuſpicion that my ſenſes have led me to miſtake my ſpecies.—Ah! even now the "din of riotous merriment" burſts on my ears from the crowded kitchen! —The ſots there are doubtleſsly triumphing in the ſmart of one of their fellows, or aggravating a diſpute between two friends.—How ſavage!—Tell me not of ſuch converſationiſts;

Their manners are too harſh for me,
Their ſnarl I could not bear:
I'd rather ſeek ſome hollow tree,
And dwell, a hermit, there.

My landlady ſupped with me. She eyed me with an inquiſitive eye—frequently and often hinting a diſtant enquiry: but the tones of our ſpirits were not in uniſon. I could not diſcloſe myſelf.—We talked indeed; but our diſcourſe was "words, mere

mere words."—My mind was full of poor Snell.—He told me the truth—my landlady confirmed the ſtory he had told me. This inſpired me, ere we parted, to make her a compliment: indeed, after ſhe had borne teſtimony to the poor old man's ill uſage, I thought I diſcovered ſome traits of benignity in her countenance, which had eſcaped me before; and ſhe, I believe, in conſequence of the latter part of my behaviour, thinks me, at leaſt, not a jeſuit.

I had invited our poor old maſter to ſup with me; but he, unhappy ſlave to the 'ſquire's tyranny, was ſent on a meſſage in the evening, to a neighbouring town, from whence he cannot return till to-morrow.

I am every five minutes interrupted by the officiouſneſs of this landlady of mine—whence I write ſo disjointedly.

Bountly, they have deſtroyed that nook in the wall of the long walk leading to the

church-yard, which was oppoſite our ſchool orchard; that nook which was ſuch a favourite with us at hide and ſeek, and the untrodden corner where ſo oft we have, as in their paſture, diſpoſed our hobby horſes; where we have ſo often ſtripped the ſeed from the docks and plantains to furniſh our little female playmates with a ſtock of grocery.—This favourite ſpot is encloſing in the 'ſquire's garden. Here had I promiſed myſelf a lounge on the bank under the wall.

I had paſſed from the mill to the church-yard, and was tracing up the long walk, and ſaluting every remarkable ſtone with a touch of my cane, when thinking ſuddenly to turn into my favourite angle, my ſteps were impeded by a heap of rubbiſh.

The wall was down; its ruins extending even to the pathway I was treading, and an old man was labouring amidſt them.

I cannot well deſcribe thee my ſenſations on this occaſion. I was vexed ere I knew

knew why—I was angered without conſidering wherefore; for the walk will certainly be handſomer for the a lteratin: but I was diſappointed—and diſappointment always begets vexation, and vexation petulance.—Away with ſuch triteneſs.—I was aſhamed too, on the ſame inſtant, both of my vexation and anger.—Why, Bountly, did I feel either the one or the other? I could fully recollect the pleaſures I had there participated, had the nook been ten times deſtroyed. However, this ſhame, if it did not temper my diſpleaſure, confined it to my own boſom, at leaſt during the firſt moment of its effervescence.—Shame! —I wiſh it was always as rational. An hour before it had been the mere tool of common opinion, and had prevented my indulging an inclination I felt to beſtride the croſs of the ſun-dial at the croſs road in the village; as thou and I have often done when boys.—Every thing I ſee here are mementos of our youthful friendſhips;

and by repoſſeſſing certain ſituations, methinks I revive, by a kind of magic, the incidents they were ſeverally witneſs to.—But there were eyes to obſerve my incantative motions; wherefore I only looked wiſtfully at the dial, as one looks at a friend at church, when wiſhing to diſcloſe ſomething to him which the decorum of the place forbids one to utter. Thus the ſame ſenſation, or at leaſt one very like it, which prevented me in the church-walk from indulging an impulſe which might have been injurious to my fellow man, prevented me at the croſs-dial from indulging a very innocent inclination.—Bountly, how aſhamed is conceited thirty of retaining any trait of what it was at frank fifteen! as if a few years had made us wondrous wiſe; whereas, in fact, they have only ſettled the features of our follies. Had I mounted the croſs, and enjoyed there a few minutes that reflection I wiſhed to indulge, or had I ſnicked a marble, as formerly, againſt the

ſtones.

ſtones that compoſe it, I ſhould certainly have incurred the contempt of every beholder. But had I lounged all this afternoon in the great chair at the inn, making betts on the chance of the next ſpark that ſhould fly from the fire, even till by inebriation I had made myſelf a brute more ſtupid than nature in her dulleſt mood ever produced, no one would have ſuſpected me of idiotiſm: though, for my ſoul, I cannot conceive wherein ſuch enjoyment (if it deſerve that name) is more rational than the former: but *manhood*, it ſeems, ſo prides itſelf in *temerity*, that it diſdains to indulge a folly that is not coupled with *vice*.

But I have long enough played with my ſubject.—Poor old Snell! 'Twas he that was labouring amidſt the rubbiſh of the ruined wall.—I knew him not; neither noticed he me, for his back was towards me.

"Friend," ſaid I, after I had conquered

my firſt emotion, "was the fall of this accidental?"

"No, ſir," anſwered the old man, but without looking off his work.

"You have pulled it down then," ſaid I.

"By the 'ſquire's order," ſaid he.

"And for what end?"

"To make the wall ſtrait," he anſwered.

"A fooliſh——," ſaid I; but checked the epithet ſhort of an application. "He has deſtroyed the prettieſt place in the pariſh."

The old man looked up, and now firſt obſerving me, made me that kind of bow which one makes to a perſon whom one ſuſpects to be not deſerving of it.—I ſtarted at his aſpect.—It was old Snell.—I leaped over the rubbiſh, and took hold of his paſſive hand——"Maſter! is it you?"—was all I uttered: but I believe my countenance was more expreſſive.

Yes, it was our maſter, Bountly; he whoſe endeavours infuſed into our open-

ing

ing minds the rudiments of uſeful knowledge; who corrected the impropriety of our imitative accents; whoſe authority reſtrained our youthful extravagancies; whoſe frown terrified us into the moſt implicit ſubmiſſion; whoſe approbation we once eſteemed the higheſt honour:—he, Bountly, whom our little ſouls were wont to revere as the arbiter of fate, was, like the ruins he ſtood among, reduced from his exaltation—reduced to a ſlave, trodden beneath the foot of a tyrant.——He was toiling amidſt rubbiſh.——That hand, which once guided theſe fingers, to deſcribe the letter which now expreſſes the emotions of my heart, had forgot its flexibility—was grown callous, from its contact with adverſity.——"Maſter! is it you?"——Doſt think, Bountly, at ſuch a ſight I could articulate more?

Snell's looks told me he recognized me, but he ſeemed rather hurt at the recognition.—Poor old man!—I wiſhed he could

then have ſeen my heart; he would have ſeen it wounded as much as his own.—He however ſoon recollected himſelf; and ſhaking me rather diffidently by the hand, ſaid with a ſigh, "Ah, maſter Penſon! times are ſadly altered with me." Yes, truly: but no verbal reply preſenting itſelf, ſufficiently commiſerating, I ſqueezed his hand, which I ſtill held.—He gathered courage. "Ah, Wanley," ſaid he, "you were always good." My heart beat ſenſibly at theſe words, and I felt the ſame ſenſation I had formerly experienced, when, perchance, my executed taſk met the venerable man's approbation.—But my aſpect, I believe, grew inquiſitive. The old man ſhook his grey locks. "Things have gone hard with old Snell," ſaid he—and the tear ſwelled in his eye. But he ſwallowed his ſpittle haſtily, and endeavoured to conceal his concern.—"Maſter Penſon," reſumed he, and ſeemed about to continue his ſpeech, but juſt then the bolt of a diſtant

tant gate went back, and directly appeared in view, a fat, purſy, bloated-looking fellow, in a looſe coat, night-cap, and ſlippers.—Snell inſtantly diſengaged his hand from mine, and reſuming his pickax fell to his labour, exclaiming in a low voice, "Here's the 'ſquire coming.—Wanley, I *once commanded* you; ſhall I *now beg* you to withdraw? You will elſe ſee your poor old maſter inſulted.—Don't humble me ſo much as that, Mr. Penſon."

Bountly, doſt think theſe words ſtruck not on my heart-ſtrings? Doſt think I could refuſe old Snell? Had I ſtaid, would he not have thought me curious, impertinent, unfeeling?——Diſgrace approves not the obſervation even of a friend. ——I knew not the circumſtances of the poor old man's humiliation; but I gueſſed they were ſuch in which I could afford him no relief; and I myſelf was humiliated with the idea of not having it in my power to ſhield his hoary head from expected

pected wrongs. I retired; but looked, as I went, for a place where I could get within hearing, yet be ſecreted from view.

Oppoſite the wall, on the other ſide of the road, is what once was our ſchool-orchard, but now a waſte plot, quarried almoſt all over to ſupply the 'ſquire's buildings with ſtone and mortar. I walked down to the croſs lanes, and then leaping through a ſhard, got into that ditch where we have ſpent ſo many hours in making toys of its yellow clay. I walked up this ditch, which brought me within a few yards of the place where old Snell was at work.

I ſeated myſelf cloſe under the bank—a hawthorn buſh hung over me—I peeped through its thick branches. Old Snell was filling his wheel-barrow. The 'ſquire approached.—The wheel-barrow was full—Snell eſſayed to move it—he ſtaggered under its weight. How I pitied him! But the 'ſquire ſtood full in view.

Thou knoweſt, Bountly, I am not one of thoſe

thoſe who laugh at the ſkill of the phyſiognomiſt. I think a curious obſerver may, in general, pretty nearly gueſs a man's leading character by his countenance. Did I ſay a curious obſerver may diſcover? Would it not be better ſaid, a perſon of ſenſibility will feel the affections of another's ſoul, as they emanate on him from his looks?—Is there not a ſympathy, an antipathy, in ſouls, which our eyes, performing the office of the antennæ of inſects, diſcover; an occult medium through which our minds affect each other; perhaps ſomething analogous to that faſcinating quality the rattle-ſnake is ſaid to poſſeſs, whereby he charms his terrified prey into its poſſeſſion, by the glance of its eye—ſomething, in ſhort, not eaſily to be defined? For though I am ſeldom, I think, out in my conjectures of a perſon's diſpoſition, when my eye has once felt his countenance; yet what rules could I lay down as rudiments of phyſiognomy? Very important ones. For I have often ſeen regular

regular features animated with the ſpirit of a villain; and I have ſeen very uncomely ones, through which the heart told me it was honeſt.

It is not then the features, but the workings of the ſoul in theſe features, that diſcover the diſpoſition of the mind. And as it is agreed that every human creature has one ruling paſſion, which, like Aaron's rod, ſtill ſwallows up the reſt, is it to be wondered at that this ruling paſſion, almoſt perpetually affecting the countenance, ſhould, in a courſe of years, ſo ſet the features as to diſcover itſelf in them at firſt view? I ſay in a courſe of years; for in young people the character of the mind is not ſo diſcoverable in the countenance, as in thoſe of riper age; and this is a corroboration, I think, of my conception of aſpect-influence.

But to what purpoſe is all this? Better I had ſimply told thee I liked not the 'ſquire's looks: but I have heretofore informed

formed thee from what cauſe I firſt addicted myſelf to fall in with every idea that diverted me from the point I was previouſly purſuing; a habit now, the indulgence of which I am frequently not aware of till I find myſelf bewildered, or at a *ne plus ultra.*

But here I return to my ſubject, by the cue of the 'ſquire's aſpect, which was ſuch as I ſhould not have approved, had I not been prejudiced againſt him. As it was, I looked on him as a Turk, his night-cap I imagined a turban; and I almoſt diſcredited my eyes when, looking for his whiſkers, I ſaw none.

As he approached Snell, he ſwelled like a turkey-cock, his bottle noſe and outblown gills changing, as he drew himſelf up, from a blue to a magiſterial purple. But I had not much time for contemplating his appearance, for preſently his hoarſe voice broke on my ear like the burſting of a beer barrel. "Hoh!—What!—Doomſday work

work with a witneſs! Why, you mere aſs in a mill, why you are not a foot forwarder yet! What, do you think I'll be chouſed out of my money at this rate? You lazy old raſcal, why you have not done an hour's work to day; and here you muſt be jawing away your time with any one that will jaw with you, muſt you?——I ſaw you, you idle dog!—Who was that ſon of a whore that ſlinked off down the lane yonder, hah?"

"A ſtranger, ſir," replied the poor old man, with a laconic calmneſs, which beſpoke him inured to ſuch ratings.

"You lie, you old dog," retorted his tyrant; "ſtrangers are not ſo fond of clawing. Some baſtard of your own, I ſuppoſe. I have a mind to break your head, for the lye."

"Alas, ſir," ſaid Snell, a little more animated, "I never aſſumed ſo much of the character of my ſuperiors, as to allow myſelf to get baſtards. I never had but one boy—

boy—he was no baſtard; and poor Tom is far enough off, poor ſoul!"

The 'ſquire hardly heard the laſt ſentence, ere he flew at the old man, and I believe would have felled him to the ground; but happily, in lumpering over the rubbiſh, his foot ſlipt, and down he came.

How I exulted! There is an innate principle of equity in the human breaſt, which produces a pleaſure there, on our ſeeing the ſcale of power reduced to a level; yea, on ſeeing that end depreſſed which, for a while, had been mounting too high.

The 'ſquire, I believe, hurt his leg; for he roared, and ſwore, for a time, unintelligibly: but, at length, I diſtinguiſhed ſo much of his exclamations as gave me to underſtand that what ſo ſuddenly fired him, was old Snell's inuendo reſpecting baſtards, and the mention he made of his ſon Tom.

Thus he ſat on the ſtones ſome time, muttering threats and upbraidings, till,

after a while, recovering his legs, he hobbled off, denouncing vengeance.—But preſently returning, he commanded, in the true tone of deſpotiſm, the feeble old man, as a puniſhment for what he called his lazineſs and his inſolence, to go, after he had finiſhed his day's work, to fetch a parcel for him from C——.

Snell heard him, and getting the other ſide of the heap of ſtones (in order, I ſuppoſe, to be out of the reach of the 'ſquire's cane), ventured mildly to remonſtrate againſt his ſentence, on the ſcore of his age, the length of the way to C——, which was ſix miles, and the many hours he had already been toiling, and which had ſufficiently fatigued him: but concluded by an offer of going early in the morning.

The 'ſquire would not hear his plea: his rage again kindled; but he had prudence enough not to venture a ſecond time over the ſtones: and all the mitigation the old man could obtain, was that, if he could

could not return this evening, he might tarry all night at C——, provided he came back in the morning by the uſual time of reſuming labour. This if not complied with to a tittle, the 'ſquire ſwore horribly he ſhould never ſtrike another ſtroke in the pariſh; but ſhould be reduced to ſtarve upon the earth.

Bountly, what a thing is man! How ſoon can he forget himſelf; forget that 'tis himſelf he degrades when he treads upon his ſpecies!—I was wiſhing, when I began this letter, for riches—I wiſhed wealth to enable me to ſuccour the diſtreſſed; to wreſt the reins of authority from the petty tyrant; to break the rod of the oppreſſor. But in forming ſuch a wiſh had not I too forgot myſelf, forgot that I was a man, liable, by the ſame means, to fall into the ſame iniquities as others? Is there not ſomething in the poſſeſſion of riches, that chills the glow of charity? Redundance cannot feel the cramps of penury; how

then can it ſympathiſe in them? Power, as it fears no oppreſſion, how can it conceive the grindings of it?—Alas! who knows, were wealth and authority in my poſſeſſion, but that they would render (however *now* my ſoul may abjure the idea) my feelings as callous as the hearts of thoſe whom I wiſhed to humble! Be then my prayer, rather, that of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; leſt I be full, and ſay, Who is the Lord? leſt I be poor, and take the name of my God in vain."

When I began writing, I thought, in a few words, to have told thee old Snell's ſtory; but a variety of ideas crowding on my mind, led me away; and time has elapſed inſenſibly. 'Tis near two o'clock. I feel myſelf heavy. I muſt repoſe a little. To-morrow I ſhall purſue my journey, and from the firſt place I halt at I will ſatisfy thee concerning our poor old maſter. Forgive me for tantalizing thee, by thus breaking off my tale,

or rather for not having yet, properly ſpeaking, commenced it.

I believe the people of the inn have been watching me through the chinks of the wainſcot; for, as I put back my chair, in order to riſe from my writing table, I heard ſomebody ſteal along the paſſage.—If a man ſteps a little out of the common track of mankind, how buſy is curioſity about him! how ſuſpicion is ever ſquinting on him! But is there any thing ſo very odd in a man's ſitting up a few hours to write? Probably, had I ſat up to drink, my hoſts had been better pleaſed.

Good night.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

(In continuation.)

I have had three hours fine ſleep. 'Tis a wet morning. Nobody yet is ſtirring.

How the rain patters againſt the windows! —The wind ſings in the caſement. I am awake, 'tis true; but this ſtormy hum almoſt lulls me again into the arms of ſlumber. I waked to recount thee the ſtory of our poor old maſter; but, methinks, were I to attempt it, however my heart bleed for him, my head would now nod over it. Bountly, why does this buſtle of the elements ſo ſooth one? I ſhould think, in my preſent caſe, it was occaſioned by the idea that I was ſecure from its effects, did I not remember that I have often liſtened, ſoftly pleaſed, to the ſinging of a ſtorm, even when expoſed to its fury. Is it then that we diſlike ſtill life, and prefer the ſcene of nature in agitation?—Poor old Snell endured a ſtorm yeſterday, while I was ſnug under the hawthorn: yet I believe neither of us felt any ſoothing effects from it.

Still life!—I dare ſay my hoſts think me

me a piece of ſtill life. But, could they look into my ſoul, they would alter their opinion. I think I obſerved laſt night, that a man who differs ſomewhat from the general manners of the world is viewed with the eye of ſuſpicion; yea, oft with the glance of contempt: but why?

The window of my apartment, Bountly, looks into a meadow.—I have been admiring the flowers wherewith its ſward is beſpangled. The general hue of them is, as it is every where, yellow; the ſilken primroſe, the cluſtering cowſlip, and the varniſhed yellow cray, vying with each other, over all the ſcene; yet here and there, in a hollow, or under the ſhadow perhaps of a buſh, a poor blue-bottle hangs its dejected head, avoiding the blaze of day, nor emulative of ſharing the honours of the field.—Such a poor blue-bottle, methinks, I am among mankind. But, dear good folks, deſpiſe not the poor blue-bottle: 'tis a ſhy unengaging flower in-

deed; but it ſerves notwithſtanding to fill up the harmony of the creation; and the child of ſorrow will place it in his boſom, for its cups will ever afford his woes the tribute of a tear.

The ſtorm ſtill continues—I cannot purſue my journey yet. I will therefore venture the attempt of re-engaging thy attention by a recital of our old maſter's adverſities; adverſities, which, in the recollection, cannot fail to rouſe me from the languor that is crept over me. But the family is ſtirring: they will wonder to ſee me now at my pen, and conclude, perhaps, that I have not yet left it; for the curioſity that tempted them laſt night, may again tempt them this morning, to take a peep at one of nature's eccentricals. I will ſeem to be juſt riſing; yet why? Let a feint be the ſubterfuge of a villain. What have I to be aſhamed of? Nothing that *I ought*; though vailing to common opinion, there may be ſome things that *I am*; eſpecially

cially on———What plaintive voice is that?—Let me open the caſement to liſten to it.

" O ceaſe, ye winds, except to blow
A baniſh'd lover home:
With cruel man combine not, now,
To ruin my poor Tom.

Or, if to this deſpairing breaſt
Alive he ne'er muſt come;
O waft him, that theſe eyes, at leaſt,
May weep upon poor Tom."

She is leaning, Bountly, againſt a willow, which overhangs the brook that bounds the inn-yard from the meadow. How wiſtfully ſhe looks at the weather! Oh! for a pencil to ſketch the attitude of ſuch forlorn fervency! I could not be better ſtationed for ſuch a purpoſe. The ſcenery too. But again ſhe repeats the burthen of her ſong.

———" Poor Tom,
O waft him, that theſe eyes, at leaſt,
May weep upon poor Tom."

Suaſive notes! May their prayer prevail! Would it could prevail yet farther, that my eyes too may weep upon my———That touch was too deep.

The rain won't hurt me. Poor diſconſolate! She endures it—yes—for the ſake of her lover. I too have been a lover!—Am I not ſo even now? and ſhall ſhe out-go me in the evidences of affection? No, I will join her. We will mingle our ſympathies. But will it not diſturb her? Her whole ſoul is in her ſong. She moves; ſhe is coming this way.——I'll meet her.

'Twas poor Tom Snell's ſweetheart, Bountly, of whom I have more to tell thee by and by. I met her in the yard. She is a pretty, modeſt-looking maiden; but her features have the languor of melancholy. Child of ſorrow, thought I, as I approached her, imagine me a blue-bottle, if

if thou wilt, for my cups have a tear for thy woes. We met. "Pretty maiden," ſaid I, "do you ever ſing thus in ſtormy weather?"

"It has been ſtormy indeed," ſaid ſhe.

"Your ſong has however calmed the hurricane," I replied.

"Would it could," ſaid ſhe; and ſhe paſſed me. She wiſt not, Bountly, I had a tear to beſtow on her. She would not place a poor blue-bottle in her boſom; yet it ſhall give her a tear.

I enquired of a ſervant, who informed me ſhe was his maſter's daughter, and that, in ſtormy weather, ſhe was always paſſing melancholy, "becauſe as how her ſweetheart was at ſea." Hence too I learnt the identity of her poor Tom—even our former playfellow, Bountly.

But the veteran in adverſity, our poor old maſter——he ſhall preſently tell his ſtory himſelf, even as he told it me: 'tis

now

now freſh in my memory; his accents methinks again vibrate on my ear. Though the ſtorm is abated, the rain ſeems ſettled, I am then weather bound—It matters not; it only gives me an opportunity of elucidating what I have already written, for I am ſenſible I have written very unconnectedly. My heart, though in its cooler moments it may promiſe to honour and obey my head, yet, like a wayward wife, is ever ſetting my head at defiance. It has been diſciplined; yet, like a ſilly colt, it will ſtill ſtart. Has it not been ſufficiently diſciplined, Bountly? Or has it been too violently ſo? I cannot determine. Poor Snell's ſeems inured to exigences. He endures his misfortunes; he recites his griefs only with ſo much emotion, as ſerves to convince one he is not quite inſenſible. Can miſery become familiar to us, Bountly? Can adverſity obtuſe our feelings? "The hand of little experience hath the daintier ſenſe." Repeated tortures can deſtroy irritability.

ritability. I ſaid my heart was like a half broken colt, ever ſtarting. Poor Snell's is like a horſe long uſed to the laſh, which *heaves* only when it feels the ſpur, and vents its uneaſineſs but in an habitual groan.

Such a groan he vented as he turned over the wheelbarrow, after the 'ſquire had left him; it was half mechanical. He ſeemed to blow it away; and moiſtening his fingers with his lips, he returned with the wheelbarrow, and reſumed his ſpade.

I had quitted my hiding place, and was again approaching the poor old man. He endeavoured to aſſume an eaſy deportment.

"We have a fine evening, maſter Penſon," ſaid he: "pray is it not near ſix o'clock?"

I pulled out my watch. It wanted only ten minutes.

"Maſter," ſaid I, as I held the watch towards him, "your ſlavery is ended."

"No,"

"No," ſaid he, with an affected ſmile, "Snell's ſlavery won't end till his old bones are laid yonder" (pointing to the church-yard). "I muſt go this evening to C——."

"I'll go hire you a horſe then," ſaid I. ——'Twas what I had intended, Bountly.

My offer ſeemed rather to diſcompoſe his affected eaſe; for fixing his eyes on the ground, he replied,

"No thank you, maſter Penſon, thank you heartily—but it muſt not be; the 'ſquire would deem it an inſult, for—"

"Curſe him," ſaid I; and was going to procure a horſe.

But he ſtopped me—"Stay, Sir," cried he; "indeed it muſt not be: I thank you, but old Snell has not been uſed to riding; it would fatigue me more than if I walked."

I looked him in the face, Bountly, as he ſpoke. His frank countenance corrobo-

rated

rated his words. I could urge him no further. But I told him I would then walk part of the way with him. He aſſented; and the time of his labour being now expired, we repaired to my inn, where having refreſhed my companion, we ſet off for C——.

I accompanied him four miles, and then returned by moon-light hither. During this walk it was that he unboſomed to me his misfortunes.

Nothing I think, Bountly, begets familiarity, I may ſay confidence, between two perſons, more than travelling together, eſpecially by night. Haſt thou not ſometimes experienced this? Haſt thou not, on ſuch occaſions, ſometimes ſo found thy ſoul open by degrees, that thou couldſt hardly at laſt retain the ſecret of thy own follies? Calculated for ſociety, but for the time confined to a very narrow circle, perhaps the communicative impulſe increaſes in conſequence of ſuch a contraction; or,

formed

formed univerſally dependent on each other, but on ſuch occaſions reduced to rely (whatever may befal) on the aſſiſtance of one only, probably a benighted traveller inſtinctively eſteems his companion as his friend, his ally, his every thing; feeling an affection for him, and repoſing a confidence in him adequate to ſuch an eſtimation.—But I proceed.

"Penſon," ſaid our old maſter (for we were by this time become quite familiar)—"Penſon," ſaid he, as he ſtruck Cadmoor gate with his crabtree ſtick, "'twas at this gate I received the firſt intimation of the misfortunes which ſoon after befel me. 'Twas here I met the angry 'ſquire, and firſt heard the threats of his reſentment.

"I know, Penſon," continued he, "that your curioſity muſt be on edge to know what train of ills has brought me to my preſent condition; but I find you are too conſiderate to put what *you* may think impertinent queſtions to me: but I have been

been uſed to the aſpect of adverſity ſo long, that it does not now ſcare me. With regard to future misfortunes, I am in general prepared for the worſt; and one cannot be ſtartled, you know, at what one has long expected. And as to the paſt, though, from a conſciouſneſs that I deſerved not of mankind the treatment I met with, I at firſt indulged a kind of pride in recording it in my memory; yet now, like a tranſcript become familiar, however it preſents itſelf to my recollection, I can in general review it without being affected by it. And I think, could I be certain of poor Tom's deſtiny, I ſhould, though not happy, be upon the whole tolerably eaſy. But ſuſpenſe, you know, maſter Penſon—'tis a trite obſervation, and I will not repeat it. One thing I will tell you, though, by the way—though my breaſt is now pretty well proof againſt the ſtroke of calamity, I found to-day it was yet but too vulnerable to the ſoft touch of compaſſion. *This* is what

what it has long been unuſed to; what, as it hoped not to engage, it was unprepared to ſuſtain. Your ſympathy this afternoon unmanned me, maſter Penſon: I have not found my old heart ſo quick before this long time. But excuſe your poor old maſter's talkativeneſs, and I will tell you how all came about.

"You know," continued he, "for a country ſchool, that I had a very eligible one. I had many quarterly and day ſcholars: but that which I principally depended on, was the charity of thirty pounds per annum, in the gift of——I may ſay the 'ſquire; for when I tell you it is in the gift of the veſtry, he being ever ſole dictator there, it is but ſaying the ſame thing.

"In this ſchool I preſided twenty-ſeven years, and was much reſpected; yea I may ſay, I think, with no more vanity than an old man may indulge, that, in point of learning, I was conſidered as the firſt perſon in the pariſh, your uncle and the old rector

rector only excepted: but notwithſtanding the precedence undiſputedly allowed them in this point, I was more conſulted by the neighbourhood than they: for if any diſpute aroſe, I was generally appointed arbitrator; if doubts ſtarted on points of law, I was the counſel; if transfers were made, I was the conveyancer; if a dark paſſage occurred in the newſpaper, I was the interpreter; and the purchaſers of a new almanack always brought it to me for elucidation. The exciſeman indeed would ſometimes diſpute with me the palm of menſuration; but on other ſubjects he acknowledged my ſuperiority.

"All this to be ſure flattered my vanity; for we are none of us, you know, without pride, maſter Penſon: but I can conſcientiouſly aver that it never lifted me above my neighbours, nor tempted me to take an improper advantage of their prepoſſeſſion in my favour.

"On this deſirable footing things conti-

nued till within theſe laſt five years. My income amounted in all to about ſixty pounds a year. On this I lived comfortably: my views were not ambitious—I was ſatiſfied. But you muſt think, to maintain myſelf, my wife, a ſon, and a daughter, by ſuch a ſum, would not allow a table or a wardrobe very ſumptuous. As to laying by—except occaſionally a guinea or ſo, againſt a wet day, as the ſaying is—it was out of the queſtion.

"But my boy Tom—You remember your old playfellow Tom, maſter Penſon—Soon after you left ſchool, he went to live with the 'ſquire. He was then a ſmart, genteel lad: the 'ſquire took a ſtrong fancy to him. Indeed the 'ſquire ſeemed much our friend, and Tom pleaſed him exceedingly; ſo well, that, about two years after, my daughter Jenny was likewiſe taken into his ſervice, by his houſekeeper, to work on his linen; for ſhe was an induſtrious wench, and very good at her needle.

"We

"We thought now we were all in luck's way. Like children, maſter Penſon, who, after long labouring to kindle a bonfire under the eaves of their thatched cottage, rejoice at length to ſee the flames mount, not conſidering that the conſequences may involve themſelves and their parents in deſtruction, we rejoiced in that which finally involved us in ruin. We are very ſhort-ſighted things, maſter Penſon; and, as Dal Canter ſays in ſome verſes he made the laſt year he came to ſchool to me,

"Like Bunyan's pilgrims, on enchanted ground,
Groping for joys amidſt the ſnares around,
We catch at ſhadows which our graſp elude,
Or gain an evil where we hop'd a good."

"Dal was a ſmart boy, and ready at a rhyme. Excuſe me, maſter Penſon, but having repeated theſe lines, methinks I muſt needs tell you the occaſion of them—it was puerile indeed—but it may ſerve, nevertheleſs, as a metaphor of the general

purſuits of men, and their diſappointments; at leaſt I am ſure it may for many of mine, maſter Penſon.—'Twas this:

"Dal going down the garden one moon-light evening, ſaw an owl in the orchard, and judging, by its feeble wing, that it was a young one, determined to try to catch it. Accordingly he chaſed it awhile from tree to tree, till by and by he had loſt it in the great pear tree at the lower end of the orchard; but, after peeping about ſome time, he ſaw the ſhadow of the owl dart from the oppoſite ſide of the tree, and ſkim along by the ſide of the garden wall—that high wall you know, maſter Penſon, againſt which the old garden-houſe leaned. Miſtaking the ſhadow for the bird, and happy to ſee it ſo near the ground, he darted after it like lightning, and preſently came within reach of it, as it was gliding up the ſide of the wall, where graſping ſuddenly at it, not aware that he was ſo near the fence, he broke his head againſt the ſtones;

ſtones; whilſt the real bird was winging its way aloft in a quite different direction."

This was an owl-chace, Bountly; a boy's purſuit by moon-light. Anxious as I was to hear the particulars of Snell's misfortunes, I was not diſpleaſed with this digreſſion; for wherein ſuperior to ſuch an owl-chace are the general purſuits of mankind? Or are they leſs deceived in broad day, than the boy by the light of the moon? The intrinſic value of what they toil to acquire, if they gain it, is probably not greater than that of an owl; and the ſhadow even of this they too often miſtake for the ſubſtance.

Bountly, we are all owl-hunters—graſpers after ſhadows; who frequently get our heads broken when we think ourſelves juſt within the attainment of our deſires. Excuſe me, Bountly, if here, led away by old Snell's digreſſion, I detain thee a little longer ere I return.

The Univerſal Purſuit.

DISTANC'D, and breathleſs in a life-long race,
Doubtful, yet eager to renew the chace,
Here let Experience, pauſing here, ſurvey
How wild a motion, darting each wild way,
The hope of happineſs to human hearts
(Frail fire-balls burſting in their courſe) imparts:
For hope, that breath which ever fans deſire,
New flames enkindling as the old expire;
Inſpir'd by hope, however wide we fly,
Delve to the centre down, or ſcale the ſky,
Like Gama, ſteer to meet the courſing ſun,
Or courſing with him, like Columbus run,
Point to the arctic, like the mid-day beam,
Or ſhoot antarctic, like the boreal gleam,
Whether we drive, glide, double, or digreſs,
Alike the drift of all is Happineſs.

Like a *pack* train'd to no peculiar ſcent,
Each on his own chance-ſtarted game intent,
Whether ſprung after with light fancy's leap,
Or trac'd with trotting art's aſſiduous ſtep;
Run for in generous Emulation's race,
Or ſlyly ſought with Envy's ſlinking pace;
Under whatever form it be purſu'd,
Or name ſoever—Pleaſure, Power, Good—

By

By blood-hound malice, as the ſcent of death,
Spaniel good humour, a pacific breath;
The terrier melancholy in a cave,
Or puppy mirth where frolic's bob-tails wave;
Turn'd out by Hope—Hey forward in full cry,
Hey *all for happineſs* promiſcuous fly;
Yea, though wide ſtarting, as by Hope turn'd out,
So too by Hope ſtill urged to beat about,
Perſiſt till breath or the breeze fail, and then
Catch a freſh ſcent, and forward fly again.

And this were well; for who would deem the chace
Follow'd too keen, that caught him happineſs?
Or urg'd too far, that gain'd at laſt a prize,
Which, never cloying, ever ſatisfies?

Yes, this were well: but O inebriate Hope!
Mad ſportſman! ever driving till we drop;
What boots, or fluſh'd or faint, the ſpeed we make,
Or how cheer'd on, if ne'er to overtake?
If, as a wild-wiſp that ſtill plays about,
Ne'er within reach, though often juſt without;
Or as a Proteus, ever ſhifting ſhape,
This hour an angel, and the next an ape;
The thing called Happineſs (a name aſſign'd,
Alas! to every wanting of the mind)
Be but a magic ſhade, a graſpleſs flame,
Ever a tempting, ſtill a loſing game;

A vapour ſtill to catch at, not to gain,
Something to queſtion, nothing to explain?
And is there nothing? Is wiſe manhood's ſcheme,
Youth's ſanguine wiſh, and childhood's ſhapeleſs dream,
Alike deluſion? Still, where'er we beat,
Is what all ſearch for, all alike a cheat?
Or if, the wilderneſs of life along,
There be one right road among many wrong,
To happineſs one right road is there none,
O ſay, Experience, to point out that one?

None!—Yes, ten thouſand.—Who the right can doubt,
Where not ſome ready index points it out,
Whilſt every traveller, though himſelf be loſt,
Is to all others a direction poſt?
And 'tis alike preſcrib'd by all mankind,
Agues to cure, and happineſs to find?

"To happineſs," through fields by ſlaughter won,
Th' enſanguin'd hero ſternly points you on:
"To happineſs" ſoft love directs the way
Around ſome little tumulus to play:
"To happineſs," amidſt the broad day ſtare
Of pompous pow'r, ambition's vot'ries bear:
"To happineſs," enclos'd with coffer'd wealth,
The miſer leads through coverts trod by ſtealth:
So thither too in equipage and dreſs,
"Allons," the liſp of faſhion bids you preſs:

Whilſt

Whilſt the lewd ſons of diſſipation roar,
"Lo, Happineſs!"—a bottle, and a whore.

"Flagitious falſehoods!"—What, do theſe diſguſt?
Yes, minds inur'd to abſtract things they muſt.
Your taſte demands a more ſcholaſtic rout;
Turn then, and ſee it trop'd and figur'd out.

Lo Learning here, more heedful of the phraſe
Than of the meaning, points you through a maze
Of metaphyſics; and while much it ſcorns
Its rival road-poſts, much of folly warns,
And ignorance; and thus digreſſing long,
Leaves right in doubt t' enlarge upon the wrong:
At which broad Ignorance and Folly laugh
(Who ne'er loſt labour winnowing corn from chaff),
And bleſs their ſtars, who left them void of thought,
T' enjoy alike what is, and what is not.

Here ſee the ſtoic like a mile-ſtone ſtand,
A letter'd thing, without a pointing hand,
Your courſe expreſſing; but as ſomething won
Even by ſtanding like himſelf, a ſtone:
Whilſt where each diverſe path-way interſects
Right with the wind, the epicure directs;
Right with the wind—for if you look again,
The pointing hand—What is it?—'Tis a vane.

The

The ſuperſtitious next, who makes his God,
As humour ſuits, a play-thing or a rod;
Map-marking where to crawl, and where to dance,
And where in penance, where in ſong advance;
Hung round with amulets, and all aware
Even (yea moſt) of day-light as a ſnare;
Pledges you happineſs, that thing profound,
If ſought in cells where goblins glare around.
Meanwhile the ſmart freethinker, he whoſe modes,
Ev'n like a turn-ſtile, mark'd to point the roads,
Determine nothing, rallies you along
After your noſe, and ſwears you can't go wrong.

Not wrong!—How blind!—Aſtoniſhed reaſon ſmiles
When ſuch broad folly the wiſe world beguiles;
For though, full many tranſverſe paths among,
Reaſon admit that all may not be wrong,
Needs it a clearer evidence than ſight,
That paths all tranſverſe cannot all be right?

O turn me then, O turn me from each road,
Which, wide from reaſon, cannot lead to good!
And thou, deſign'd to hold the helm of life,
Midſt mental and midſt elemental ſtrife;
To ſet its bearings, and to ſteer between
Doubt and credulity, the golden mean;
Since, like the gleam the gally's ſtern-lights caſt,
Experience but illumes the track o'erpaſt;

Our

Our fore-path dark, unleſs thy mirror throw,
From retroſpection, light upon our prow;
O, to aſſiſt Experience, Reaſon, come,
Caſt up life's cyphers, and declare their ſum:
And, thither if extend thy pow'rs abſtruſe,
O from paſt errors future truth educe.

Thus then.—In Reaſon's ſum the world's whole joys,
In proſpect or poſſeſſion, all are toys;
Inutile things, which man, a peeviſh brat,
Whimp'ring inceſſant for he knows not what,
Calls Happineſs: even as the ſtick they ſtride
Boys call a horſe; and capering—to ride:
Things which, unequal to his high deſire,
If chance indulg'd him, in th' indulgence tire;
Sweets groſsly luſcious, which to taſte of cloys:
Bubbles ſo brittle, that a touch deſtroys:
Falſe lures, perhaps deſign'd to tempt the view,
By cheating it, to ſearch for ſomething true.

Why then ſhould diſappointment heave the ſigh,
Why ſorrow's ſpring-tide ſwell misfortune's eye;
Since what all covet, and for which all poſt,
Are merely baubles, whether won or loſt?
Baubles which yet, and yet to be obtain'd,
Are ne'er complete, or gone as ſoon as gain'd?
As riper age derides the child's deſpair,
When kites fall down, or bubbles burſt in air;

Superior

Superior beings, doubtleſs, when they ſee
Thy diſappointments, laugh, O man ! at thee.

For, trac'd to their concluſions, and their uſe
Sought in the happineſs their ends produce,
To raiſe the ſwelling pile, the ſounding name,
T' acquire a fortune, or indulge a flame,
Tho' manhood's ſage purſuits, the lure which draws
The world's attention, and the world's applauſe,
Mark me wherein more rational, more wiſe,
Than childhood's rage for hunting butterflies ?
Or piling cards, which (tho' the ſchool-bell ſpare
The fond completion) mocks its utmoſt care ?

Say then, in vain are theſe deſires beſtow'd,
Theſe hopes of real, of ſubſtantial good ?
Has Heaven to ſeek inſpir'd the wiſhful mind,
Anxious, and endleſs, what it ne'er ſhall find ;
Set it to labour, languiſh, ſweat, and ſigh,
Merely at laſt to groan, deſpair, and die ?

No !—The ſuſpicion reaſon muſt explode,
Incongruous, and unworthy of a God,
Whoſe lighter works the darker thus explain :
" Nothing made uſeleſs, nought deſign'd in vain."
And if in thoſe within our finite ſphere,
No trick intent, or empty pomp, appear ;

If

If where blithe Spring her future flow'rs ſhall prink,
The ſightleſs winter-bud not idly wink;
If the vague breeze that agitates the air,
Effect a calculated purpoſe there;
If ev'n the thiſtle-down it wafts away,
Soft bearing future life, but ſeem to ſtray;
Surely the hope that agitates the mind,
Was not a thing without an end deſign'd,
Nor but to teaze and tantalize the breaſt,
An idiom there of happineſs impreſt.

Thus Reaſon ſpeaks; 'fore whom, at firſt auſtere,
Tho' Hope ſunk heartleſs in th' arreſt of Fear,
Yet as at laſt, inferr'd from nature's laws,
Of real happineſs a hint ſhe draws;
Reviving at the ſound, as, when awoke,
Sampſon his bonds, the cords and green withs broke,
She burſts from durance, and with eager eye
Exploring where, prepares again to fly:
And, as experience dearly purchas'd proves,
He roves erratic who with paſſion roves,
Reaſon, before a cenſor, now a guide,
Marking th' extreme where good and ill divide,
Points the ſtrait path of temperance to trace,
Where reaſon's virtue, virtue happineſs:
So the deep thunder, which from Sinai ſpread
Its fearful fires o'er froward Iſrael's head,

Iſrael

Iſrael reclaim'd, a pilot-cloud became,
To guide by day, by night a friendly flame.

Come, Reaſon, then, O relique of that ray
Which brighten'd nature's primogenial day;
Or if too dim in theſe degenerate times,
Waylaid with errors, and obſcur'd with crimes—
Too dim thy light thro' theſe ſo deep, and dark,
The port of hope with certainty to mark—
Yet come—but with thee, her whoſe proſpect glaſs
Catches the future ere the preſent paſs:
Come, co-aſſiſtant, Faith, to clear thy ray,
And, leſt ſhe trip too lightly, thou her ſtay;
O come, reclaim my paſſions, curb their fires,
Correct the bias of my wild deſires;
And guide at laſt my evagating breaſt,
Where Hope's ſheer foot on certainty may reſt;
Where in the boſom of experience ſoft
(At laſt its ſolace, tho' its torment oft)
Fond expectation, now no more to weep
Its diſappointments, ſatisfied may ſleep.

For the preſent, adieu.

W. Wanley Penson.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

(*In continuation.*)

BOUNTLY, I will no longer interrupt old Snell's narration.

"I was ſaying," continued he, "that we were mightily pleaſed with the thought of Tom and Jenny being in the ſervice of the 'ſquire: becauſe, you know, when a branch of one family lives in another, though in an inferior ſtation, it ſeems to form a kind of connection between them, as ſuch families generally eſpouſe each other's intereſts."

"Now as the 'ſquire is the firſt man in the pariſh or neighbourhood, we were certainly proud with the conceit of being under his immediate protection and, as we thought, in the direct road of his favours.

"Theſe ideas poſſeſſed us uninterruptedly for ſome time; but by and by I found that

Jenny was not happy in her place. She would frequently come home; but on ſuch occaſions never ſeemed to enjoy herſelf, but was ever ſighing, and giving indications of uneaſineſs; yet, if aſked what was the matter, never gave any ſatisfactory anſwer: at the ſame time it ſeemed to increaſe her inquietude, whenever ſhe was reminded of the time ſhe had been abſent from her employment; and ſhe would even then leave us with more than uſual reluctance.

"This made me and my wife very anxious, and we talked to Tom about it; but he could give us no information. Well (not to trouble you with our conjectures) this paſſed on awhile. At length ſhe came home with a bundle under her arm, in great haſte and evident diſorder, and, flinging herſelf into the window-ſeat, fainted away. In this ſtate ſhe continued ſome time, notwithſtanding the means we uſed to recover her: and when ſhe revived, all we could get from her were tears and ſighs,

inter-

intermixed with broken exclamations, which were unintelligible to us.

"We examined her bundle—it was her clothes: from this we gueſſed ſhe had left her place.

"I immediately went in ſearch of Tom—I found him, and enquired the cauſe of his ſiſter's leaving her ſervice. He was ſurpriſed at my queſtion; he had not heard any thing of the matter; but obſerved, that his maſter ſeemed in an uncommon ill humour that day.

"Not able to diſcover any thing by Tom, I determined to go to the houſekeeper; and was croſſing the yard that ſeparates the offices from the manſion, when I ſaw the 'ſquire leaning from a window by which I was obliged to paſs. As I approached, I made my obeiſance, and was proceeding: but he ſtopped me, I thought rather ſurlily; though at the ſame time he ſeemed to wear a doubtful heſitating aſpect, which I could not then account for.

"Snell," ſaid he, in a chuff tone, "do you know why your daughter has left my ſervice ſo ſuddenly? I don't underſtand ſuch behaviour."

"I remember, while he aſked this queſtion he ſurveyed my countenance with a very critical eye: I however anſwered very frankly that I did not, and that I was come thither to learn, if poſſible, the cauſe; for from her, though ſhe ſeemed very much perturbed, I could get nothing.

"To this he replied more calmly, that his houſekeeper had often told him ſhe was of a wilful obſtinate temper: but for his part, he knew nothing of the affair, only he believed ſhe was gone beſide herſelf.

"After a few more queſtions on his part, and replies on mine, he ſaid, he recollected that he had ſpoken rather ſharply to her that morning, in conſequence of a pert anſwer ſhe made to a reproof he had given her reſpecting a certain part of her work: but added, it ſurely could not be on that account

account ſhe had left his ſervice; for that, on his part, he had not thought of it ſince.

"I replied, that I dared to ſay not; but, with his leave, I would enquire of Mrs. Hunt, his houſekeeper.

"He replied, I was welcome to enquire, but believed I ſhould return as wiſe as I went, for that he had been enquiring himſelf to no purpoſe: and then calling her, with an air of conſequence, a worthleſs thing, who knew not when ſhe was well off, he ſhut the ſaſh; and I went to the houſekeeper, who pretended to be ignorant of any thing that had peculiarly diſturbed Jenny; but obſerved, that ſhe was in general very pettiſh, and required too much obſervation for a perſon in her ſtation of life: in ſhort, Mrs. Hunt ſeemed much prejudiced againſt her; at leaſt I knew that Jenny's diſpoſition muſt have been much altered to deſerve what ſhe ſaid of it. But though I could not tell how to credit, I

I had nothing, however, to advance that could diſprove what I heard: ſo I returned home with a heavy heart, where I found my daughter in a high fever, and her language incoherent.

"I now began to think that what the 'ſquire ſaid might have ſome truth in it, and that ſhe had been affected with an inſanity that was growing to a phrenſy. Poſſeſſed with this idea, we got what aſſiſtance for her we could: but the fever was obſtinate; it was long before it abated, and when it did, it ſtill left her intellects in a conſiderable degree impaired. Her vivacity was quite gone. She was ever languid, melancholy, and ſilent. All this we attributed to the effects of her complaint. We little thought then, maſter Penſon, how the poor thing had been uſed.

"But, however, Tom all this while went on very well at the 'ſquire's; and nothing worth repeating happened for near a twelvemonth after; when there was a report prevailed

vailed of the 'ſquire's intimacy with one of his upper maid ſervants, Hetty Gill. Perhaps you knew her, maſter Penſon; ſhe was old Gill's daughter, the butcher. Well, this report prevailed every day, but nobody talked of it but in a whiſper. Tom frequently entertained us with his obſervations on this ſubject. But what ſurpriſed us, and at the ſame time led us to conceive there was ſomething more than mere ſuſpicion in this report, was Tom's coming to us one day with more than ordinary archneſs in his countenance, and, telling us he had a ſecret to impart to us, informed us that Hetty Gill had made a kind of a love overture to *him*.

"He had obſerved, he ſaid, that for ſome time paſt ſhe had been very particular to him, but that he would never ſeem to underſtand her; but that laſt night ſhe came to him in the hall, and, pretending to buſy herſelf, entered into converſa-

tion with him on indifferent affairs, which ſhe ſoon found means to wind round ſo as to introduce the ſubject of matrimony; owning it was a ſtate ſhe ſhould have no objection to enter into with a perſon ſhe liked; that ſhe could not but admire a quick black eye, and a tight made man; adding, quoth Tom, that a perſon ſomewhat about my ſize would be her choice, if ſhe were to chooſe. She found an occaſion, too, to hint what money ſhe was in poſſeſſion of, and that the Neat's Head alehouſe at Burley was now vacant, which was a fine opportunity for thoſe who choſe to embrace it.

"Tom concluded this relation with a ſignificant wink, which was as much as to ſay he was up to all her arts; and, ſtroking his brows, added, "No, no! no Neat's Heads for me. I'll work for my maſter, and I'd fight for my maſter, but I won't marry his ——."

"I checked

"I checked him. "Tom," ſaid I, "no abuſe: take care of thyſelf, but no foul words, Tom."

"I warrant you, father," ſaid he, and off he went.

"But look ye, maſter Penſon. Tom might not have been proof againſt gold, more than other young fellows in his ſtation, when offered by, and with, a pretty woman (for Gill had a tolerable ſet of features): but you muſt know there was a ſweetheart in the caſe. Tom was in love with Betſy Freeman, your landlord's daughter at the Bell; and the event has proved his love was not thrown away there. Poor girl!—But this is not to our preſent purpoſe.

"After this, I heard nothing new for about three months. My daughter was now in a deep decline, and melancholy as ever, her poor head far from right. My wife too was ſickly, through fatigue in attending on her; when one evening Tom

came to me in great conſternation—"Father," ſaid he, "I'm ruined!"

"How ſo, Tom?" ſaid I.

"I'm ruined for ever," ſaid he: "that brimſtone, Het Gill, is with child, and ſwears ſhe'll lay it to me.—I'll ſuffer death before I'll marry her: but I can never look Betſy Freeman in the face again."

"Well, but Tom," ſaid I, "is the child yours or not?"

"No, by Heaven it is not," ſaid he.

"Well then," ſaid I, "make yourſelf eaſy; for whatever ſhe may threaten, I can hardly think Gill ſo very abandoned as to forſwear herſelf."

"You are miſtaken," he replied: "ſhe ſays ſhe can ſwear to me with a ſafe conſcience.—I'm the curſedeſt fool in nature," added he, ſtamping with his foot.

"His geſture raiſed ſome doubts in me, maſter Penſon.——"Why, Tom," ſaid I, "I am afraid you have been doing what you ſhould not."

"It

"It don't ſignify," cried he, "'twill all come out; and you ſhall know the worſt. Oh, I could beat my head againſt the wall. —But ſhe is not with child by me, that is certain.—I'll tell you the whole. Gill, as I have informed you before, had pretended a great kindneſs for me for ſome time paſt, and was always palavering me, and ſeeking opportunities to be in my company, and to make herſelf familiar with me. Wherefore I, to be ſure, like a fool as I was, could not help ſometimes toying with her, though I would at any time almoſt as ſoon have toyed with one of my maſter's ſpaniels, becauſe I did not like her; but I thought I muſt be civil. However, nothing ever paſſed between us but mere play, till about a month ago; when, maſter being from home, we ſervants had a bit of a merry meeting one evening, enjoying ourſelves over ſome ſtrong beer, and a bottle or two of wine which the butler holp us to. Gill ſat by me, was very free, and filled

filled my glaſs frequently: the other ſervants cracked their jokes on us; and it growing late they all, one by one, retired, except the cook, who, having laid in a tolerable doſe, lay ſnoring in the ſettle, and Gill, who never attempted to move.—For my part, as I had drank pretty freely, I really began to grow heavy, and pretended to be more yawning than I really was, in order to induce her to leave me: but it would not do. She in her turn pretended to think me not well, and inſiſted on my taking a cordial ſhe had by her, of whoſe efficacy ſhe ſpoke largely. 'Twas no uſe to refuſe. I took it. I ſat yet a while.—She fancied I grew worſe, and inſiſted on leading me to bed.—Hey day! thought I, where will this end?——Up ſtairs I went, ſhe leading me by the arm.

"The chamber I ſlept in had but one bed in it; and John, who uſed to ſleep with me, was gone with maſter. Well, ſhe led me to my chamber. I was as reſerved as I

could be in ſuch a ſituation; but, zounds! Father," added he, "I am but fleſh and blood; and the plaguy cordial ſhe had given me had ſet me all on fire. She pretended to think my fancied illneſs increaſing; and, flinging her arms round my neck, exclaimed, 'Lord, Tommy, what ſhall I do for you?'—We were by the ſide of the bed; and this unexpected action of hers overpoiſing me, we both fell on it.—You may gueſs the conſequence: but I'll be ſworn I never had to do with her either before or ſince, and yet 'tis evident now that the jade is half gone."

"I was heartily vexed, maſter Penſon, at this account of things; but reproaches, you know, were to no purpoſe. Beſides, 'twas a critical ſituation he had fallen in; and I ſaw he ſufficiently felt the conſequence of his folly, without my animadverſion thereon: wherefore, waving every thing of that kind, I came directly to the important point.

"Well,

"Well, Tom," ſaid I, "and what's to be done in this affair?"

"Let her ſwear herſelf to perdition, if ſhe will," cried he; "I'll never marry her."

"That's ſettled then," ſaid I; "and we muſt manage matters accordingly."

"Tom after this had a hearing of his maſter, who pretended to believe Gill, and perſuaded Tom to marry her. Tom poſitively refuſed, and in the height of reſentment hinted ſome things which prudence ſhould have induced him to conceal. But we can't always be prudent under the ſmart of oppreſſion.—The 'ſquire was horribly angry, and poor Tom was kicked out of the parlour.

"John (Tom's fellow ſervant, and who was his principal intimate of all the family) ran and acquainted me with the circumſtance. I immediately went to try to moderate matters; for I dreaded the 'ſquire's reſentment. I knew his power, maſter

Penſon.

Penſon. I found him in a terrible rage: however, on my promiſing to talk to Tom, and engaging that he ſhould aſk his pardon, he grew milder, ordered me a horn of his beſt beer, and allowed me three days to bring Tom to reaſon, as he called it.

"I accordingly talked to Tom. You muſt think, maſter Penſon, I could not perſuade him to marry the ſtrumpet: but I entreated him to make the beſt of a bad matter, by aſking his maſter's pardon for the taunts he had given him.

"Tom's ſpirit is a reſolute one, maſter Penſon. I might as well have talked to the winds. He ſaid he had ſpoken nothing but the truth, and he would not eat his words. His maſter had uſed *him* ill; not he his maſter.

"The three days allowed me elapſed, and Tom was ſtill the ſame: he did his maſter's buſineſs as uſual; but they never ſpoke. The fourth day elapſed, and the fifth;

fifth; and I could not muſter up courage to inform the 'ſquire of my ill ſucceſs. The ſixth day, as I was returning from the village we are now approaching, where I had been to receive ſome money, I met the 'ſquire at the gate I noticed to you juſt now. His countenance fired the moment he ſaw me. I won't repeat the reproaches I there received, as an ungrateful, falſe fellow, who had encouraged, if not incited, my ſon to ſcandalize him; nor thoſe threats of vengeance with which he concluded his greeting—vengeance which he has ſince not failed to pour upon me.

"I went home like one thunderſtruck; but wondered that Tom was not turned from his ſervice.—From the circumſtance of his being yet retained, I endeavoured daily to conſole myſelf with the hope that the 'ſquire's paſſion would ſubſide, and that he would forget his reſentment. But I was again the dupe of appearance, maſter Penſon.

"In

"In leſs, I believe, than a fortnight after, a report prevailed that the 'ſquire had loſt ſome plate. This I regarded not much, as it did not occur to me that I could be any way affected by it. But what was my ſurpriſe when, two days after, I was informed Tom was under examination for having ſtolen this plate, part of which was found in his box among his clothes; though far the greater part was miſſing!

"I could ſcarcely believe my ears; for Tom had always preſerved the beſt of characters. But what could be ſaid? Circumſtances were plain againſt him. He denied all knowledge of the theft, 'tis true: but who could believe him? His mittimus was made; and the conſtables, hardened brutes! took him, of all places in the town, to the Bell, in order to prepare for his journey to priſon. What a mortification, maſter Penſon, for poor Tom! He ſuſtained himſelf very collectedly till he entered the Bell; then his fortitude forſook him,

him, and he wept like a child; whilſt his poor Betſy ruſhing into the room where he was, and flinging her arms round his neck, ſunk away on his boſom, inſenſible, from her affliction. O, maſter Penſon, 'twas ſad, very ſad.—But I won't trouble you with the repetition. Tom was carried to priſon, and about ſeven weeks after took his trial, was convicted, and tranſported. I ſhall never forget when I parted with him. Poor boy! he was grown wiſe too late. "Father," ſaid he, "I'm innocent: but I've been a fool. Fortune uſed me unkindly; and I thought ſturdily to flout her into better humour: but the conſequence ſhall teach me in future to ſoothe rather than provoke my fate.—You adviſed me, I remember, to make the beſt of a bad matter. I wiſh I had fell in with your advice ſooner: but henceforth, depend on it, that precept ſhall be the ſquare of my conduct."—Poor Tom! He attempted to play the hero; but the tear trickled from his

his eye, when, as he ſhook me by the hand, he faultered out a remembrance to his fond Betſy.

"Fortune, indeed, did uſe him unkindly, maſter Penſon, and more unkindly than even he was aware of; for, not long after Tom was ſent off to the place of his deſtination, Heſter Gill, being taken in labour, and at length delivered of a dead child, ſurvived herſelf but a few days after, confeſſing in her dying moments that ſhe herſelf, to revenge Tom's refuſing to marry her, had ſtolen the plate for which he was tranſported: that, having procured a key that would unlock his box, ſhe had depoſited a part of it there, and had hid the reſt in the ſhrubbery: that her endeavours to coax Tom into wedlock was with the 'ſquire's conſent: that his not being turned away when he and his maſter quarrelled, was her advice, as to have done otherwiſe would have defeated her ſcheme of re-

venge: and that, after his conviction, ſhe had carried the plate back to the 'ſquire, and confeſſed the whole affair to him, who commended her ſpirit, and gave her five guineas for a preſent.

"Believe me, maſter Penſon, when I heard this, it made my blood boil; and, notwithſtanding my dependant ſituation, I ſhould have inſtantly ſought the 'ſquire in order to have upbraided him: but, alas! maſter Penſon, my poor Jenny, my poor daughter, ſhocked undoubtedly at her brother's deſtiny, though ſhe ſeemed to take but little notice of it, was juſt then dying; and I could not leave her pillow.

"In her latter moments her ſenſes ſeemed more perfect than for a long while before. The proſpect of death ſeemed to yield her a pleaſure which diſpelled in ſome degree her habitual melancholy. She would frequently ſurvey herſelf, and ſay with a ſigh, breathed forth through a kind of chaſtened ſmile,

ſmile, "The grave will purify it." Often too would ſhe repeat with peculiar delight, "Corruption ſhall put on incorruption."

"We little thought then what ſhe really implied by theſe ſorrowful ſentences. Poor thing! How was her heart rent! How was her happineſs deſtroyed! She had loſt what ſhe eſteemed more than life; and death was become alone deſirable to her. Her ideas of virtue, maſter Penſon, were from a child very refined. Her ſoul was purity itſelf, maſter Penſon.

"A little before ſhe cloſed her eyes for ever, ſhe called for her ſtays; and, deſiring her mother to rip the lining, ſhe took out a paper. It was ſealed up; ſhe gave it into my poſſeſſion. I was going to break the ſeal.—She laid her feeble hand on mine, and looking on me with a moſt commiſerating countenance, pathetically exclaimed, "My poor father!—Not yet.—Don't break it yet.—Stay till I'm gone.—'Twill ſoon be."—And ſtill fixing her eyes

on me repeated again—"My poor father!" ——It overcame me, maſter Penſon. I dropt the paper, and wept over her.—Her eyes filled.—The conflict was too great.—She expired, with the tear on her cheek.

"There, maſter Penſon——there——Such was the end of my poor Jenny.

"After my firſt emotions were over, I opened the paper: but gueſs my feelings, maſter Penſon, when I read its contents, which informed me that her beaſtly maſter, after having tried all his arts to bring her to his terms, and not ſucceeding, at length ſhamefully forced her, and then, with a piſtol at her breaſt, ſwore her moſt ſolemnly (threatening alſo me and all her connections with the utmoſt vengeance, if ſhe refuſed the oath he propoſed) never to divulge what had paſſed whilſt ſhe lived. Inſtant death, ſhe obſerved, though ſhe wiſhed not to live, ſeemed too terrible; and the conſideration of what might be the conſequence to me, wrought her to a compliance;

ance; though ſhe would not remain longer under his roof. This, of which I have only given you the ſubſtance, appeared to have been written at various times, but upon the whole was tolerably connected, and was concluded with an affecting deprecation, that I would forgive her the only fault with which ſhe could accuſe herſelf through the whole affair—that of concealing from me the 'ſquire's baſe attempts, before he had perpetrated his villainy, which ſhe had frequently come home with the reſolution to do; but that the reflection, that I ſhould certainly ſo reſent the affront as to draw on me the 'ſquire's indignation, and of courſe my own ruin, ſtill ſealed her lips.

"I juſt now bid you gueſs what I felt on this occaſion: but you cannot. I was wild with ſorrow—I was frantic with rage.—I flew to the 'ſquire, as to the ſource of all my calamity, and in the warmth of my feelings unadviſedly upbraided him with his villainy.

"He was a good deal confounded when he heard his baſeneſs was known: but preſently aſſuming all his conſequence, he ordered me out of his houſe; telling me I ought to be obliged to him for not having had me tranſported with Tom; as I was doubtleſs the receiver of that plate myſelf, which it was pretended Het Gill had reſtored him.

"To this, you may think, in my then frame of mind, I did not reply very patiently. The 'ſquire inſtantly flew at me in the utmoſt rage. He was a much ſtronger man than I. However, I parried his blow; and, inſtigated by a deſire of revenge, attempted to collar him; but was prevented by the ſervants, who, by their maſter's command, turned me out of the houſe.

"Next day I had orders to give up the ſchool—I did ſo. I tried to retain a day-ſchool; but the 'ſquire's vengeance was not yet ſatisfied. I was repreſented as a moſt infamous ſlanderer, who had endeavoured

to

to blaſt the 'ſquire's character, by repeating the tales of a lunatic; as an abettor of my ſon's inſolence, and an accomplice in his robbery. And though all the pariſh, from Het Gill's confeſſion, acquitted me of the latter charge, and Tom with me; yet it was generally believed (at leaſt there were many who pretended to believe) that I had fabricated the ſtory of the rape, to revenge the injuſtice done to poor Tom. And, to be ſure, ſuch a notion muſt have in ſome degree leſſened the compaſſion of my neighbours for me: but it would not entirely have prevented them from contributing to my ſupport, by entruſting their children to my care, had it not been that they all dreaded the 'ſquire's reſentment: for as, ſince the death of your uncle, he is lord of the pariſh in the utmoſt ſenſe of the word; that is to ſay, as ſince then there is no man of any property therein conſiderable enough to be a check upon his influence, every inhabitant ſtands in awe of him, and en-

deavours to ſecure his favour by the meaneſt ſubmiſſion. His will, maſter Penſon, is a law both in the leet and veſtry. No wonder then my neighbours withheld from me their ſupport; ſince, as it was the 'ſquire's will they ſhould do ſo, to have done otherwiſe would probably have been the ruin of any of them."

And this, Bountly, is become the condition of my once favourite N———. Oh! poſſeſſed I but my patrimony here.—What then?—No matter.—But truly, methinks, I would ſooner live under an Eaſt Indian nabob, than in one of theſe little country pariſhes, which are lorded over by one peerleſs maſter. The one ſurely cannot exhibit a greater degree of tyranny, than the other too often does; with this aggravation to the latter, that it exiſts in a country where one ſhould expect nothing leſs; whereas beneath the former one hopes for nothing more.

There

There is not any thing, I think, proves the natural equality of mankind, more than their making ſuch ſavages of themſelves, when, by a caſual elevation above their fellows, their wills are a little liberated from reſtraint. We were not made for power, Bountly: we were made to walk the earth with our equals. Exaltation dizzies the eye of humanity.

Society has indeed rendered ſubordination neceſſary, as otherwiſe the execution of juſtice would be a ſcene of confuſion: but if the ſuperior tyrannize over the inferior, and there be none equally powerful to whom the inferior can apply, as to a counterpoiſe of authority, the ends of ſociety are defeated.—I know not whence thoſe who plead for deſpotiſm deduce the plan of their ſyſtem; for nature univerſally, in the light I view it, teaches a mixt government; I mean in its various operation in the vegetable, animal, and planetary worlds. Look where I will, Bountly, methinks

thinks I ſee ſomething of this balance of power, ſave in the village of a country 'ſquire. But man is too wiſe to receive precepts from nature, or too proud to regard them.

To live in contention may be diſagreeable; yet, however diſagreeable, it is better than to live where the air one breathes is hardly allowed us as a native right.

Were I to chooſe me a habitation, it ſhould not be in a place where one man was ſo ſuperior to all the reſt as to have no opponent, however amiable may be his natural diſpoſition: but, averſe as I am to wrangling, for the ſake of not witneſſing a ſervile neighbourhood, and of enjoying a certain proportion of liberty myſelf, I would prefer a ſituation where ſeveral authorities of equal influence were, in ſpite of the perpetual bickerings there to be expected, a check one on the other.

Envy is a baſe paſſion; but it is not without its uſe: 'tis a forcible counterpoiſe to

ambition. We are all envious: we are all too, in ſome ſort, ambitious. But our envy conſtantly inſtigates us to humble the ambition of thoſe about us.—But ſetting envy aſide, are not our boſoms informed with a kind of natural juſtice, which exults in the downfal of the ſupercilious? I don't think I envied the 'ſquire his power; yet I am ſure I was pleaſed when I ſaw him yeſterday tumble on the ſtones.—Pleaſed? —Ay—Wet as the weather is, I'd go five miles in it, to ſee him have ſuch another fall.—Such over-bearing, unfeeling miſcreants! I have no patience when I think of them: it raiſes me above the natural level of my temper. Let me pauſe, till I ſubſide into myſelf.

Now for the ſequel of poor old Snell.

"I was now, maſter Penſon," continued the poor old man, "at my wit's end. I knew not which way to turn me to acquire the

the leaſt ſupport. I conſidered myſelf as one whom Providence had marked for a peculiar object of vengeance; and I could not ſometimes, in the bitterneſs of my heart, forbear challenging of Heaven a reaſon how I had ſo deſerved its indignation. This was wrong, to be ſure; for we ought certainly to endure with patience what is appointed for us; but we are not all Jobs, maſter Penſon. However, I endeavoured to draw a kind of wretched comfort from the thought that fortune had now done its worſt: but this, like all the other conſolations I had formed to myſelf in my calamities, was ſoon at an end; for in leſs than a week after my daughter's death, John (poor Tom's fellow ſervant) came one night late to the cottage whereto we had retired when we left the ſchool, and informed me (for John loved us for his intimate poor Tom's ſake, and pitied our misfortunes) that the 'ſquire had put me in the ſpiritual court for defamation,

and

and that I might expect to be ſerved with a proceſs in a day or two. John had received this account, he ſaid, from the valet, as a ſecret, and he had every reaſon to believe it true.

"This was a thunderſtroke to me. A thunderſtroke! 'Twas worſe. That probably would have ended my exiſtence; and I ſhould thereby have forgotten my wrongs: —but this ſuſpended every faculty of my ſoul, except that I wiſhed ſuſpended—that which informed me I was miſerable. A wicked man, maſter Penſon, having once done you an injury, ever after hates you, and purſues you with wrongs, however patiently, and without retaliation, you may bear them; but wherefore I know not, except it be that his conſcience views the eye of the injured as a glaſs, ever reflecting on him his own injuſtice; and which conſequently he would fain, were it in his power, utterly demoliſh.

"How I ſhould have acted, or what ſtep I ſhould

I ſhould have taken in this emergency, I know not, had not John very good-naturedly endeavoured to hearten me up with the hope that the 'ſquire's enmity might probably in a little while be mitigated, and in the mean time adviſed me to go out of the way.—I acceded to his advice.

It was the latter end of harveſt; and I thought I would go to ſome diſtant place, and, though it was a thing I was totally unuſed to, yet as it was unlikely I ſhould ſoon get in a line I was better qualified for, I hoped to procure me a little food by reaping, or other harveſt employment. But the thoughts of leaving my poor old woman almoſt fruſtrated my reſolves, and how to provide for her was beyond my invention: but to ſtay with her as things were ſituated, would not have been to aſſiſt her; and, eager to have me out of the reach of danger, herſelf urged me inſtantly to be gone. There was no time to be loſt. We wept together, maſter Penſon.

ſon. Truly our poor old eyes were not yet dry from the tears that guſhed over our daughter's grave. We had lived happily together, and 'twas hard thus to part. She came with me to the door—'Twas a bluſterous windy night.—She tied a handkerchief round my neck—"My poor Snell," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe buttoned the ends in my boſom. —The words were nothing; but the manner, the look, with which they were delivered—I can never forget it, maſter Penſon."

(Bountly, had I met the 'ſquire at the ſtile old Snell was getting over, when he related this part of his ſtory, averſe as I am to tilting, I think I ſhould have given him a poke in the guts.)

"By the time the ſun roſe next morning," continued the old man, "I was near twenty miles from home. However, I proceeded till the afternoon before I aſked employment; and before night was ſo fortunate as to engage myſelf. Next day I went

I went to the field. My new work was very aukward to me, and, unuſed to labour in the ſun, it greatly fatigued me; my earnings were conſequently very ſmall: but I ſhould have made ſhift to have ſaved a trifle over and above my expences, had not I unfortunately the fourth day, through haſte to make a good day's work, cut my fingers ſo deſperately with the hook as to be unable to proceed in my labour: in ſhort, ſo bad, maſter Penſon, that you ſee I have loſt the uſe of them.

"To complete my misfortune, I next morning received a meſſage by a neighbour (for I had concerted with my wife the route I had taken), informing me that my poor old Barbara fell dangerouſly ill the ſecond day after I left her, and lay, when the meſſenger came away, with little hopes of recovery.

"Not to ſee her, not to be by to ſooth her, to nurſe *her*, maſter Penſon, who had ſo aſſiduouſly attended and nurſed *me* in every

every affliction, was worſe than death to me, and I determined to riſk every thing rather than let her languiſh alone. Beſides, my ſpirits were now ſo broken by crowding misfortunes, that I wiſhed only to ſee her, and die with her.—Well as I loved her, I wiſhed her not to live; no more than I wiſhed for exiſtence myſelf, which was now become a burthen to me.

"I arrived at my cottage.——I haſtened to her bed with a heart overcharged with woe.—But my wife was delirious; ſhe did not know me; ſhe took no notice of me, maſter Penſon. This was more cutting to me than every thing elſe I encountered. I had promiſed myſelf the ſad pleaſure of hearing her complaints, of communicating my own ſorrows; but I now mourned to one who regarded not my grief, who beheld my affection with an unnoticing eye; who repoſed not in my boſom it wonted confidence. One lucid moment only ſhe caſt her eyes on me, and faintly exclaimed

—'My Snell!'—but the interval elapſed, before ſhe could finiſh the ſentence. Could ſhe have commanded her ſpeech, whatever unknown miſeries ſhe might have communicated, I ſhould have been comparatively happy.—But I indulge myſelf too much on this ſubject; for I had not been long at home before my return, as I have reaſon to believe, was reported nearly all over the pariſh; and I heard from all who came to ſee me (who were indeed but few) that I had to expect the conſequences of the 'ſquire's reſentment, and that ſpeedily.—They told me the truth. Next morning the apparitor ſerved me with a citation; but, enquiring into the circumſtances of the affair, he humanely adviſed me to go to the 'ſquire and humble myſelf; and enlarging on the dangerous ſituation I was in, even offered to accompany me, in order to intercede in my behalf.—I accepted his mediation, and went with him to the 'ſquire; to whom the ſubmiſſions I made were too mean,

and

and the indignities I received too debaſing, to be related (but I then would have ſaid or ſuffered any thing rather than have been ſeparated from the ſide of my expiring wife).—I will only inform you, that before he would condeſcend to drop the proſecution, he obliged me to give him a bond for fifty pounds, in lieu of damages he pretended his character had ſuffered from me; and for the not ſuing of which upon me I was to depend on his generoſity. This bond he has ſtill againſt me, and I am threatened with it every day.

"My wife died ſoon after this; and I being a cripple in one hand, was reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs; for I had been obliged to ſell the beſt and greateſt part of my furniture to pay the funeral expences of my wife, whom I buried in the ſame grave with my daughter.

"At length the 'ſquire, I believe to have me more immediately under his hard hand, and to make me feel yet more his power

over me, ſent for me, and ordered me to attend in his gardens and fields, to do ſuch work as occaſion might require; for which he allows me four ſhillings per week: but as my arm is now tolerably ſtrong, though my fingers are contracted, I think I could get better wages if I dared. But he knows I dare not leave his ſervice, and therefore allows me barely enough to keep me above ground:—indeed I have no reaſon to wiſh myſelf above it, except it be once more to ſee poor Tom. Could I ſee him, maſter Penſon (a pleaſure I have, alas, little probability of ever again enjoying), I could, after all my miſeries, forgive my oppreſſor, and die in peace."

Here, Bountly, our old maſter concluded his narrative. I know thou wilt commiſerate his ſufferings, and curſe the author of his woes. Cannot we put our mites together for his relief?—Think of it, Bountly. Certainly we can deviſe ſomething.—

Has-

Has he not been hardly dealt with?—O Providence!—But whom ſhall we blame—Heaven who permitted his misfortunes, or man who inflicted them?

It don't ſignify talking, Bountly—there muſt be a future ſtate, or Providence muſt be branded with injuſtice. What but a life of future happineſs, can compenſate the wrongs our old maſter has ſuffered in this? Nothing this world affords can compenſate them. The faithful partner of his cares—what can recal her to his arms?—His darling Jenny, deſpoiled like an opening flower gathered by ſome cruel hand, and caſt aſide to wither in the oblivious ſhade, who ſhall reſtore her to comfort his drooping nature? Deprived of ſupport in the decline of life, and without a friend, in an inhoſpitable world——O Bountly! I would not but be a chriſtian for all that time can produce; and I would not but believe in a future ſtate, to be made emperor of the univerſe: for without ſuch a depen-

dence I could not have patience to endure life. Life!—what! to obſerve "the oppreſſor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely, the inſolence of office, and the ſpurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes?" No—were this all, I ſhould ſoon "my own quietus make, though with a bare bodkin."

I have been writing all day, except the time neceſſary to meals. At dinner, I again ſaw poor Betſy Freeman. She is exceedingly reſerved; but knowing what I know, methinks this renders her character the more intereſting. She ſeems fond of indulging a melancholy which is growing into a habit; but though on certain occaſions it ſeems rather to obſcure her intellects, yet in general ſhe tolerably poſſeſſes her faculties.

I got her to make me a diſh of tea this afternoon; during which time I was ſo fortunate (a thing difficult to accompliſh, I find) as to draw her into converſation:

if the half finiſhed ſentences of two ſuch folks as ſhe and I can be called converſation. However, I diſcovered enough of her ſentiments to be pleaſed with them. They were indeed ſuperior to what I ſhould have expected from one in her ſtation; but I remember hearing my loſt Linny formerly ſpeak of her as a girl whoſe ideas were not abſolutely on the level of the commonalty.—Station? Nonſenſe!—Station does not teach us to feel; it only teaches different modes of expreſſing our feelings. Had I not previouſly reſolved to give thee old Snell's ſtory while it was freſh in my memory, I could with pleaſure have ſpent the whole evening with her; methinks I could have entered into the ſpirit of her griefs, and counted her out ſigh for ſigh. She has a ſoul, Bountly; and that I doubt is more than can be ſaid of half the world.—Poor thing! may Heaven ere long diſpel the gloom that ſurrounds thee. Indeed there are moments

when a ray of hope ſeems to illuminate her features—her eyes poſſeſs then a vivacity which reminds me of the fire which animates Miſs Brudenell's. But how did that idea obtrude itſelf here? Bountly, there is (but I tell thee nothing new in ſaying ſo) a weak part in my heart, which is ſtill aſſailable. My head indeed is ever admoniſhing my boſom, that it ought obſtinately to hold out againſt one who can grant it no terms; whilſt my boſom, on the contrary, is often urging me to propoſe conditions. But no, Bountly, it muſt not be.—Grant terms? Has ſhe not already granted all ſhe ought?—But no more of this.

I will not bid thee write to me, as I have already told thee where to direct, and ſhall expect thy greetings at the appointed place. To-morrow I purſue my journey, at all events.

Adieu.

W. Wanley Penson.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

P——.

What tho' the pride of manhood may conceal
The ſilly ſoftneſs which his heart-ſtrings feel,
Yet who, retracing childhood's ſimple ſcene,
The man ſtill pauſing where the child had been,
But, o'er the ſp t recurring to the joy,
Would fain compound for pleaſure with the boy?

BOUNTLY, who among mankind will undertake to draw the line of diſtinction betwixt trifling and acts of importance? Moſt of thoſe who attempt it, I am apprehenſive, are vaſtly out in their adjuſtment; at leaſt, if they are not, I am.

Not long ſince, in order to pleaſe ſome young folks of my acquaintance, I engaged in the conſtruction of a paper kite. My adult friends thought it a ſilly buſineſs, and viewed my labours with a ſneer.

Soon after, to oblige one of theſe, I copied

copied a landſcape.—How was the work admired! How happily was the piece executed! What an elegant, what a rational amuſement was painting!—And why not toy-making? Indeed, if we conſider them abſtractedly, we ſhall find perhaps very few of the purſuits of mankind to be of real utility. For my part, I cannot but account the major part of human tranſactions as trifling, and think chuck-farthing an amuſement equally rational as a game at whiſt; and to carve a puzzling ſtick, as ingenious as to pen an enigma. In fact, to own the truth, if I have a preference, I muſt give it in favour of the amuſements of children, rather than of men. When I mix in the frolics of children, my mind truly relaxes. Their little ſouls enter ſo entirely into their engagement, that 'twould be ungenerous to ſuſpect them of ſiniſter deſigns; conſequently one's faculties need not mount guard againſt them, in order to avert that impo-

impoſition which experience teaches us perpetually to expect from man.

But on what a ſubject am I fallen!—The tracing the ſcenes of my childhood in N——, has engaged me in what thou wilt call puerilities. It has indeed; and I would now methinks readily relinquiſh the boaſted wiſdom of mankind, to enjoy again the ſimple unadulterated pleaſures of the child. For though I can now partake of the amuſements of children, I can by no means reliſh them with their extreme guſt.

Thou knoweſt Hodden's Ford—I paſſed it in my journey hither from N— (for I am now halting in my road to R——). Some boys on the ſhore were diverting themſelves with making *ducks and drakes*. Little chits! their attempts were bungling, yet was their delight complete. No thought wandered from the ſurface of the water, except to find another ſtone to throw in.

Why cannot I be as happy as they? thought I.—I took up a ſtone—the boys were

were too much engaged to attend to me; and, inſtead of attending to myſelf, my thoughts rambled on a diſquiſition of the cauſe of that exquiſiteneſs of enjoyment which ſo enrapt thoſe around me; conſequently the pleaſure I hoped to ſhare with them, fled me.—However, I caſt the ſtone. "That's a pretty one, Sir," ſaid a little urchin, who ſtood near me.—"Why was it a pretty one?" ſaid I.—"Becauſe it dipped and dipped ſo many times," ſaid he.

A boy at that inſtant flung another ſtone, which paſſed along the ſurface of the water without dipping, till at length it ſunk in the flood.—"And was not that a pretty one too?" ſaid I.—"That! No, Sir, not a pretty one at all," ſaid the boy.—"Why ſo?"—"Why, becauſe it never dipped," ſaid he.—Even ſo, thought I, is it in human life. Calmneſs and ſerenity, though we talk of them as ſituations deſirable, we ſcarcely ever reliſh experimentally. We like chequered ſcenes, ups and downs. Downs! no

no—we like ups ; but downs are the conſequence of ups, or the Almighty would barely be ſafe from human ambition.

While I was thus thinking, a boy flung another ſtone, which dipped at firſt, then roſe to a great height, and deſcended on the oppoſite ſide of the ford.—" There ! there ! there !" was the cry of all the boys, while this extraordinary ſtone paſſed.

Ah ! thought I (inſtead of entering into the ſpirit of pleaſure that poſſeſſed my companions), that is an emblem of the proſperous man. What favourites of Providence are ſome of the human race ! They come into the world, indeed, like the reſt of their brethren, and quit it again in the ſame manner as others ; but the whole intermediate ſpace ſhall be nothing but a train of honour, wealth, and pleaſure. Yet theſe are in themſelves frequently ſome of the leaſt amiable among men (proſperity is but an indifferent ſchool to humanize

the

the heart in)—and I preſently ſaw that among the boys, who were now all emulative of throwing theſe mounters, the moſt aukward were the moſt ſucceſsful; whilſt to caſt a ſtone that ſhould frequently rebound from the ſurface of the water, required a hand of ſome little ſkill: wherefore I concluded with the maxim of the old philoſopher, that true greatneſs conſiſted not in never falling, but in riſing after a fall.

'But I had hardly dropped the purſuit of this idea, when an aukward hand indeed caſt a ſtone, which ſkimmed the water a few yards, ſeldom mounting above its ſurface. Ah! that's poor Penſon, thought I; poor melancholy Penſon! who, once plunged in deſpair, could never after lift his dejected head!—The ſtone ſunk unheeded of all but me and him who caſt it, and who only accompanied its deſcent with a diſappointed "Piſh!"——Heaven's will be done, thought I; yet happineſs is a thing deſirable, and I would be happy if I could.

(Per-

(Perhaps thou wilt hardly credit me in this, and methinks I hear thee pronounce, "Sylvia."—Ah, Bountly! but thou knowest my heart.)

And thus, my friend, at every caſt, reflection threw off the pleaſure I wiſhed to partake, and which a vacant mind might have permitted to have taken poſſeſſion of it: and thus does it ſerve me in moſt caſes where a pleaſure ſeems to approach me. Not that I think reflection abſolutely inimical to enjoyment; but the human nerve, like the ſtring of a lute, though when tuned it yields ſweet muſic to the external touch—yet, like the ſame ſtring, if its peg be let down, though played on with the moſt exquiſite ſkill, vibrates ſtill diſcordant; nevertheleſs (and to which effect I obſerved before), the muſic of my conſtitution, though its wild notes frequently run off extravagantly, even from the flighty ſubjects of children, is certainly more in harmony with their vagaries than the artifice of men.

But

But I will trouble thee no longer with theſe whimſies, which I give language to now only by way of amuſement, whilſt I reſt at a little inn on the road; for I am yet on foot, and have rambled rather out of my way to recognize a place where once——— But it is weakneſs—nay, is it not folly, thou wilt ſay, to open wounds by art, which art ſhould rather be employed to heal? Yet to irritate the forming cicatrice, though dangerous, is ſometimes attended with a pleaſure not to be foregone.

W. Wanley Penson.

THE

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

PART VII.

PENSON IN PRISON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

R——.

ALAS, my Bountly! where am I? I write to thee from a priſon! My Bountly, thy friend writes to thee from a priſon, and loaded with ignominious fetters. Can it be? I dream—oh that I could wake to a more joyful certainty! I view my priſon bars—I feel the walls—I queſtion myſelf—Alas, why? The clank of my own chains

is conviction. Great Diſpoſer of all events, how have I deſerved this? Why didſt thou call me into being, to heap miſeries on me? Haſt thou furniſhed my boſom with ſenſibilities merely in order to put them to the rack? If I am to ſuffer the *ſhame* of villainy, why haſt thou informed my ſoul with ſuch a deteſtation of the *crime?* I could bear to ſuffer, but not to ſuffer as a villain. O Bountly, thy friend is conſidered as a criminal—is accounted a peſt of ſociety! Need I tell thee I am innocent? Oh no!—yet I will. Penſon can aver, before him who ſees his heart, before that Providence which he cannot but think cruel to him, that he never, no not in thought, did an injury to his fellow man; yea more, that he never felt a pleaſure in which the happineſs of another was not included. Yet is he conſidered as a ruffian, as one whoſe exiſtence the ſafety of ſociety requires to be terminated. My life! It has long been but a burthen to me—to loſe it ſtartles

me

me not. I could be content to die unnoticed, and be forgotten: but to be pointed at in my laſt moments by the finger of obloquy; to be remembered, and remembered with contempt; to be the ſubject of———O Bountly! I cannot proceed—my imagination overpowers me, my head grows dizzy, my * * * * * * * * * * *

Come, my pen! but for thee I ſhould be void of all ſolace. Here immured from the converſation of all others, thou art my only friend. Though diſtance ſeparate, though walls intervene, though bars of iron forbid every other outgoing, yet thou canſt drain the trembling ſenſation from my ſoul, bear it to my Bountly, and introduce it to his boſom. By communicating ſorrow, will it abate? To repeat grief, will it blunt its edge?—Grief? I know not if the ſenſation I feel be that of grief. My ſoul ſeems to have revolted from itſelf. 'Tis all uproar and perturbation; my faculties

are bewildered; I am ever ſearching for myſelf—"Penſon, where art thou?" In the dwelling of ſcorn, in the ſhackles of contumely.—Can it be? Yes verily.—"O omniſcient diſpenſation!"—but I dare not arraign. "O ſocial connections!"—but I cannot reaſon.

My dear Bountly, I know I need not, on the reception of this, deſire thee to haſten to thy friend, thy innocent friend.—*Innocent!* Cannot I draw conſolation from that idea? Alas! it rather incites my breaſt to rebel againſt——whom? No, I will not murmur, if poſſibly my ſoul can ſupport its burthen. Yet what avails innocence, if it be miſtaken among men for guilt, and diſregarded by that power from whom it is taught to expect protection? To reaſon is one thing, to feel is another. I know myſelf innocent, I feel myſelf oppreſſed; yet will not the conſciouſneſs of my innocence alleviate the ſenſe of my oppreſſion. Is it neceſſary then that the bullion of virtue, to circulate

at

at its full value, even in a virtuous breaſt, be ſtamped with the opinion of mankind? Even ſo. My ſufferings were nothing, would but my fellow mortals give me credit for my innocence. Were I juſtified in their opinion, though confined in this den of deſpair, theſe maſſy bars would loſe their horror, theſe rugged walls their gloom, and I could even play with my fetters. Gracious God! How uncertain is the happineſs of mankind, thus committed to the keeping of each other! No, Bountly, I am wrong—it cannot be—but do thou come and ſet me right; reſtore me to that confidence I am on the point of giving up, confidence in the juſtice of the diſpenſations of Heaven. Yes—come, my Bountly, and conſole thy friend, who, though inured to adverſity, was not prepared for this ſtroke. Come, and let me breathe in thy boſom, before that breath be taken from me.

Heavenly thought! Linny, dear departed angel! doſt thou notice the diſtreſs of thy once dear Penſon? If thou doſt, thou knoweſt his innocence, thou wilt be his advocate in the court of heaven. My ſiſter—ah, my ſiſter!—theſe eyes are forbid to explore thy abode, theſe arms to embrace thee, and this heart to adminiſter comfort to thee! —— Sylvia too! —— Bountly! I muſt not venture to think that way—my boſom is torn with a whirlwind.

But I loſe in unavailable exclamation the purport of my writing, which was to haſten thee to me, and to requeſt that thou wouldſt bring with thee the letter I wrote thee from T—y: it may poſſibly be of ſervice to me.—Yet why ſhould I wiſh to live? What are my proſpects, that life ſhould be deſirable?—Yet let me not die the death of the wicked! O no—let not my name be conſigned to infamy.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

R——.

IN the letter I wrote thee a few hours ago, requeſting thy preſence with me, the perturbation of my mind prevented my entering into a detail of particulars; though a cooler moment convinces me of the neceſſity of giving thee ſuch a detail, in order to enable thee to judge of my ſituation, and conſequently of the need I ſtand in of thy aſſiſtance. But certainty is ſeldom aware how eaſily uncertainty can err.

This day, which now cloſes over me with ſuch unparalleled heavineſs, opened with a beautiful morn; early to enjoy which, I quitted P——, a ſmall village, where I had reſted the night paſt, and was ſtrolling along the great road, within about four miles of R——; when, a few yards beyond the croſs-road leading to W——, I ſaw

ſomething glitter before me. It was a gold-headed cane, and a yard or two farther lay a glove. I picked both up; and ſuſpecting a miſhap had befallen ſome paſſenger, looked eagerly about, to diſcover, if poſſible, of what kind: but nothing occurring farther to ſtrengthen conjecture, I moved onward, carrying the glove and the cane in my hand, with the hope that the rightful owner might have paſſed, and claimed them.

In this manner I proceeded near two miles. The anxiety I at firſt felt to reſtore the loſt goods, began to abate. The mind of man, like a pool of water, is agitated by every thing that glances on its ſurface; and the laſt thing that excites emotion, though but a fly, helps to weaken the effects of the preceding.

Some ruins, which to my paſſing eye ſeemed to nod in melancholy ſilence through the tattered veil of ſurrounding time-worn groves, beguiled my attention.

Thou

Thou knoweſt my predilection for the gloomy ſcenery of mouldering arches, where a variety of broken ideas ruſh together over a disjointed fragment, and fix the ſoul in that kind of doubtful rapture which is yet without a name.

I quitted the road to indulge my fancy: indeed, my friend, I may ſay, that for a temporary amuſement I quitted the path of my duty. I had the property of another in my poſſeſſion; and I ought to have kept the road, where only there was a probability of its being claimed. I wiſhed to reſtore it, but perſevered too ſhortly in the endeavour:—a trifling error indeed! and which I certainly ſhould have overlooked, did I not even now feel the bitter conſequence.

I had paſſed the little valley which ſeparated the road from the ruins; and was making my way (for there was no path) through the brakes which briſtled over the the oppoſite aſcent; when, caſting my eyes back, I ſaw three men coming from the road

road over the ſame gate which I had paſſed. I thought they eyed me eagerly; but I was ſo intent on proceeding to the object of my digreſſion, that the thought glanced away on the inſtant of its intruſion: nay, I did not even obſerve that I had dropt that glove I ſo lately had found; and which lying juſt over the gate, it ſeems, had directed the eyes of theſe men to me.

I had reached the ruins; and, uſhered by the chatter of innumerable daws, had entered beneath its ivied arches; when, on turning an angle which led into a lofty vault, I obſerved in the oppoſite corner a fire of ſticks kindled beneath a broken arch; and before it an old man, whoſe grey locks waved on the tattered cape of a many-coloured coat, ſitting on a ſtone. He had ſtuck two forks of wood in the ground, and by that means ſuſpended over the fire a kettle, in which he was preparing his repaſt; whilſt his aſs was ſolacing himſelf with the nettles that ſkirted the walls. I had

had accoſted him; and was, from the content expreſſed in his countenance as well as language, led on the moment to examine the neceſſity of ſocial connection. —Already had I mentally exclaimed, "Wherein does it exiſt? Is it not as much a ſophiſm of the lazy to ſecure themſelves from labour, as an argument of the weak to ſecure themſelves from the overbearing?——Do we not create even the very wants we lament?—How is man naturally ſo forlorn a creature?—For inſtance—how little is *this* man indebted to ſociety! yet he appears to have all that which ſatisfies him. Lo, ſtripped of his unneceſſaries, what a ſimple thing is man."—Thus, Bountly (for I now edge induſtriouſly on indifferent particulars, in order to evade the weight that oppreſſes me), was my fancy (for I will not call it judgment) balancing anchoriſm againſt ſociality, when the ſame three men I had obſerved at the aforementioned gate ruſhed ſud-

ſuddenly through the avenue; and, pinioning my arms to my ſides, declared me their priſoner.

Surpriſe for the *firſt* moment rendered me mute; but, the *next*, indignation inſpired me with utterance, and I demanded on what cauſe? When one of the three, with a moſt ſavage grin, inſtead of anſwering me, pointed to the cane I had in my hand; whilſt another of them held up the glove (which I then firſt perceived my loſs of) to my view.—That grin, Bountly! 'tis now imprinted on my heart! That nod of contempt! a nod of the fabled Gorgon could not more have diſconcerted me. 'Twas the triumph of inhumanity over ſuppoſed tranſgreſſion.—However, I preſently comprehended the whole—namely, that I was taken for a thief; and that idea, together with the behaviour of my captors, ſo ſhocked me, that, though I endeavoured to expoſtulate, I believe my countenance, to a common obſerver, muſt

have appeared as the index of guilt. Thoſe around me certainly ſo read it; for all I got from them were ſhort replies of no decided meaning, the ſhrugs of incredulity, or the taunt of ferocious exultation. Meanwhile, they ſearched my clothes, I ſuppoſe for piſtols; but finding none, they turned away to the old mendicant (who, aſtoniſhed at the ſcene, had made to his wallet, which lay at a little diſtance, probably to ſecure it); and doubtleſs thinking him my confederate, inſtantly ſeized him and his wallet. It was in vain he remonſtrated; he was pinioned, and in a moment led off with me towards the road.

Then it was that my boſom had to experience a ſenſation hitherto unknown to it, ariſing from the malediction of a fellow creature. For the old man, in the midſt of his aſſeverations of innocence, reflecting on the loſs of his aſs, and the deſtruction of his repaſt, which the ſavages had kicked

kicked down with malevolent pleaſure, caſt on me a look of the moſt indignant accuſation, and curſed me in the bitterneſs of his heart. The blood ran backward to mine, Bountly, from the encounter of a misfortune in which my feelings were ſo inexperienced.—Poor old man! I forgive him. He thought he had cauſe. His all, though little, was at ſtake: in that *little*, doubtleſs all his ideas concentered. That loſt, every nerve was tortured, and he had only ability left him to curſe.

Happy he whoſe paſſions, when ſtirred to a certain pitch, ferment into indignation, and vent themſelves in the froth of expreſſion. Mine, alas! however agitated, aſcend not to my brain—they ſettle round my heart, and ſink me perpetually in the moſt penſive reveries.

We had now regained the road, where we found a young effeminate fop playing with his dog, whilſt he held his horſe by the bridle. The moment he ſaw us come

over

over the gate, and make towards him, he demanded, in an evident tremor, if the piſtols were ſecured—and, being aſſured I had none about me, he came haſtily up; and taking the cane from the fellow who had taken it from me, I verily believe would have ſtruck me with it, had he not been prevented by the others.—I am not inclined to blows, 'tis true; but I believe, had I not been pinioned, the unmanly behaviour of this being of doubtful gender, would have ſtimulated me beyond my conſtitutional patience. But, as it was, I could only repay his inſolence by looks.

He ordered the men to ſearch me for a watch he ſaid he had loſt. They did ſo; and found in my pocket *that* I had received ſo myſteriouſly at T—y. But, Bountly, what was my ſurprize, to hear the raſcal, on the firſt glance of it, claim it as a watch I had robbed him of that morning. I was going now to expoſtulate,

late, ſpite of my reſentment. But, ere I opened my mouth, I ſaw the impoſſibility of getting credit for what I ſhould ſay reſpecting the manner of my acquiring the thing in queſtion. This conſideration effectually ſealed my lips.—O Heaven! thought I, my accuſer is a villain; yet will he triumph over me, for occaſions are all combined againſt me!—What a predicament am I in! Innocent, yet in the power of conviction!—That letter only which I wrote thee, Bountly, from T—y, can I produce as a teſtimonial (and I hope it will be in thy power to enable me to produce it) that I had the watch previous to the day; though I am told even that can ſtead me very little.

Alas! how imperfect and pervertible are all human inſtitutions! Laws made for the puniſhment of offenders, it is in *his* power to turn againſt the moſt conſcientious, who, incited by a thirſt of gain, inſtigated by revenge, or deceived by appearances,

pearances, has the raſhneſs to make a poſitive oath.—Yet it is better that the innocent ſometimes ſuffer, than that the guilty eſcape. O reaſon, reaſon! Alas! my feelings will not there allow thy deciſion.

Taunted with criminality, threatened with ignominy, and triumphed over with ſavage brutality—every paſſing eye gazing on me with a kind of cruel compaſſion, more cutting than cenſure itſelf—even thus, my Bountly, was I (were we, I ſhould rather ſay), led along towards R——. It was yet early when we arrived there: and would the earth have opened and cloſed over me before I entered it, I could have preferred ſuch a deſtiny; and that merely from the recoiling of my heart at the idea of being conſidered by its inhabitants as a villain. 'Tis true, from the early hour, the ſtreets were not greatly incommoded with gazers; yet ſo confounded was my fortitude at the conception of it, that I could not lift my eyes to the windows,

leſt I ſhould there meet a glance accuſing me of a crime I had it not in my power to clear myſelf of. Innocence and guilt, wide are your extremes, yet your appearances ſometimes how ſimilar! Perhaps the niceſt eye cannot on certain occaſions diſtinguiſh your effects on the human countenance.—Froſt and fire will equally redden the face, yea even to the bliſtering the ſkin.

We were conveyed to a magiſtrate's. He was not riſen. However, after waiting half an hour in a bleak court-yard, we were ordered into a large hall, where he ſoon after made his appearance. His countenance had a caſt of benevolence which encouraged me, though he affected to impreſs thereon a ſtern auſterity.

The juſtice having enquired, in general terms, into the affair, and being about to adminiſter the oaths, I deſired to be heard previous to their being given; as, if my word gained credit, it would prevent

their being given falſely. The young puppy, my accuſer, whom (from his phraſes, and certain circumſtances which I gathered from his diſcourſe) I now diſcovered to be an attorney's clerk in the neighbourhood, objected to this, as being contrary to form, and inſiſted on being ſworn. He was ſo full of words, that the juſtice, though reluctant, could not but comply. And now, Bountly, without the leaſt heſitation, he made oath that, in the grey of the morning, this day, by preſenting a piſtol, and threatening his life, I had robbed him of twenty guineas, his watch, and a gold headed cane.

The magiſtrate put all the queſtions to him I could have wiſhed, reſpecting the early hour, the certainty of my perſon, the doubtfulneſs of twilight, and the identity of the watch; but he was ſtill poſitive in his aſſertions, without even qualifying them with a poſſibility of a miſtake; and the others, who had apprehended me, cor-

roborated his oath, by their depoſitions reſpecting the articles being found on me. Gueſs, Bountly, the ſituation of thy friend!

The magiſtrate now turned to me, and eyed me attentively; eyed me with a look which ſeemed to indicate, that it would give him pleaſure to find me guiltleſs. This inſpirited me to relate the whole I knew of the affair more connectedly than I otherwiſe could, and to aſſert my innocence in the moſt ſteady terms.—But I had ſcarcely ended, when, with a countenance ſadly changed, he told me he was ſorry to find my defence ſo imperfect; and that, unleſs I could produce ſome proof of my innocence beſides words, he could do no otherwiſe than commit me. A moment's reflection, Bountly, convinced me he could not do otherwiſe, and I acquitted him of all partiality: but oh, what I felt at the word commitment, is not to be expreſſed! It was not merely loſs of liberty that affected me—I felt a ſenſation attached to the

the idea of a priſon, which, though I at this moment pungently feel, I cannot adequately deſcribe.

Thus, Bountly, a myſtery which I cannot develope—either of deſign, which I can hardly ſuppoſe; or of miſapprehenſion, which ſeems improbable—has entangled me like a fly in a web; like a baleful ſpider, has empoiſoned my good name, and threatens me with deſtruction.

* * * * * * *

Night approaches, my Bountly: I muſt quit thee. The gaoler has a forbidding look; I cannot aſk him for lights. Yet how ſhall I paſs the tedious hours, when incapacitated to converſe with my friend?

Night, dreary night! in ſable pall array'd,
How doubly drear in this unhallow'd cell,
Where broods deſpair on apprehenſion's bed,
And wakeful horror counts the hourly bell!

Haply the lines that mark yon rugged wall,
To monſtrous ſhapes transform'd by twilight gloom,
Some guilt-rais'd ſpectre once appear'd to ſcrawl,
Whilſt in each ſtroke a murderer trac'd his doom.

O ghaſtly idea! How ſhall I get rid of thee?

Soft ſleep! who, nature's timid eye to ſpare
Night's cheerleſs view, thy ſilken veil doſt draw,
Hopeleſs to thee aſcends the priſoner's pray'r,
To ſpread thy curtain o'er a bed of ſtraw.

Yes, truly, my Bountly! a bed of ſtraw is all the accommodation of thy friend. Whether a better could have been procured I know not, nor indeed is it of any import. *That* is equal, probably, to what the old mendicant will repoſe on; yea, perhaps he will bleſs his fate if he get ſo ſoft a lodging.—Poor man! I forgot to tell thee he was acquitted. Providence only perſecutes thy friend.

Good night.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

R——.

Morning.

THANKS, gentle dawn! whoſe commiſerating twilight, peering through theſe bars, enables me again to pour forth my ſoul into the boſom of my friend.

Alas, poor Tray!—Yeſterday I was ſo abſorpt in ſelfiſh ſorrow, that I had forgotten my faithful dog: and probably even till now I had forgotten him, had not a whining all night under the walls of my priſon, at length reminded me that it might poſſibly be him. 'Twas Tray indeed. I ſprung to the window with the earlieſt light; and ſpied him watching within a few yards of the door, with the eye of perfect fidelity; whilſt at intervals the complaint of impatience would eſcape him, as it were, in ſpite of his endeavours.—"Tray! Tray!"—

He recognized the voice of his maſter: he ſprung to the window.—"No, Tray, no entrance! Thy maſter is a priſoner."

Poor fellow! he ſeemed to underſtand my accent. He drooped; he reflected, I believe, my own looks.—"Thou haſt thy liberty, Tray! enjoy it."—He whined.—"What, wouldſt thou be a priſoner rather with thy maſter?"—He ſprung again to the window.—"Why ſo thou ſhalt then; I will procure thy admiſſion, if poſſible."—He is watching at the window now.—Bountly, if I were not a chriſtian, I ſhould be a Pythagorean: though even that ſyſtem would not enable me to account for the ſenſibility and fidelity of a dog.

I have ſpoken to the gaoler for Tray's admiſſion; but, not deigning me a reply, he left me in ſuſpenſe.—I have been reflecting, ſince, that poſſibly there needs ſomething more than words to procure a favour here. But, alas! that ſomething I

am

am nearly deprived of: for thoſe who apprehended me rifled me of what caſh I had, on pretence that it was part of the property loſt by the attorney's clerk.—— I ſhall write to G—— for remittance. Yet why? I ſhall be ſupplied here with what will juſt ſupport nature; and may not that ſuffice?—If I ſolace my body, will it comfort my mind? Alas, no! Or why ſhould I labour to preſerve it for a diſgraceful end?—Bountly, I cannot touch that ſtring but my ſoul revolts; and, were it in her power, would take arms againſt the decrees of Providence.—O Heaven! overlook theſe paroxyſms which thy heavy hand excites in my boſom!

I long for thy arrival, Bountly. I promiſe myſelf the reſtoration of tranquillity from thy ſympathy and prudent admonition.

Tray is gone, Bountly; I can eye him no more, neither appears he to my call. Heavens!

——Heavens! has the raſcal injured my dog?

Weak man! why art thou ſo perturbed at ſo paltry a loſs?——Paltry! Shall I not blot the word?—My dog was never ſo dear to me as at this day.—Alas, why? I ſuffered, and had none to ſympathize with me but poor Tray.——Sweet ſympathy! what a cordial art thou to the ſuffering heart!—"Ay, but the ſympathy of a dog!"—Better than none; and I have loſt even that.

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Afternoon.——Never more, my friend, let me arraign the decrees of Providence!—Though yet "my life be ſet upon a caſt, and I muſt ſtand the hazard of the die," yet will I hope—yet will I truſt in that power, who from a ſeeming evil oft produces real good.——Wiſe Diſpoſer! henceforth, if thou chaſtize, let me not thereafter, like a peeviſh child, refuſe

refuſe that conſolation thy benevolent diſpoſition ſhall tender me!—Long ago thou didſt deprive me of that on which I had ſet my heart; and even till now have I repined!——Thou placedſt a retribution within my reach: but I credited not thy overtures, and continued to indulge my chagrin; till, like a fond parent, thou haſt condeſcended to ſoothe me into thy favour, and to cloſe my hands on thy kindneſs!

Sylvia——(O Bountly, what unexpected happineſs!) Sylvia Brudenell, the friend of my Linny, the friend, the more than friend of her Penſon, has viſited him in this cell of deſpair, and again ſhed abroad the rays of hope in his benighted boſom; again revived life in his dejected heart;—ah, more!—uncovered the embers, and revived the latent flame, which he thought the waves that waſhed away his Linny had totally extinguiſhed.

Truly, Bountly, thou waſt in the right,

Often

Often haſt thou told me that Sylvia could only conſole me for the loſs of thy ſiſter.—But, alas! I wiſhed not for comfort; and though oft, when Sylvia has wept with me, I felt an emotion which almoſt tempted me to kiſs the precious pearls from her cheeks, yet I ever checked it, as a temptation to profane my grief. And after, when ſorrow gaveway to milder melancholy, and when ſerenity began again to ſettle around my diſtracted heart, even then, though my ſoul yearned for the alliance of ſome congenial mind, and though I diſcovered that congeniality in the charming Sylvia, yet had I ſo made up my mind on the idea of being wretched, that I could not venture to interpret thoſe indications in my favour, which to thee appeared indiſputable. The idea, too, of a ſecond love, ſeems to carry with it an idea of unfaithfulneſs to the firſt: but 'tis the idea of romance, not of nature. A ſecond love!—No, Bountly! it is the ſame,

ſame.—Had Linny lived, my ſoul had been ſatisfied, and Miſs Brudenell had only been my friend; but, Linny loſt, I feel all the love, wherewith I ſhould have ever continued to love her, transferred to Miſs Brudenell.———If nothing obſtruct the courſe of a river, it ever glides along in one undivided channel: but if obſtructed, and it work itſelf another channel, is it not ſtill the ſame river? who will ſay it is a new one?—Thoſe, too, who aſſert that the human heart can feel the ſenſation of love but for one object, and that, deprived of that one, it can never more be affected with that ſenſation, I feel are egregiouſly miſtaken. My heart, methinks, beats at this inſtant with an affection as ſincere for Miſs Brudenell, as ever it did for thy dear loſt ſiſter: the only difference is this—my affection for thy ſiſter was of a brighter (though I was early inured to diſappointment), but that I feel for Miſs Brudenell of a more melancholy complexion, derived from the late com-

complexion of my mind: for, having been long accuſtomed to experience misfortune, I habitually expect it; which expectation ever ſo checks the effervescence of my felicities, that my cup, when full, never appears to be running over.—Yet, becauſe my love is thus tinged with melancholy, is it leſs pure? Gold may be differently blanched, yet of equal fineneſs: but, ah! 'tis that external tinge that gives it the power of pleaſing; and I am ſatisfied few could ever return the affection of poor Wanley Penſon. Yea, even now, Bountly, however ardent may be my deſires to enjoy a reciprocity of ſentiment—however delicious to myſelf, on ſuch enjoyment, may be my ſenſations—yet, alas! I doubt I am not calculated to render her happy, whoſe love and happineſs would conſtitute my heaven. For, alas! I feel my mind has ſo long bent beneath the burthen of ſorrow, that it can never more recover that poſture which is the indication of a light heart.

But

But whither am I wandering? I ſhall expatiate on my felicity till I have loſt it. Let me rather return; and, by retracing the means whereby it quickened on my heart, retaſte its delicacy, and confirm my hope.

(Bountly, 'tis odd that I ſhould make thee, the brother of the dear Linny, the confident of my affection for Miſs Brudenell: but the heart, when full, muſt vent itſelf ſomewhere; and where can mine vent itſelf ſo freely as into the boſom of the companion of my youth, the friend of my riper years?—Yet probably thou mayſt never ſee this.—But why?—Bountly is no common friend. *He* will feel a pleaſure if at laſt a grain of happineſs be caſt in Penſon's cup, be who it will that caſts it.)

Thou mayſt ſee what frame of mind I was in, by my reflections on the loſs of my dog. I had retired to the farther end of my cell; and, reclining againſt the wall, was indulging a gloomy mood, when the door was opened, and inſtantly entered the magiſtrate

giſtrate who had committed me, and a lady. 'Twas Sylvia! Sylvia Brudenell.——She recognized me; ſhe ſhrieked—"Oh 'tis he! and in"———fetters, I believe ſhe would have ſaid; but the word died on her tongue, and ſhe ſunk lifeleſs in the gentleman's arms. Ah, Bountly! thy friend was little better. Joy, ſhame, together with emotions probably derived from a ſource I was unwilling to explore, deprived me equally of the powers of ſpeech and motion. I attempted to riſe, but my feet refuſed their office. The gaoler ſummoned his wife to the aſſiſtance of the lady. She inſtantly attended; and with her a young woman, her daughter. The latter, whilſt the former endeavoured to aſſiſt the faint Sylvia, caſt her eyes on me; and exclaiming—"Good Lord! the priſoner is dying too!" caught part of the water with which they were bathing Sylvia's temples, and ſprinkled it in my face. I was not inſenſible: I made a motion to have a mouthful to drink.

drink.—The draught refreſhed me. Sylvia, too, was reviving; and now, whilſt, by the help of the young woman, I was endeavouring to riſe, the old magiſtrate, whoſe attention before had been otherwiſe employed, turning about, and obſerving my ſituation, expreſſed his wonder at a ſcene ſo extraordinary in a number of broken exclamations.

Sylvia was now revived. I approached her, with what ſenſation I cannot deſcribe. She made an effort—yes, Bountly, ſhe made an effort of throwing herſelf into my arms: but inſtantly recoiled; and, fixing her eyes moſt expreſſively on me—"Penſon!" ſaid ſhe, with an accent as though ſhe would have added a queſtion. Alas! Bountly, I felt it unaſked. "Art thou innocent?" vibrated on my heart-ſtrings. "Art thou innocent, Penſon?" But ſhe ſpoke it not. —'Twas needleſs. How I looked I know not, but the reſponſe of my ſoul was, "Oh were my heart in thy hand, even as a book opened!" My eyes ſuffuſed at the idea

that Sylvia doubted my innocence. "Read my heart, Sylvia!"

Oh, ſhe read it. I felt her ſoul, methought, penetrate my boſom. "Yes, thou art innocent, dear, unhappy Penſon!"

She flung herſelf into my arms—the old gentleman in ſurpriſe exclaiming, "Hey day! Here's a ſcene! Why, niece, what—" then ſtopping, as though at a loſs what to do or ſay. But I was little attentive to him. My arms embraced Sylvia. She wept on my neck, and her broken ſentences convinced me Penſon was dear to her. Her ſpirits again failed her; and it was now my part to conſole that dear woman, whoſe kind aſſiduities had ſo oft revived me. The defection was but ſhort: ſenſibility ſoon returned; and ſhe again mingled her tears with mine.

The magiſtrate, whom I now diſcovered to be an uncle of Sylvia's, not willing probably to continue ſo many witneſſes to ſuch a ſcene, ordered the gaoler, with his wife

and

and daughter, to withdraw; and then began to make ſuch enquiries as appearances could not but ſuggeſt concerning the nature of the connection betwixt his niece and me. My information extended to nothing more than friendſhip. Indeed, till that hour I was conſcious of nothing more. But the old gentleman looked, I thought, rather ſuſpicious; and Sylvia's ſenſations, alarmed on the ſudden, and conſequently not being under the controul of prudence, confirmed thoſe ſuſpicions which, alas! I wept to believe. But they were not the tears of ſorrow; neither indeed were they the tears of joy: they were however the tears of tenderneſs; the tears of a pleaſure heightened by ſurpriſe, yet chaſtened by a kind of uncertainty.

O Bountly! to tell thee what then paſſed in my boſom I cannot find words. I felt a new-born pleaſure ſpring in my ſoul, at the idea that there was yet one in the world who intereſted herſelf in Penſon's concerns;

whoſe ſoul ſeemed ſo to connect itſelf with his, as even to ſhare its ſorrows. Yet this idea was blended with a conſciouſneſs that it would be ingratitude, on my part, to ſuffer her affection ſo to demean itſelf, as to beguile her to an improper connection. With theſe too was mixed a reflection on my preſent ſituation, and the improbability of my extrication from the ſnare that entangles me. This was again corrected by the hope that ſuch a friend as Sylvia (friend!—Ay truly), whoſe heart was touched with——— Let me not be vain—I will only ſay, I hoped Sylvia would uſe all her influence to procure me juſtice, and to clear my character. This confuſed mixture, dear Bountly, poſſeſſed me ſo, that I ſcarcely knew which of the ingredients was predominant, and made me, in the midſt of what ſhould have been joy, heavy; and, when I ought to have ſpoken, kept me ſilent.

But Mr. Brudenell (Sylvia's uncle) and Sylvia, at the inſtance of the former, who ſeemed uneaſy,

uneaſy, and eager for a private converſation with his niece, ſoon retired; the uncle in ſilence; Sylvia with the look of an angel, bidding me be comforted, and ſhe would ſoon return.——Angel!—Alas, do angels weep? Sylvia bade me be comforted, yet wept.

In about half an hour Mr. Brudenell returned, who approaching me, and taking my hand, ſaid, "Young gentleman, from the very amiable character drawn of you by my niece, who I find has many years been your very intimate friend, I am inclined to believe you innocent of the charge for which you are here detained: but, alas! I fear it will be in my power only to pity you: yet I hope by the time of aſſize, though near, you will be able to diſcover a means of juſtifying yourſelf. In the mean time what I can do for you I will; and I hope you will not think the worſe of me, becauſe it fell to my lot, as a magiſtrate, to commit you to this diſagreeable place. We

will however endeavour to render it as agreeable as we can. Pray, Sir, follow me." I bowed (I could not ſpeak, Bountly), and followed him.

He led me from my cell into a (comparatively) very decent apartment, where Sylvia meeting me at the door with a weeping countenance, which ſhe endeavoured to enliven with a ſmile, welcomed me to a better abode: but ſhe had ſcarcely uttered the compliment, when the tears ſhe had evidently endeavoured to reſtrain, burſt from their confinement, whilſt the ſob, convulſing her boſom, changed the congratulatory accent into an exclamation of grief. "Alas, Penſon!" cried ſhe, "this is all—all the relief the powerleſs Sylvia can procure thee!" And ſhe flung herſelf into a chair by the fire (for there was a fire in the room), and gave a looſe to her ſenſibility. 'Twas a new diſtreſs to me, Bountly.—Why is it my fate to diſtreſs, whilſt the deſire of my heart is rather to conſole the diſtreſſed?

Her

Her uncle (for I was truly incapable) endeavoured by plauſible arguments to perſuade her the affair would terminate happily. His arguments had a greater effect on her than on me (for I ſaw they were fallacious); and at laſt, on his offering to go immediately and conſult an eminent counſel on my caſe, ſhe grew calm, and ordered tea and chocolate to be brought for my refreſhment; whilſt the uncle, to amuſe his niece—nay, perhaps really to do me a ſervice—retired to put his propoſal into execution; but what can it avail me? 'Tis evidence I want, not opinion.

It was now I learned from Sylvia how the place of my confinement became known to her, or rather how ſhe came by the knowledge of my misfortune.

I have told thee how Tray was gone from the window of my cell. He is now capering round me. He entered with Sylvia, and——but I had then no ſenſe to attend to his acknowledgment—to be

engaged by his faithfulneſs—No. But I will proceed regularly.

Sylvia, it ſeems, arrived in R—— the night before laſt, in her way to G——, intending to ſtay a few days here with her uncle. She was not riſen yeſterday morning ſo early as the hour I was committed hither; and her uncle being gone from home before breakfaſt, ſhe heard nothing more of my affair, than that a highwayman had that morning been apprehended. To-day ſhe went out to call on an acquaintance; that acquaintance was accompanying her to ſee another: their way laid by the walls of my priſon. Tray's whining attracted Sylvia's attention. She thought ſhe recollected the dog. Tray is remarkable. She ſtopt—ſhe viewed him more attentively—Could ſhe be miſtaken? She called Tray—He leaped at once to her, he cringed, he fawned around her. Tray knew her. Many an hour has he ſlept on the ſkirts of her garments. She was amazed. Tray flew back

back to the priſon—again he approached her—again flew back, and again returned; but ſtill leering back and whining, ſeemed to ſolicit her to follow him. His behaviour alarmed her—a confuſed idea of the highwayman came acroſs her recollection, which ſoon matured into a ſuſpicion that this highwayman had either done me an injury, or had gotten ſomething of my property in his poſſeſſion; for, alas! ſhe could not think I myſelf was incaged in a jail. In ſhort, an apprehenſion of ſhe knew not what, determined her to return to her uncle's, who ſhe hoped might be by this time returned; for as he left home yeſterday morning on a journey into the country, though he was expected back the ſame night, he was not returned this day, when Sylvia ſet out on her ramble. Luckily he entered the houſe juſt before her; and, immediately on her approach, accoſted her with a queſtion, if ſhe had heard of the young man of G—— (for I had told him the place of my abode), whom

whom he had committed yeſterday to priſon; adding, that it had vexed him during the whole time of his abſence, that he had not waited to have diſcloſed the circumſtance to her before he ſet off, as probably ſhe might have been able to give ſome account of him, or his connections: but that the affair which occaſioned his ſudden journey, had ſo engroſſed his attention, that the thought never occurred to him till two or three hours after. Briefly, a few replies to queſtions ſhe now put in her turn, led her to conclude that the perſon committed was no other than Penſon himſelf.

Tray had followed her to her uncle's: ſhe now, together with her uncle, followed him back to my dreary abode. They entered even while I was arraigning Providence at the bar of inadequate reaſon. I had loſt my dog—through that momentary loſs, I found my deareſt friend, my deareſt Sylvia. Shall I ever more accuſe the diſpenſations of Heaven? Hence let me hope!

—I do.

—I do. But, alas! thoſe hopes are faint.—'Tis, alas! methinks, a forlorn hope. Gracious Heaven forgive me! How fruitful is the mind of man of means whereby to diſtreſs itſelf!

Ha, Bountly! if my life be drawing to a period, better Miſs Brudenell's affection had ſtill been undiſcovered to the wretched Penſon. Ignominy laſt night was my only dread. Death, ſimple death, I had counted as my friend: but now, life and Sylvia at one caſt—Death, now art thou terrible! Can I rejoice, Bountly?—Oh no!—Yet—Oh yet, if poſſible let me hope! Hope! Yes. I hear the voice of Sylvia, and hope revives at the ſound. She approaches to conſole me. Adieu, Bountly.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

R——.

BOUNTLY, though, as the friend of my heart, I have long accuſtomed myſelf to be explicit with thee on all occaſions, and in all circumſtances; yet the ſubject which now moſt engages my boſom (the affection of the gentle Sylvia) interdicts, methinks, this accuſtomed frankneſs.

In what I have already written, I believe thou wilt ſcarcely be able to diſcover how the friend commenced lover on either ſide. Excuſe me, Bountly: never a topic before occurred, but I could diſplay to thee my whole heart thereon; but 'tis profaneneſs in love, to develope its myſteries: like the Urim and Thummim of the Jews, they are not to be deſcribed; they are to be ſolely confined to his breaſt whom love incloſes within its hallowed veil. Deſcribed! No; my heart riſes at the indelicate idea. To

thee,

thee, as my long tried and faithful friend, I could count over every emotion of my *own* heart, and feel a pleaſure in the act. I could count to thee, by the hour, the innumerable and endearing ideas which ariſe there when I reflect on the tender, the unhoped-for attachment of the commiſerating Sylvia: but to trace the cauſes of thoſe endearing ideas in the delicate evidences of that attachment—No, Bountly, not even to thee can I do it. 'Twould be betraying the generous weakneſs, the endearing confidence of a ſuſceptible heart. 'Twould be to become a mere noveliſt, whoſe lovers, ever at the ſhrine of an unnatural frankneſs, which they call the frankneſs of friendſhip, offer up the moſt tender, the moſt ſacred depoſits of the heart. No, thou wilt excuſe me here, if I touch this ſubject with ſtudied brevity. Sylvia is every thing I could wiſh, and my heart is comforted.

Comforted! Alas, not ſo—how can it be comforted in my preſent uncertainty? Yet, as I have told thee before on other occaſions,

ſions, one half of my heart feels happy, whilſt the other half wonders how happineſs made its entry.

Interrupted.

Continued.

For theſe two or three days paſt, I have been ſo little alone, that I really have had ſcarcely an opportunity of addreſſing my friend. Beſides, to ſay truth, I feel not that impetus to writing which ſome little time ſince I did; and why? Alas! till lately I had no friendly boſom wherein to pour the overflowings of my own, ſave thine, my Bountly. *Then* to write was a pleaſure none can feel but that burthened heart which has no means of unloading itſelf, but on the retentive paper.—The mind of man, like his body, muſt by ſome means or other reſpire; it cannot always inhale. 'Twould burſt, Bountly.—*Then* did I breathe in the inanimate letter, and addreſs it to my friend. *Now* I breathe in the boſom of the ſympathizing Sylvia, whoſe daily, I had

had almoſt ſaid hourly attentions, were it not for the awful day which haſtily approaches, would even reconcile me to my fetters. Awful day!—Who knows—but my motto ſhall be, 'Spes contra ſpem?'

But 'tis not only Sylvia that engroſſes my attention. The world, the unfeeling, the miſcalculating world, muſt have a compliment paid it, though at the expence of the tendereſt ſenſations. This intermeddling buſy thing would perhaps brand her conduct with the title of indelicacy, if not indecency, were Sylvia to be a little profuſe of her attentions to ever ſo reputable a lover, much more, alas! to me. And can I, in my ignominious ſituation, deſire it? No. But 'tis not only Sylvia, my Bountly; but my ſtory having been rumoured abroad, I am viſited all day long by ſome one or other of Mr. Brudenell's acquaintance, either through curioſity or compaſſion. But, alas! I would ſooner enjoy even my own melancholy, than exert my depreſſed ſpirits

to ſupport an unintereſting diſcourſe, or ſatisfy impertinency. I know not how it may be with others; but, whenever *I* am diſtreſſed, company, methinks, rather compreſſes my own gloom cloſer around me, than helps to diſſipate it: 'tis a *friend* I then wiſh, not a *companion*.

Continuation.

How many anxious days and nights have I paſſed in expectation of ſeeing thee, or hearing from thee! But hitherto I have been unworthy of either. Where art thou, Bountly? I will not, I cannot ſuppoſe thou canſt neglect thy friend. But if any thing detains thee from him, give him the ſatisfaction of knowing the hindrance. If I ſee thee not, nor hear from thee to-morrow, I ſhall ſend a meſſenger to ——, to learn the cauſe of thy ſilence; for not only thy aſſiſtance, but thy conſolation as a friend, is become neceſſary to me. In brief, I am

pecu-

peculiarly diſtreſſed. Rouſed from a delirium, I feel again the pain of my ſituation.

Sylvia——But I begin wrong—her maid, I ſhould rather ſay, this morning attended my breakfaſt—a mark of regard frequently conferred on me. But every thing is not ſo ſmooth as I hoped. Mr. Brudenell is not Penſon's friend.—Not my friend? Recal the word; it ſprung from blind ſelf-love. He is as much my friend as he ought to be. He is the uncle of Sylvia, whoſe heart needs to be reſtrained by *his* judgment, ſince *her own* has ſuffered it to diſpute its controul. Mr. Brudenell is an upright man; he has a good heart—that is, a conſcientious one; not a tender one. Tender! Let me mend that expreſſion too, and ſay his heart is not weak. He is pleaſed Sylvia ſhould evince herſelf a good friend, a good neighbour, and a good chriſtian, towards *me*; but nothing more. He is right; he is certainly in the right: but he might have corrected with a hand

more lenient. He has lectured Sylvia very ſeverely for her imprudence reſpecting me. She, on the other hand, endeavoured to juſtify herſelf by attributing to me merits which probably her own fancy heightened, if not created. He called her attention to the preſent circumſtances, and pointed at my innocence, as though it was matter of doubt. Cruel!—No, let me juſtify him; appearances are ſtrongly againſt me.—The inuendo, however, it ſeems, ſo agitated the meek boſom of the weeping fair, that, after minutely defending me, ſhe hinted her age and independent fortune, which liberated her from his controul. How muſt that placid breaſt have been aſſaulted, thus proudly to repel the aſſailant! Yet I acquit Mr. Brudenell; and I know, notwithſtanding, he will exert himſelf in my favour ſo far as to endeavour to procure me juſtice. He is a character I can *revere*; but——I add no more.

This relation (for Sally related theſe circumſtances

cumſtances to me whilſt ſhe poured out my coffee) diſtreſſed me. The uncle and niece are ſtill on diſtant terms: but Sylvia conceals from me every diſagreeable event, whilſt I afflict my friends with my ſorrows. Sylvia, from thee let me learn not to burthen others with my griefs! Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

To W. WANLEY PENSON.

DEAR WANLEY,

Dublin.

I HAVE this moment received thy ſeveral letters from R——. A ſudden emergence called me from P—— hither: ſo ſudden, that I really had not an opportunity to appriſe thee of my expedition; but being under the neceſſity of leaving ſomething to be ſent after me, luckily thy letters were furthered with it.

I have already given orders to prepare for my return, and thou mayeſt depend on ſeeing me as ſpeedily as the diſtance be-

tween us can be overpaſſed, which will be conſiderably before the aſſizes will commence. However, that thou mayeſt have the opinion of counſel thereon, for thy ſatisfaction, in mean time, I have incloſed the letter thou requeſtedſt of me; and which, I have not the leaſt doubt, will effect every thing thou hopeſt, to the confuſion of thy accuſers.

Believe me, Wanley, I ſincerely ſhare in all thy anxieties, and regret the occaſion that chance has now given thee for them. But let not thy ſpirits ſink—I ſee no grounds for apprehenſion: thou muſt be acquitted, and that with honour. The circumſtance is certainly a painful one; but do not indulge thy fancy too much in anatomizing its diſagreeables; 'twill only render it more (and unneceſſarily) afflicting. But I haſte to prepare for joining thee; and ever am thy commiſerating friend,

T. Bountly.

Penson

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

R——

AT length I have heard from my friend. How unlucky, that at this juncture thy affairs ſhould have called thee to ſuch a diſtance from me! yet how fortunate that my letters have ſo ſoon followed thee! Bitter and ſweet. Well, it is the compoſition of life: but the bitter has ſtrongly predominated of late. But my friend is coming, and that will ſweeten all. Thanks, propitious powers! Ere long I ſhall embrace my friend. He ſhall help me to thank the beſt of women, for her attention to the perſecuted Penſon. He too ſhall again reconcile me to the half-averted countenance of her prudent uncle. Yet, Bountly, Sylvia muſt not be mine; 'twould be ungenerous in me to——But thou haſt prohibited me from anatomizing the diſagreeable; and, lo, my mind, ever ready to torment itſelf, is about to mangle the agreeable. But I

have done. Yet, Bountly, I fear, by prohibiting theſe anatomizations, thou haſt undeſignedly prohibited the exerciſe of my faculties.

Ten days have elapſed, and my friend is not yet arrived—what ſhall I think? The time might have admitted of his arrival. Or how ſhall I procure intelligence? If I write, where ſhall I direct to him?—Patience—yes, I muſt yet have patience.

To Mr. W. WANLEY PENSON.

SIR,

Milford Haven.

MY maſter, Mr. T. Bountly, has ordered me to inform you, that, in deſcending from the veſſel which conveyed us from Dublin hither five days ſince, he had the misfortune, by a fall, to fracture a limb, and otherwiſe ſo bruiſed himſelf, as to prevent his

his proceeding forward on his journey, by the route he intended; and that, by the ſurgeon's advice, who thinks *that* mode of conveyance *only* adapted for one in his ſituation, he is preparing to embark, in order to go by ſea to P——; hoping by the time of his arrival there, that the fracture will be in ſuch a ſtate as will enable him to ſupport the motion of a land carriage, which ſhall convey him thence immediately to you. He begs you will make yourſelf perfectly eaſy reſpecting him, as he is in a fair way of doing ſpeedily well: and alſo reſpecting yourſelf, as he will poſitively be with you at all events time enough to give a deciſive turn to your affairs.

I am,

Sir,

With all due reſpect,

Your very humble ſervant,

RICHARD BURTON.

PENSON *in continuation.*

ALAS, my Bountly! But why do I write what I cannot have a means of conveying to thee? I would fain ſooth thee—I would fain beguile thy painful hours. But I am fated to diſtreſs all my connections. I am the cauſe of thy ſufferings; yet I am debarred from ſoftening thy pillow. I am peeviſh—I am even petulant with my deſtiny.

By this time I ſhould ſuppoſe my friend is arrived at P——. How I long to hear tidings of him! How much more do I long to ſee him! Yes, Sylvia, even though ſoothed by thy ſoft conſolations, I feel myſelf unhappy till I can be aſſured of the ſafety of my friend. But is there nothing ſelfiſh in my anxiety? The day of trial approaches, when probably my fate may depend on the appearance of my friend. My

anxiety

anxiety is a mixed one then; partly ſelfiſh, and partly the effervescence of friendſhip. Be it ſo—he who feels not for himſelf, cannot feel for another.

To W. WANLEY PENSON.

DEAR WANLEY,

P——.

I AM arrived at P——. I dare ſay thou haſt been much alarmed for me: but ſet thy heart at reſt; I am better than could have been expected. The workmen are contriving a machine for my conveyance to thee, which will be finiſhed in a couple of days, when I ſhall ſet off, and conſequently ſhall arrive with thee the day before the aſſizes. Though it is rather with the hope of reviving thy ſpirits, that I am eager to ſee thee before the day of trial, than from any idea of being uſeful to thee as an evidence; for of that I am confident

fident there can be no neceſſity: for if the letter I have ſent thee ſhould not ſubvert the charge againſt thee (which I am certain it will); yet in an accuſation of ſuch total falſehood, thy accuſers, when they come to be cloſely queſtioned, will undoubtedly confound one another; which to be an eye and ear witneſs of within theſe few days, truſts

Thy conſtant friend,

T. Bountly.

Penson *in continuation.*

THOU art then arrived once more, my Bountly, where the out-goings of my heart can be ſure to find thee. My pent-up boſom inſtantly opes at the idea: and though I hope ere the commencement of another week to embrace thee; yet cannot I in the interim reſiſt the temptation of obtruding on thee the exuberancies of my mind.

That thou art ſo far recovered as thy letter

ter expreſſes (and I truſt thou doſt not deceive me), I thank Heaven with thanks unfeigned. That thou art ſo near me, I alſo thank it, as well as the zeal of thy friendſhip, which ſuffered not a cruel misfortune to detain thee from me, but ſtill inſpires thee to perſevere in haſtening to me.

I have ſhewn the letter thou haſt returned me, or rather Mr. Brudenell has ſhewn it for me, to Counſellor T—. He is of opinion, with thee, that the charge againſt me muſt fall to the ground. But though I know it *ought*, I am not eaſily perſuaded it will; and thou canſt not think how it hurts me, that there ſhould be a poſſibility even of my *appearing* unjuſt. But the evidence againſt me is ſo poſitive, and the circumſtances ſo corroborative, that I ſometimes fear I muſt ſuffer under appearances, however innocent of facts.

Methinks, Bountly, at this moment, of all ſtations, I would be leaſt ambitious of preſiding in a court of juſtice. I ſhould ſhud-

der

der at the idea of having the fate of a fellow-creature depend on my ſentence, enabled as I am to judge only from circumſtances; and convinced as I am that circumſtances may ſometimes *appear* totally conſiſtent, and yet *be* abſolutely unconnected.

I am interrupted.

'Twas Betty Barnes. She arrived here this morning. I ſhould have mentioned it before, but the hopes of ſpeedily ſeeing thee, which thy letter juſt now revived in me, ſuperſeded every other idea. Honeſt ſoul! Her affection is truly maternal. She has been to G——, at the inſtance of Miſs Brudenell, and to T——; indeed I know not where ſhe has omitted to go for intelligence that may ſtead the unhappy Penſon. Unhappy!—Ought I not to derive conſolation from the idea, that I am not forſaken of all? Why, truly, I could make a parade of heroiſm (and I ſometimes do attempt

tempt it before thoſe whom I debar my confidence): but my heart——Ah, Bountly, a ſuſceptible heart, affecting heroiſm when life and happineſs are at ſtake, is like David in Saul's armour, eſſaying a thing too unwieldy for its weakneſs. And truly Betty Barnes has juſt unmanned me. She has been weeping over me this hour; and tearing my heart aſunder with the repetition of things which I would wiſh to, but cannot, forget.

She was preſent when Miſs Brudenell, juſt now, came to viſit me in my priſon. She had not yet ſeen her, for Miſs Brudenell has been from home ſince yeſterday, on an indiſpenſable excurſion into the country. Poor Barnes was in the midſt of ſorrow, at the unſucceſs of her endeavours to ſerve me, when Miſs Brudenell entered. Her paſſions were all on a flow—in the tumult of which, however, ſhe recognized Miſs Brudenell; and flinging herſelf on her knees before her, and claſping her arms eagerly round her,

her, emphatically exclaimed, "Do, dear madam—do ſave him!"

'Twas too much for the gentle Brudenell: ſhe caught poor Barnes's tranſport; and probably concluding, from her manner, that ſomething peculiarly unfortunate had occurred, without enquiring what, ſunk on her knees beſide her, exclaiming, "Would I could—but Heaven only can."

Thou knoweſt me, Bountly. Could I avoid to complete the kneeling, weeping groupe? O no.—"Dear angel!—worthy Barnes!" And I claſped them both in my arms. "Afflict me not thus! Heaven cannot but hear your prayers." But, alas! Bountly, the latter were rather words of courſe, than the effect of rational conviction: for the views of Heaven extend beyond human ſight; nor is our conception of juſtice always coincident with the juſtice of Providence, who ſometimes ſuffers partial evil to produce a general good.

This watch, Bountly, is a puzzle to me: it can be by no means diſcovered how it was conveyed to me. The coach offices have been ſearched, and the coachmen examined, but to no purpoſe. It certainly muſt have been delivered with deſign; yet wherefore to me I cannot conceive. O toy, thou wert my evil genius! But be propitious, Heaven!

I have been again interrupted—I had intended to have added ſomething more, but it matters not: I ſhall ſoon ſee thee—till then farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

Fragments which appear to have been written by Penſon, the day before his trial.

TO-day, to-day ſhall I ſee my friend. To-day ſhall theſe arms embrace *him*, on whoſe confidence I have ever leaned unſhaken.

ken. His counſel, the balm of his friendſhip, ſhall ſupport me firmly to encounter the fate of to-morrow—dreadful to-morrow, when——but I muſt not think

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Midnight, and my friend not come! What can it mean? And to-morrow the dreaded day! I was minded to get the trial deferred; but the men of law have overruled my inclination: they tell me I have nothing to fear. But though I ſeemingly acquieſce in their opinion, I cannot but retain my apprehenſions, which nothing but the preſence of my friend can diſpel. But ſurely I ſhall ſee him to-morrow! On that reſts my palpitating heart. Reſts! No, it beats with horror: yet not ſo neither—horror is only the attendant of guilt—No, it muſt be apprehenſion only. And can I be otherwiſe than apprehenſive?—To-morrow I go with criminals to the bar. To-morrow muſt Penſon hold up his hand, and

anſwer

anſwer to a malevolent charge, whilſt probably his plea may be diſregarded, and the pale tremors of innocence conſtrued as the indications of guilt.—Sylvia too——oh, Bountly! I could weep, were I not aſhamed of ſuch weakneſs.—Sylvia!——Perhaps I only ſee her again to breathe her a laſt farewel. She has juſt left me.

How ſilent! Not a fetter clanks through this dreary habitation, but my own. Sleep, viſiteſt thou the guilty, yet leaveſt the innocent a prey to wakeful terrors? To-morrow—O to-morrow!

A groan!—Was that the voice of guilt? 'Twas however the aſpiration of horror. I am not the only wretched.—Pitiful comfort!—Companion in unhappineſs, whoever thou art, mayſt thou have the conſolation of a quiet conſcience!——Conſolation?—I write what I ſcarce know: why does it

not conſole me? Thou unſeen Power, whom the diſtreſſed ſoul inſtinctively acknowledges; to whom it inſtinctively turns when human aſſiſtance fails; thou to whom the receſſes of the heart are open—thou knoweſt my innocence. Suffer it not to be confounded. Try me not farther than I can bear. When I put my truſt in thee, let me not be deceived. Let me not ſay thou didſt tantalize me with proſpects of life and joy, but to make death more bitter!

Mrs. BARNES *to Mrs.* L—— *of* G——.

MADAM, R——.

AS well to fulfil my promiſe given you when at G——, as in compliance with the requeſt of Miſs Brudenell, I ſit down to give you the earlieſt information of what paſſed yeſterday, on the trial of your neigh-

bour, Mr. Penſon; and more particularly of the event of that trial.

You wiſhed me to be minute; and I will endeavour to recollect as much, and relate the whole as well, as I can.

Immediately on my arrival in R——, I was admitted to Mr. Penſon; for the gaoler had orders from the magiſtrate to deny no one.

I found him in an apartment very decent for a priſon.—He was ſitting alone in a penſive attitude, with the implements for writing before him; but ſo pale, ſo thin, that my heart bled at the ſight. Yet he told me, could he but evince his innocence, he ſhould reckon that day among the few happy ones of his life, that ſaw him firſt in a priſon.—And why?—Becauſe, it ſeems, it brought about an explanation between Miſs Brudenell and him. That ſhe has long entertained a regard for him of rather a tender kind, was no ſecret to me, nor, I believe, madam, to you; but

that he has long loved her, was a ſecret I believe he himſelf was not aware of, till lately. Alas! no—he was too modeſt, forſooth, to look up to Miſs Brudenell, in the character of a lover—'twas *friendſhip*, only *friendſhip!*—Yet have I ſeen many times, when ſhe has formerly been endeavouring to conſole him, how he has looked on her; ſo affectionate, yet ſo diffident—too diffident by half.—That is the worſt of theſe reflective men; they want ſuch advances, methinks, to bring them in credit with themſelves. But Miſs Brudenell's behaviour, it ſeems, when ſhe found him in a priſon, was ſuch as left him no room to doubt of that which he had often been told of.—Generous lady!—I adore her for her diſintereſtedneſs. She only is calculated to rival the idea of my dear Miſs Bountly, which memory has long cheriſhed in her Penſon's diſconſolate breaſt.—But I ramble.

Miſs Brudenell and her uncle had done every

every thing they could, to render the confinement of Mr. Penſon tolerable; and they had taken every ſtep poſſible, to develope the myſtery of that watch I told you of, which was delivered him ſo unaccountably at T—. But it all proved unſucceſsful; and it was truly with anxiety that we ſaw the day approach that was to decide his fate.—His counſel indeed endeavoured to inſpirit us not only with hope, but confidence. But, notwithſtanding his endeavours, the apprehenſions of Miſs Brudenell were not to be removed. I really thought ſhe would have expired when Mr. Penſon was led out to trial. She, however, attended in the court, as near him as decency would admit.

He to the unacquainted eye appeared ſerene. But I knew him better: his boſom was far from compoſed. He was dreſſed in a ſuit of dark clothes; and his hair curling in natural waves upon his ſhoulders, gave him an air of artleſs ſolemnity.

After a few trials were decided, he was

ſet to the bar. Mr. Brudenell ſtood juſt within the bar, on one ſide of him; and his counſel (provided for him by Mr. Brudenell) on the other.—His friend Mr. Bountly, whom he expected, did not come, for reaſons, or rather through a misfortune, which I ſhall take another opportunity to inform you of.—Providence ſeemed to ſtrike every thing from under the worthy man, in order, methinks, to induce him to rely ſolely on its intervention.

His countenance turned when he was ſet to the bar; and a tremor evidently ſhook him. O, madam! what muſt a heart ſenſible as his have felt on ſuch an occaſion!—He, however, ſeemed to graſp the railing firmly; and in a few minutes appeared more collected. His indictment was read, and he pleaded not guilty.

His accuſer was then called—a little affected, gribbled-faced thing! He could hardly ſtep for mincing, or ſpeak for liſping.—He was ſworn; and after having adjuſted

juſted his chitterling and ruffles, and ſtroked his chin with an air of ſelf-importance (monkey! how I hate him!), he proceeded to depoſe that Mr. Penſon had, on a certain day and hour, aſſaulted, and robbed him on the highway (unprincipled villain!) of twenty guineas, his watch, and cane.

The watch and cane were produced, and likewiſe ſworn to.—The judge examained the watch; it was marked in the inner caſe N. L. in cypher; being the initials of the deponent's name, which was Nicholas Lilburne.

The judge interrogated the deponent concerning the earlineſs of the hour; which ſubject was repeated and handled by Mr. Penſon's counſel. But the villain perſiſted to ſay, that it was light enough to diſtinguiſh objects, and conſequently to identify the perſon of Mr. Penſon (an impertinent—rather than not have had the pleaſure of giving a bold evidence, I ſuppoſe he would have ſworn as poſitively even to

me, had there been no likelier perſon preſent).

Corroborating evidence was now called, to prove that the things (that is to ſay, the watch and cane) ſworn to were found on Mr. Penſon. This was given by two witneſſes, whoſe depoſitions Mr. Penſon allowed.

The judge now, addreſſing himſelf to the priſoner, told him, that though the evidence againſt him ſeemed poſitive and clear, yet his appearance led him to hope that he would be able to invalidate their teſtimony.—I could have kiſſed the judge.

Mr. Penſon replied, bowing to his lordſhip (but ſo agitated, that methought the bar trembled beneath his hand)—

"My Lord,

"My life is at ſtake—and, what is ſtill "dearer to me, my good name.—It might "be expected that ſuch incitements would "quicken my faculties to an exertion equal "to the occaſion.—But, alas! my Lord,

"I expe-

"I experience the effect to be far diffe-
"rent.—Loſs of life human fortitude may
"ſupport: but loſs of life and character
"by the ſame ſtroke, none but the inſenſi-
"ble can meet undaunted. I feel my
"ſituation, my Lord, ſo forcibly, that
"though my endeavours may move your
"pity, they could not convince your judg-
"ment; and it is not mercy I wiſh—
"but juſtice. Therefore, after having told
"you a tale ſtrictly true, I ſhall leave my
"defence, farther, to the counſel whom
"the good will of my friends has provid-
"ed me.—I feel myſelf perturbed—at-
"tribute it not, my Lord, to guilt: inno-
"cence, too, has its apprehenſions.—I will
"intrude on your lordſhip's patience no
"longer; but proceed to facts. And may
"Heaven vouchſafe your Lordſhip the
"diſcernment of the wiſeſt of men, who diſ-
"tinguiſhed truth from falſehood, though
"alike enveloped in myſtery."

A murmur of applauſe followed this addreſs

addreſs through the hall; and I already conſidered Mr. Penſon as acquitted; who now proceeded as follows.

(Mrs. Barnes here repreſents Mr. Penſon as relating the circumſtances of his finding the glove and the cane; how he came by the watch in queſtion, and the manner of his being apprehended: all which, being known to the reader by the foregoing letters, the editor here omits.)

He having ended, the counſel, in an able diſcourſe, enlarged on the unlikelihood of the circumſtance; its inconſiſtence with the general character of the priſoner; the earlineſs of the hour, and the conſequent poſſibility of miſtaking the perſon, as well as the probability and air of truth in the priſoner's defence: of whom to deliver a character he called on Mr. Leinſter (who you know was to be at theſe aſſizes, in conſequence of a law-ſuit here to be determined), Mr. Grant, a witneſs of Mr. Leinſter's, and myſelf; and we each, as in truth

we

we could do no leſs, gave him a moſt irreproachable one.

The counſel then produced a letter of Mr. Penſon's to my late young maſter, Mr. T. Bountly, giving an account how myſteriouſly he had received a watch (and which it was argued was the watch in queſtion) at T——, in his road from Briſtol to London. On this letter, and on its date, which was ſome days previous to the robbery, the counſel laid a peculiar ſtreſs. Indeed it was the principal thing on which Mr. Penſon's fate ſeemed to turn, and which the counſel was ſo poſitive would clear him, that he perſuaded Mr. Penſon to take his trial *now*, rather than have it deferred on account of the non-appearance of Mr. Bountly; who, I have hinted before, was expected as an evidence in behalf of his friend.

The counſel having concluded, and handed the letter, at his requeſt, to the judge, ſat down as though certain of having gained

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The counſel having concluded, and handed the letter, at his requeſt, to the judge, ſat down as though certain of having gained

gained his point. But the judge having peruſed the letter, inſtead of referring the caſe to the jury, as was expected, aſked for the perſon to whom the letter was directed. He was not in court. The judge then looked for the poſt-mark. The letter had none: it had been incloſed in a cover, it ſeems. The judge appeared diſſatisfied; and finding the counſel had nothing further to produce, proceeded to give the charge to the jury, telling the counſel, "he was truly ſorry his client was not able to make a more eligible defence; and that the evidence was too poſitive, and the circumſtances too apparent, to be invalidated by a letter of the priſoner's own writing, produced too and avouched only by himſelf."—Heavens, madam! how was the judge metamorphoſed! I could have killed him. Methought he looked like a fiend!

He was proceeding to enlarge on theſe ſubjects to the jury, and I already wept the

the condemnation of poor Mr. Penſon—already too were the crowd making way for the fainting Sylvia, when not only my ſorrows were ſuſpended, but the attention of the whole court was attracted by an elderly, hardy-looking man, dreſſed (though not very faſhionably) in blue and gold; and who preſſing through the throng towards Mr. Brudenell (who, as I obſerved before, ſtood almoſt cloſe by the priſoner), but happening to glance his eye on Mr. Penſon, ſtarted, and in the ſame inſtant making a motion forward, caught hold of his hand, exclaiming with the voice of ſurprize, "Maſter Penſon!—What!—Jammed in the bilboes!—Burſt my timbers!—How's this?"

The judge ſtopped (theſe interjections, madam, were not whiſpered)—the crier commanded ſilence.

"Silence!" replied the rough gentleman, ſtaring around; "what not hail a ſignal of diſtreſs, you lubber?"

The

The judge now ordered ſilence himſelf; and Mr. Brudenell, who, from the firſt moment he had noticed the ſtranger, had been pulling him by the coat, now caught him by the ſhoulders, and forced him to ſit down, and, whiſpering, accoſted him by the term brother (for it ſeems the ſtranger was his brother, a ſea officer, who was unexpectedly come to pay him a viſit; and who, not finding him at home, had ſuffered his curioſity to lead him to the town-hall)—"Brother," ſaid Mr. Brudenell, "conſider where you are. I am glad to ſee you: but conſider where you are."—The ſtrange gentleman ſtared the houſe all over, roof and all, in ſeeming amazement, but without anſwering; whilſt the judge, the court being now ſilent, proceeded nearly thus:—"Gentlemen, I have already pointed out to you the clearneſs and poſitiveneſs of the evidence againſt the priſoner, and the conſiſtency of the corroborating circumſtances. I now come to the priſoner's defence. I wiſh

I could

I could recommend it to you as deſerving your attention: but juſtice obliges me to ſay it bears on its face the favour of invention. This watch, which is poſitively ſworn to by the proſecutor, the priſoner ſays that, on his journey from Briſtol hither, he at the firſt ſtage, and ſome days previous to the robbery, received from an unknown perſon, as he was taking a little refreſhment whilſt the coach changed horſes; yet he acknowledges he cannot even gueſs from whom it was ſent.—A gold repeater, Gentlemen, is no common gift: and I think your judgment will agree with mine, that the whole ſtory is totally unlikely."

"Burſt my timbers!" vociferated here the naval gentleman, with geſticulation that ſurpriſed the whole court—"Burſt my timbers!" cried he, ſtarting on his feet; "likely or not likely, 'tis true though.—Gold repeater!—What my lad"—and he had again got hold of Penſon's hand: but

the

the judge now called with a ſtern voice, "Hark ye, ſir! Why this interruption? Have you any evidence to offer to the court?"

"Evidence!" repeated the other: "why mayhap I have; but d'ye hear, you Mr. you won't give one time to make the neceſſary ſoundings. What's the buſineſs, Penſon?" ſaid he, again turning to the priſoner: "about that watch, ha!"

The judge interrupted him.——"The evidence is before the court, Sir; and you cannot want information."

"Truly," replied the other, "I believe I can pretty well gueſs how the land lies: but to be poſitive of the bearings juſt here, d'ye ſee, I can't ſay I am; for why, d'ye ſee, I am but juſt hove in ſight."

The judge ſeemed to underſtand him; for he ſaid—"If ignorance of his caſe only prevents you from offering ſomething either for or againſt the priſoner, that ſhall be removed. (The judge was candid, though

he

he had not dined.) He then repeated a brief ſtate of the evidence: but he had got no farther than the accuſer's depoſition reſpecting the watch, than the ſeaman exclaimed in great heat—"O blaſt the villain!—Where is the raſcal that dared ſwear to my watch?"

"*Your* watch!" replied the judge.

"Ay, truly as that ſnite of your noſe was yours, friend." (The judge happened to blow his noſe.) "I gave it this honeſt lad here.—What ſay ye now?"

"Say!" anſwered the judge; "that your accounts are contradictory. The priſoner ſays he received it at T——, of an unknown perſon,"

"So he did—I ſent it him," returned the other.

"You *gave* it him, you ſaid; now you ſay you *ſent* it him. Gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, "I fear we ſhall meet with a little colluſion here.—But come, Sir, we ſhall have you preſently;

a gold repeater, Sir, is a thing too valuable to be ſent in ſo careleſs a manner. Why did not you give this watch in Briſtol, if you knew the priſoner there? Or if you muſt needs ſend it after him, ſtrange that you ſent no note with it."

"You have me!" replied the other, with bitterneſs—"you find colluſion! Nothing true but what's likely here, ha! I ſcorn to be overhauled, d'ye ſee, though I'm not aſhamed of my log-book; and ſo, d'ye ſee, I'll ſhew ye that what's unlikely may be true for all that. This honeſt boy here, look ye, had taken a little ſkiff of mine in tow that had foundered, and brought her alongſide of me. I ſoon caſt up his reckoning, and found that he was in too high latitudes to accept an acknowledgment for what he had done. So one morning he ſuddenly tacked about in order to part company. What ſhall I do? thought I. I muſt not let him ſheer off thus: yet what ſhall I give him? I have nothing ready

ready worth his acceptance, that he will accept. My watch is a valuable one—I'll give him that. Ay, but I know he'll refuſe it. Well, then I'll let him go, and then ſend it after him. Ay, but if I ſheer in ſight, he'll return it. Why then I won't do that, thought I: he ſhall have it, and wonder where the devil it came from; and I, knowing he has it, ſhall look on my debt to him as acknowledged, though not cancelled. So, d'ye ſee, what's unlikely *here* may be true for all that. But I little thought ſo light a thing would have ſunk my friend here in theſe d—nd ſhallows."

"Sir, you are impertinent," replied the judge. "But before I tell the jury how improbable I deem your tale, pray let me have your deſcription of the watch now before me.—What caſe has it?

"Why, gold."

"But what is its chaſing?"

"What! Why, the—the—the—egad I can't recollect."

"I believe ſo," ſaid the judge. "But has it no cypher, no mark peculiar to it?"

"Why aye, now I think on't, it has a cypher: but faith I never looked farther than to ſee what 'twas o'clock by it, twice in my life. I am none of your land lubbers, d'ye ſee, who make a looking glaſs of their clickets, pulling them out all day long to peep in the poliſh at the picture of their picked faces.—No faith, not I."

"Was the cypher executed by your direction?"

"Beſure—whoſe ſhould it be?"

"What is your name?"

"John Brudenell."

The judge ſmiled contemptuouſly. "I thought where it would terminate," ſaid he: "gentlemen of the jury, we have loſt our time in attending to this impertinence. The deponent is certainly deficient either in wit or honeſty. The cypher you know is not J. B. John Brudenell, but N. L. therefore——"

"Therefore what?" replied the other, in

in evident paſſion. "Who ſaid it was J. B? D'ye think a true bred ſeaman would follow the wind of every lubberly land lounger? No; I wiſh I was as unlike the ſniveling puppies in every thing as I am in my cypher. N. L. look ye, are the two *laſt* letters of my name: every fool marks with the *firſt*."

The court, madam, at this ſpeech, though on ſuch a ſolemn occaſion, burſt into a peal of laughter; whilſt Mr. Penſon's countenance, which had undergone various changes ſince the arrival of the captain, had now (probably from the turn his affair, after all, was likely to take) for ſome moments been aſſuming a deadly paleneſs.—But to be laughed at carried the captain beyond all prudence: for, irritated at what he conſtrued as contempt, he abuſed the court in ſuch abrupt terms, that the judge peremptorily ordered him to quit it, or he would commit him.

"Doſt think I would?" replied the other.

" What, Captain Brudenell ſheer off from a ſignal of diſtreſs! Leave a companion to be boarded by a pirate! No, I'd ſooner ſink beſide him."

Officers were now called. Mr. Brudenell pleaded with the judge, urging the character of his brother the captain, and his unſkilfulneſs in the forms of a court of judicature: but in vain. They were leading him off, and the judge, animadverting contemptuouſly (for he was evidently angered) on the captain's evidence, was directing the jury to find the priſoner guilty, when lo! (for this was truly a ſcene of tantalization) a Mr. Barclaim, from L—, an attorney, a neighbour of Mr. Selby with whom I live, haſtily entering the hall, called to the judge, begging his lordſhip's pardon for the interruption, but that he had information for the court which admitted no delay.

The judge was certainly ſurpriſed, but heſitated not to bid him deliver his information.

mation. Accordingly he related, that, as he was coming to theſe aſſizes on buſineſs, he had, ſome few miles off, that morning been robbed: that at a neighbouring village he had procured aſſiſtance, purſued and taken the offender, who, on examination, had confeſſed he was alſo guilty of a robbery ſome time ſince, for which a young gentleman was this day to be tried: that a watch and part of the caſh he had then taken were at his houſe in the village (for he was a reſident there): that there they were found, and he (Barclaim) was happy to produce them to his lordſhip, as it would poſſibly ſave from infamy an innocent perſon.

The watch and caſh were immediately produced by the conſtables who attended.—But, oh madam! how can people make ſo light of oaths!—The watch was no repeater (but perhaps the owner was too ignorant to know the difference), nor was it gold; but in other reſpects much like the other, being what they call pinchbeck,

chaſed, and the inner caſe cyphered, indeed, N.L. 'Twas to be ſure an odd circumſtance.

The court was inſtantly convinced. The judge was going to ſpeak; but the jury prevented him, by crying out, one and all, "Not guilty, not guilty."

The hall echoed with applauſe; it was reechoed from the crowd in the ſtreets (for every body except a devil feels pleaſure at the acquittal of innocence); and ſatisfaction ſeemed to ſit on every countenance, except Mr. Penſon's, who was inſenſible to the ſcene.

Poor dear man! how was he tantalized in the ſpace of two or three hours! Twice on the brink of being caſt, he ſeemed to ſupport himſelf with I know not what kind of fortitude. But when hope was quite given up, to be ſuddenly ſnatched, as it were, from under the deſcending ſtroke of fate, was too much. He ſunk down lifeleſs.—Mr. Brudenell haſtened to him (I could not: I was little better than himſelf). He was con-

conveyed to the open air, where the captain, who was now ſet at liberty, ran to him, and capering round him as he revived, in the ecſtaſy of his joy ſung, and ſwore, and ſobbed all in a breath.

And now, whilſt his accuſer, the confounded finikin attorney's clerk, was hooted and pelted by the lower order of the populace through the ſtreets, Mr. Penſon, amidſt the acclamations of a rejoicing multitude, was eſcorted by Mr. Brudenell and his friends to the houſe of that gentleman. And here, madam, a new ſcene was exhibited, which, though no way connected with the account I promiſed to ſend you, and which perhaps Miſs Brudenell, if ſhe were to know it, would not thank me for relating to you; yet, as it will let you ſee what terms Mr. Penſon is on with Miſs Brudenell, I ſhall not heſitate to repreſent to you, eſpecially as I have an hour or two on my hands for which I want employment.

I have told you, madam, how Miſs Sylvia (juſt before the captain above-

men-

mentioned arrived in court) fainted on the expectation that Mr. Penſon was juſt going to be caſt.—She was conveyed home, where ſhe ſoon revived, at leaſt ſo far as to be ſenſible.—She immediately, though dreading to hear it, diſpatched a ſervant for intelligence. The account ſhe received ſurpriſed her, and aided her recovery: but ſending again and again, and finding how adverſely fortune at laſt ſeemed to be ſhifting, hope was haſtily yielding to deſpair; when, lo! before the meſſenger could bear her the tidings, Mr. Penſon was uſhered into her preſence. She ſcreamed, burſt into tears, and flew into his arms.—He embraced her devoutly. Not a word was ſpoken for ſeveral moments—all was ſilent. Mr. Brudenell looked as though he knew not what behaviour to aſſume; and the captain his brother (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) *roguiſhly* ſurpriſed.—I ſhould have told you before that the gentlemen the friends of the Brudenells, who accompanied

panied them home (as Mr. Penſon was too much indiſpoſed for company, and probably concluding, as Mr. Brudenell had not yet had an opportunity of welcoming his brother, they would not wiſh to be interrupted in their firſt greetings), took their leaves in the hall, and departed.—But to go on—The captain at length broke the affecting ſilence with an arch accent—

"Aha!" ſaid he; "the wind lies in that quarter, does it?—Well, well, with all my heart. Split me—an honeſt fellow—I'm glad on't. Come, come, no palaver now (ſeeing Penſon about to apologize); if thou haſt any tale to tell, whiſper it in the wench's ear: ſhe ſeems to wait for a ſugar'd word or ſo, d'ye ſee. Odds heartlings!" continued he, rubbing his hands—"Well, I'm glad thee beeſt not hanged, faith!—Blaſt the watch. Who could have thought thou wouldſt have been ſeized for a pirate, through carrying my flag? Zounds! why I'm

I'm doubly thy debtor; and may I never command ſhip more if I be'nt glad thou haſt put me in a way to pay thee. Niece Sylvia, gi' me thy hand."—She did ſo. He took Penſon's—he joined them. "There, boy, take her," ſaid he. "Sylvia uſed to be a good wench; and ſhe don't ſeem much the worſe for wear, I think. But that's not all—now I've a trick to myſelf—that's tit for tat. *Thee* told'ſt me *thee* hadſt a doxy, but wouldſt not tell me who—remember that: and now I gi' thee my niece; but I won't tell thee what I'll gi' thee with her: ſo we are even, d'ye ſee."

Thus, madam, did the captain run on, now putting their hands together, now parting them, and ſhaking each as if he'd have ſhaken their arms of. Sylvia looked delightfully abaſhed, whilſt Penſon gazed on her with an expreſſion in his countenance not to be deſcribed. But though he diſcovered an inclination ſeveral times

to

to kiſs the fair hand that was given him, 'twas impoſſible, the captain's motions were all ſo ſudden.

During this ſcene Mr. Brudenell (the captain's brother) ſeemed loſt in thought: the captain at length obſerved it, and turning to him, ſaid, "How now, brother; what's the matter? Art'nt angry, art? To be ſure 'twas thy taſk to gi' away niece here, becauſe *thee* art guardy; but what ſignifies forms?"

"Pray, brother, be ſeated," replied the other. "This has been a day of odd events, and I am heartily glad it has concluded ſo happily; but it has, I believe, pretty much diſcompoſed us all. I was truly in deſpair at one time."

"Curſe his long cavilling wig!" interrupted the captain. "A would'nt believe me—a made me out a liar and a fool. Burſt my timbers, I wiſh I had un alongſide of me."

A deſultory converſation now took place, prin-

principally between the two brothers, and in which Mr. Penſon ſeemed totally unable to join. Methought he was hardly *himſelf*. One moment he would look on Sylvia as though his ſoul was paſſing out at his eyes; then preſently he would ſurvey himſelf, her, the captain, and all, as though he queſtioned the evidence of his ſenſes. Sylvia recollected herſelf ſooner, and, on the houſekeeper's attending, gave orders for ſuch refreſhments as ſhe thought would be moſt grateful to Mr. Penſon; whilſt the two brothers choſe each for himſelf.

Mr. Brudenell was ſo kind as to inſiſt on my partaking with them. Miſs Sylvia told the captain my buſineſs there, and repeated many things very flattering to me; inſomuch that the captain began to crack his jokes on me pretty freely, and in his whimſical manner declared himſelf my humble ſervant. Don't you think I was high up, madam? But he did it moſtly, I believe, to raiſe the ſpirits of Mr. Penſon,

who

who often ſighed, ſeemingly without knowing it. The captain obſerved him, and at length catching him by the ſhoulders, forced him to face him, crying, "Yo ho, boy! Where art? Doſt not know me? Art not going to be hanged *now*. Why, man, inſtead of giving thee a wife, I muſt ſend thee a voyage to ſea, to cure thee of the hip.—What'ſt ſay now to the command of a veſſel?"

"I ſhould be inadequate to the taſk, Sir," ſaid Mr. Penſon.

"Why, you lubber?"

"Becauſe I ſhould be thinking when I ſhould act."

"I believe thee; for elſe thou would'ſt not loſe time in ſighing, which ſhould be ſpent in kiſſing."

"Fye, uncle!—Fye, brother!" was the reply from two perſons at once, whom I leave you to gueſs at.

But, madam, Mr. Penſon was really indiſpoſed; nor do I wonder he was; his ſenſibilities

ſibilities kept on the rack, as they had been ſo long. I don't know how it is; but methinks Mr. Brudenell is not ſo hearty as one could wiſh him. But it may be only my apprehenſions: he is a very ſerious man.

Thus, madam, have I given you the hiſtory and happy end of this eventful day: and 'tis time I ſhould end the longeſt letter I ever wrote in my life; though Miſs Bountly, who has ſometimes honoured me formerly with employment in this way, uſed to tell me I was apt to be too circumſtantial. But you'll excuſe me, madam, as to be particular was your requeſt; and I could not cloſe this without ſketching to you a ſcene which would have worked the concluſion of this day up to rapture, had not Mr. Penſon's ſpirits been previouſly too much exhauſted to ſupport an event ſo oppoſite to what he feared.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

E. Barnes.

Pen-

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

R——.

SPES *contra ſpem*, dear Bountly! *Hope* againſt hope! Did I not chooſe a moſt propitious motto? Henceforth be it ever mine.—Never let me again diſtruſt a juſt Providence. "Save him! Heaven only can," cried the dear Sylvia; and Heaven only did. That not a ſhadow of a doubt might remain with me reſpecting its ſuperintendance, it involved me in a labyrinth inextricable to human effort; and, that to it I ſhould alone attribute my deliverance, cut off from me all aſſiſtance within the view of probability, even that on which I moſt relied—thine, my Bountly.

This is the firſt time I have been ſuffered to hold a pen theſe ten days. I have been ill, my Bountly. The ſtructure of my conſtitution was not equal to the agita-

tion of my mind; it ſunk before it, and I have been confined to my room; otherwiſe I had fled on my firſt liberation, to have attended the couch of my friend, who has ſuffered ſo much in endeavouring to ſerve me. I was indeed moſt unhappy that thou appearedſt not at the time appointed; but it was not an unhappineſs ariſing from a miſtruſt of thy friendſhip; but I was apprehenſive of the misfortune which I found by thy ſervant, who arrived the evening I was liberated, really happened to thee. Thou ſhouldſt not have attempted ſuch a journey in thy ſituation, my Bountly; for, odious as confinement acknowledgedly is, I would much ſooner have endured it till the next aſſizes, had I known thy real ſtate, than have preſſed thee to appear in my behalf. But my mind is relieved of its anxieties by thy letter of yeſterday, which informs me the fracture was again reduced the ſame day thy fall diſplaced it, and that it is now ſo far knit as to enable thee to be

about. The conſolation I derive from theſe tidings I truſt will ſoon enable me to be about likewiſe. O Bountly, accept my gratitude, accept my thanks; 'tis all the reward I can offer thee for thy generous intention: nor this need I offer; thou knoweſt it is thine, without the formality of a tender.

As to myſelf, I have been wonderfully delivered: but I will not trouble thee with a repetition of what thy ſervant has long ſince undoubtedly informed thee of. Nor do I think I have ſufficient recollection to give thee a ſuccinct detail of the circumſtances, if I would; for, at the *time*, my faculties were ſo overpowered, that, like the ſhootings of the north light, which I now behold from the window of my apartment, my ideas were loſt one in another ere the formation of either was complete. But 'tis paſt, and in the arms of the tendereſt affection my anxieties are huſhed aſleep. Yet I am ſtill much indiſpoſed—a languor

poſſeſſes me; and though I *ought* to be cheerful, I have not ſpirits to be ſo. I am not pleaſed with myſelf.

Captain Brudenell is here—he is my very good friend; his manners are rough, but his heart is tender. Education may modify the external to any copy; but the heart ſtill diſcovers through all an original diſpoſition. He is acquainted with my affection for Sylvia, and, happy Penſon! approves it. Happy? Not yet.—I ſaid truly, I am not pleaſed with myſelf. In Sylvia is compriſed every wiſh of my heart. She can make *me* as happy as I am capable of being. But can I render *her* ſo? Love and happineſs with me both depend on reciprocity. She loves—truly I believe it—I cannot doubt it. But how oft do we love that which by no means contributes to our ſatisfaction! She wiſhes me to be cheerful. Alas! habituated long to ſorrowful reflections, even my *mirth*, I doubt, henceforth will evermore appear with a penſive caſt on

on it, and the effuſions of my moſt exalted love burſt forth in ſighs; not truly now the ſighs of ſorrow, but the ſighs of habit. Sweet waters poured along a conduit where bitter ones have been uſed to run, cannot but be tinctured with bitterneſs: who then can flavour them? O Sylvia! I love thee moſt pathetically! Thou openedſt thy boſom to receive the ſuperflux of my woes; and was I not peculiarly fortunate in having ſuch a benign boſom to receive them? But for that benignity ſhall I confine thee to drink from a tainted ciſtern? Ungrateful! O no!

Sylvia—dear angel!—She ſtole on me unawares. I could not conceal from her what I was writing; and ſhe inſiſts that, as a confutation of my reaſonings, I give thee the lecture ſhe delivered me on a peruſal of them.

"Your delicacy miſleads your judg-

ment, dear Penſon," ſaid ſhe. "There is no accounting for taſte, except by ſaying, that different cauſes on different diſpoſitions may produce effects nearly ſimilar. Thus the ſmart claſh of hard bodies produces fire, and it is likewiſe produced by the gentle friction of ſoft ones. Vivacity, gaiety, aſſurance, the 'madneſs of ſuperfluous health,' are, I own, what moſtly attract the attention of the young female: but had Penſon been *ſuch*, Sylvia had never loſt a thought on him. For notwithſtanding the lively air I may have ſometimes aſſumed, my heartſtrings were ever tuned to a penſive key, therefore to the penſive only could they ever reſpond. *L'Allegro* has no charms for Sylvia. Shouldſt thou ever become *that*, then would ſhe loſe her love; for it was *Il Penſeroſo* that excited her affection. Thy melancholy thrilled through my ſoul; I envied the object of thy ſorrows. What a delicate affection had ſhe the happineſs to inſpire! thought I; and how

how does the heart wherein it was inſpired ſtill retain and cheriſh it! Pity for thy remedileſs griefs at length took place of envy, and 'pity ever is akin to love.' See now how frank I am obliged to be with you, in order to bring you in credit with yourſelf."

How generous! how ſweetly inſinuating!—But I will examine my heart yet farther. Poſſibly my ideas are too finely ſpun. Who can account for taſte? Perhaps Sylvia *can* be happy with Penſon: ſhe thinks ſo, and ſhe muſt be the beſt judge. But ſhould ſhe deceive herſelf?—Fancy is a wild thing. Why then Penſon would be, what he has long been, the child of ſorrow. Her fortune ſo ſuperior too—that is another thing that hurts me. To accept her I muſt appear both mercenary and ungrateful.

Betty Barnes has juſt left us. Worthy woman! how indefatigable has been her good will towards me! Captain Brudenell, who I told thee is here at his brother's, is much taken with her. Sylvia had been giving him ſome traits of her character.—"Why ay," ſaid he, "that's right; I like a hearty ſoul, whether man or woman: but ſplit me if one half of you land folks are not ſmoke-dried, like Lapland fiſh, till there's no nature in you."

At the concluſion of this ſpeech he caſt an arch eye on his brother, with whom I have ſince learned he had had a little altercation concerning Sylvia. But Miſs Brudenell, to draw his attention another way, explained on what occaſion Mrs. Barnes was with us; and gave ſuch a lively deſcription of her affection for me, that the old boy in a kind of waggiſh ecſtaſy exclaimed, "What! and haſt not kiſſed her for 't, Penſon? Why then, wench, look now, I'll be his ieutenant. Come, Bet, make a mouth—

a hearty

a hearty wench, faith! Why what wouldſt ſay to John Brudenell for a huſband? I want a nurſe to comfort my old timbers. What's ſay? Shan't fall out, doſt ſee, becauſe *thee* haſt a kind of yawing, doſt ſee, towards that tarpaulin there; for, faith, I don't know how it is, but the dog has come over my blind ſide plaguily."

"Your honour is pleaſed to joke," ſaid Betty.

"Joke! ay," ſaid the other—"life's all a joke; and the moſt ſerious man the moſt egregious joker. Look now, if in a gameſome mood I was to blow bubbles like a child, it would be taken as meant, and paſſed over with a ſilent ſmile by the lookers on: but was I to ſet about it *thus* (and he here mimicked the ſerious attitude of his brother), and make a matter of moment of it, why the whole world would laugh out. For inſtance now, here's my brother——." Happily we were here interrupted by the arrival of ſome gentlemen,

other-

otherwiſe perhaps we had found our ſeats grow uneaſy; for the captain ſeemed as much piqued with his brother, as pleaſed with Betty.

Mr. Brudenell is certainly not ſatisfied with his niece's conduct; yet it having the ſanction of the captain, he don't like to come to an open rupture. This affair affects me, for he has been a kind kinſman and punctual guardian to her. I muſt caſt about for ſome means of conciliating his eſteem; for, well as I love Sylvia, I cannot think of encouraging her to diſobedience, in order to gratify that love. The guardian, where the character is properly ſupported, is in my eſtimation collateral with a parent.

I have heard Mr. Brudenell is a very ingenious mechanic, and often amuſes himſelf by exerciſing his abilities in the conſtruction of various curioſities. It is no new obſervation this, that where one man can render himſelf ſubſervient to the *amuſe-*

ment

ment of another, he will gain his favour ſooner than by doing him an eſſential ſervice. Thou kneweſt Bill Bluffe—a haughtier being never exiſted. Yet I knew him *hey fellow all* with a tinker. And why? The tinker ſhewed him a neat method of brazing a ferrule; and Bill valued himſelf as a genius in the ſhaping a pretty walking-ſtick. Now who knows but by ſome ſuch means I may be able to ingratiate myſelf into the favour of Mr. Brudenell, as I am not totally unſkilled myſelf in his favourite purſuit?

Mr. Barclaim, an attorney, whom I remember to have ſeen at a Mr. Selby's at L——, has been to ſpend an evening with us by Mr. Brudenell's invitation. He was the perſon whoſe evidence acquitted me. I believe I mentioned ſomething of him in a former letter, though I knew not then his name. I could not now but obſerve the difference of his carriage towards me. When I was in his company at the ſhop-

keeper's

keeper's at L——, he was barely civil: he is now obſequious. Seeing me at home, under the roof of one of the firſt men in the town, he concludes me a man of fortune. O wealth! how ſupreme thy influence! Mortifying to a ſenſible mind, that even merit muſt receive its currency from thee.

Barclaim has been uſing many arguments to perſuade me to bring an action againſt the attorney's clerk, for the recovery of a few guineas which his minions pilfered me of when I was firſt apprehended. There is ſomething extremely incongruous, as it appears to me, in the means of redreſs afforded by law.

Society was formed for the ſecurity of perſon and property: if either is injured, ought not that ſociety to ſee to it that reſtitution be made? And does it not?—How? I loſe my property: the courts of juſtice are open to hear my complaint; they hear it, and puniſh the offender. But what avails

it

it me? I was in the firſt inſtance injured, and to bring the offender to juſtice perhaps ruins me quite; whilſt on that ruin which waylaid me in my ſearch for redreſs, ſociety looks with an indifferent eye. Now wherein is ſuch a ſociety preferable to a ſtate of nature? If I ſuffer in a wrong cauſe, what ſatisfaction does it make me? Suffer!—O Bountly! nothing is equal to the heart-wounding ſenſations of a perſon wrongfully accuſed; and yet, excruciating as they are, nothing is thought of by ſociety as a recompence for them. If the accuſed can acquit himſelf, he is thought ſufficiently lucky. No honorary teſtimonal that innocence had been injured in him conſoles for the obloquy he has ſuſtained, and which a bare acquittal hardly ever wipes off. "Proſecute the villains; you have a fair occaſion: though they miſſed your life, they poſſeſs your property; make them refund." What, and diſburſe three times the value of ſuch refundment in procuring it? Noble redreſs,

dreſs, truly!—No, I'll no proſecution; the event at beſt would be only taking the money from one rogue, and giving it to another. Farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

London.

AH! I have ſeen my ſiſter: at length have I been conſcious of a fraternal embrace. Thou canſt not think, Bountly, how much my heart was ſet upon it. When I have ſometimes been witneſs to the free effuſions of ſiſterly love; when I have ſeen the truly pure affection of a ſuſceptible ſiſter for a favourite brother, anxious for his welfare, rejoicing in his joy, partaking or mitigating his grief—oh, have I often ſighed, oh that I had a ſiſter!

There

There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo endearing, in the idea of a ſiſter, that I always envied the brother who was bleſt with one. Such a one, let whatſoever may diſcompoſe him, has ſtill a friend, a heart intereſted in his concerns, in whom to repoſe a confidence, and from whom to hope comfort: for ſympathy, dear friend, is comfort to the diſtreſſed.

I cannot form an idea ſo *very* tender of a brother; for however men may love one another, yet there is a ſort of pride in them which prevents them from being abſolutely frank with each other on certain ſubjects. Whatever they feel, they are ſtrangely afraid of diſcovering too much ſenſibility, leſt they ſhould appear weak. Like game cocks, whatever ſmart they endure, they ſtill ſtrut at their fellows, and affect to diſregard their ſufferings. Not ſo to dear commiſerating woman. There, as a patient in the arms of his nurſe, the hero lays open his complaints, and receives for every ſorrow

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the balm of a ſigh. Beſides, methinks the defenceleſs and expoſed ſituation of her ſex muſt endear a ſiſter to a brother, even as its weakneſs and inability either to ſuſtain or defend itſelf endears a child to its parent.

With theſe ideas have I lamented a ſiſter's loſs; with theſe ideas have I fought and again diſcovered her. But, ah! religion, Bountly, like the cold drop in the ſteam-engine, is certainly a great condenſer of ſenſibility. Whilſt my heart bounded from my boſom at the ſight of my ſiſter, hers methought (except by a little ſurpriſe) remained unmoved, or rather recoiled from my approach. But ſhe left me oddly: ſhe certainly muſt have conceived ſome diſguſt.

I found her where I expected, in the Moravian ſiſters houſe, as they call it. But I will be more particular.

I arrived in London three days ago in company with Miſs Brudenell (who has de-

deferred her journey to G—), and her uncle the captain; who together with Miſs Brudenell are now on a viſit to a Mrs. Wenmore, a widow ſiſter of the captain's.

Immediately after my arrival I went to Fetter-lane, to deliver my credentials to the Moravian miniſter, and enquire for my ſiſter.

I cannot here but obſerve one thing which (led by obſervation to enquiry) I have learned concerning theſe people; and that is, that their place of worſhip, the reſidence of their miniſter, and their *choir-houſes* are generally contiguous, or as near together as poſſible. This, perhaps, is a reſult of that ſnugneſs of character I have before noticed of this ſect, as well as a convenience for attending their variety of meetings, which on a Sunday, or a church feſtival day (of which they keep many), are as numerous as the hours; in ſhort, on ſuch occaſions they are in and out of their chapels all day long: for as they have a variety of

degrees in their connection, ſo for every degree they have ſeparate meetings; as thus:—The preaching—free to all parties: the *ſociety* meeting—for members of their ſociety; that is, for friends who frequent their place of worſhip, and lead orderly lives: theſe are admitted, if I may ſo phraſe it, to worſhip in the *outer court.*—Their *congregation meetings*—for thoſe who enter more into the ſpirit of their doctrines and conſtitution: theſe are the worſhippers in the *inner court*; but this court is not the *Sanctum Sanctorum.* There is yet another claſs ſuperior to theſe, and theſe are called *communicants.* For all theſe there are particular meetings; and beſides theſe, every choir (as they phraſe it) has its different aſſembly: viz. children, great boys, great girls, ſingle, married, widows, and even other diſtinctions, which I cannot diſtinguiſh. In ſhort, I cannot but wonder at their great variety of regulation. Intricate machines, they ſay, are often apt to grow

out of order. Moravianiſm is truly intricate: yet whatever may have been the caſe formerly, its profeſſors ſeem *now* to have got the art of mending its imperfections ere the world can notice them.—And now I proceed.

I waited on the miniſter (for there is no getting a reſpectable footing among theſe people, unleſs one firſt gains the favour of the miniſter; and then the houſes and hearts of all are open to one): he read my letters, entertained me with a friendly politeneſs, and then ſaid he would accompany me to the *ſiſters houſe*, that my eyes might diſcover whether or not the Caritas Mahud there reſiding, and my ſiſter, were the ſame perſon.

We went: he entered without ceremony, and led me to a room where ſeveral ſiſters were at work.—Cary (Iſabella I ſhould ſay) met my eyes—my heart recognized her look: I darted to her, and claſped her in my arms.

"My Cary, my Iſabella, my ſiſter!"

The women were all in confuſion. I had overſet their tambour frame: beſide, I conſidered not at that time that my warmth muſt have alarmed their ſtrictly diſciplined modeſty.—Forms, Bountly! I cannot endure them; they fetter the freedoms of the heart. But I ſtill held Iſabella to my breaſt, who neither repelled nor returned my embrace.

"Iſabella! ſiſter! What, not acknowledge me?"

"La, Mr. Penſon! who could have thought———"

Mr Penſon!—How cold, Bountly! She, however (her ſurpriſe abating), took my hand; ſaid ſhe had much to account for, that ſhe did not expect to ſee me, but was however glad to ſee me ſo well. Thus compoſed, thus diſtant, were her gratulations: yet, methought, ſhe turned pale.—O Religion! canſt thou thus moderate the tranſports of ſenſibility in *every* breaſt?—

Then

Then happy would be thy effect on mine; for though they ſometimes afford me exquiſite delight, yet more frequently they yield me the acuteſt pain.

But wherefore glance I on religion? The cauſe of her compoſed deportment may be a very different one. Who knows what may have been her ſufferings!—The cuſtoms of the weſtern ſavages afford us a proof that the ſkin oft ſcarified will at length become callous even to a degree of inſenſibility: quære, may not repeated misfortunes have the ſame effect on the mind?—Dear Iſabella! why is thy heart ſo cloſe locked againſt thy brother? Alas! what did he that could induce thee to leave him as thou didſt? Thoſe melancholy lines of thine too—"Now myſelf I'd bury, in his grave-clothes dreſs'd"—what can they allude to?—I have hinted at misfortune ſeveral times to her; but ſhe ſeems not to underſtand me; and ſhe ſeems to avoid every opportunity of entering on a detail

of particulars. At the firſt interview, indeed, I hinted at nothing; my heart was overflowing with the tendereſt ſenſations: but her ſtoiciſm hurt me. After the firſt minute I looked round, and ſaw the diſorder my abrupt behaviour had occaſioned among the ſiſterhood, who ſeemed to gaze on the ſcene half ſurpriſed and half aſhamed; but without any caſt of countenance that denoted a ſympathy either for one or the other of us. I was about to recollect myſelf, and apologize; when the eye of a pretty modeſt-looking girl, to appearance about fifteen, caught my attention. She had ſidled round to where Iſabella was ſitting; and now coming cloſe, and leaning over her chair, with a tone that intimated more than ſhe ſpoke, ſaid—"Your brother, Caritas! Dear ſiſter, how happy!"—The tone was in concert with my feelings: they wanted ſuch a reſponſe.

"Pretty dear! would *you* be happy on ſuch an occaſion?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Oh then I'll be *your* brother too. You call Caritas ſiſter; you ſhall be both *my* ſiſters."

And I took a hand of each, and preſſed them to my lips.

There are moments, Bountly, when I am a fool: this was one. I perceived my folly. The ſiſters were leaving the room, fearful, I ſuppoſe, leſt I ſhould pollute them all with my kiſſes.—No, ſiſters, no. However pretty your faces, however delicate your prim lips, ye are ſafe from my touch! Features lighted up by ſenſibility; eyes that expreſs the emotions of the heart in the livelineſs of their firſt exiſtence, have alone the power to throw Penſon off his wonted circumſpection.—Pretty child! how amiable is the deportment of native ſenſibility! But it is neceſſary perhaps in this world to ſubmit to the trammels of art.

The miniſter, who, from what I have ſince learned, is a man of good ſenſe and

tolerable erudition, ſoon interrupted us, but with no ill-timed auſterity (for good ſenſe is the ſame thing in every perſuaſion; weak heads only eſtimate mole-hills as mountains). Good-ſenſe and erudition, I ſaid. Why ay—and this, methinks, ſets at nought the generally received opinion, that the leaders of thoſe ſects, called in the lump enthuſiaſts, muſt be either knaves or fools. That this man is no fool, one half hour's converſation would effectually convince one; and neither my heart nor my judgment will ſuffer me to think him a knave. — No, I really and verily think (contradictory as it may ſeem) that, with all his good-ſenſe, he truly and indeed believes the doctrines he teaches, however abſurd ſome of them may be deemed; ſuch as that of particular inſpiration, for inſtance. But as this doctrine, among ſome others, is, methinks, a point too tender to be touched by the oppoſing hand of a *chriſtian*, though it obtruded itſelf to

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my recollection, I ſhall avoid to handle it. It is ſufficient for my ſatisfaction that the man of whom I am ſpeaking *affects* not to hold forth falſe colours; *he* believes them true ones, and therein he is honeſt.—No, he is certainly no knave; and if he be mad, like Don Quixote, 'tis only on one ſubject; or, as Hamlet ſays, when the wind is north-north-eaſt.—But I think I have expreſſed myſelf on theſe ſubjects before more largely; therefore ſhall only ſay here, that this gentleman interrupted our—*converſation*—I was going to ſay (but there was nothing paſſed deſerving the name), by obſerving that Cary, or more properly Iſabella, was hardly herſelf at preſent; and that it would be better to leave her awhile, and go with him till ſhe ſhould be more collected.

I acquieſced the more readily, becauſe my ſiſter's feelings were not in uniſon with my own.—I was diſappointed in the hopes of a pleaſure I had long anticipated. We

are

are generally ſo, I think, of expected pleaſures. Providence is kind in not giving us too much foreſight, both as it regards pleaſure and pain.

I have been in the company of this ſiſter of mine ſeveral times ſince our firſt interview; but, alas! though ſhe is the perſon, ſhe is not the *ſiſter* I expected to find. She puzzles me—diſappointment almoſt produces diſpleaſure. She repoſes ſo much confidence in her ſpiritual brothers and ſiſters, that ſhe has none to repoſe with her natural one. She is ſo totally religious, that ſhe ſeems to have no ideas for any thing elſe. She turns every thing I ſtart to that point, ſo that in truth ſhe bewilders me. Or if I perſiſt, as I ſometimes have, in ſpite of her endeavours to the contrary, to direct my diſcourſe to the ſubject of former things, ſhe ſtops me ſhort by obſerving,

ing, that 'tis time loſt to dwell *on old things that are paſſed* away, *as all things are become new.* Then, if I hint at what may have been her unhappineſs, ſhe owns in general terms that ſhe has been *troubled*; but that now *her anchor is caſt on a rock where it will ever reſt*; and concludes with wiſhing me to partake her happineſs by *embracing* the goſpel.—The goſpel, Bountly! Why, I thought I had embraced it. But whilſt ſome think me too much a chriſtian, my ſiſter will not allow me to be ſo at all. She wiſhes to ſee my heart *awakened.* Good Heaven! I think for ſome years paſt it has ſeldom ſlept: but, alas! ſhe condemns my ſenſibilities as the ſinful workings of nature. —Thoſe pathetic verſes could never be hers—

> "On his peaceful breaſt
> Now myſelf I'd bury,
> In his grave-clothes dreſt."

No, theſe could never be hers: ſhe is all apathy;

apathy; nature is truly dead within her.—Condemn my ſenſibilities as ſinful!—How? What duty do they tempt me to break? Rather, what duty do they not incite me to fulfil? But my breaſt is only to be touched with heavenly things! Truly, I think I feel that touch too ſometimes, and never more than when I reflect on the topic ſhe recommends to my meditation, viz. the ſalvation of man, or rather the means of that ſalvation. But whilſt I agonize with a ſuffering Redeemer, methinks I am pleaſed to find *my* heart emulate *his* in its diſtinguiſhing character, tenderneſs and ſympathy.

I have never mentioned the verſes to her; for I ſoon diſcovered they could not be hers by her manner. She can only have copied them on ſome occaſion.

But then her elopement juſt as our affinity was diſcovered.—To this point I have never been able, with all my induſtry, to bring her; but ſhe ſays I ſhall know all ere long.

The

The only thing I have yet poſitively learned of her is, that ſhe is going to be married; and this ſhe informed me of with as much indifference as though ſhe had only mentioned an intention of going to dinner. I did not hear it with the ſame ſtoiciſm.

"Married, dear ſiſter! To whom?"

"Brother L——, a German."

(The Moravians, Bountly, make no national diſtinctions; an European, an Aſiatic, and an American, they reckon only as three brothers born of the ſame parent, in different climes. To this I have no objection; national diſtinctions are illiberal.)

"But this deſtined brother of mine, dear Iſabella—tell me where I may embrace him!"

Gueſs my aſtoniſhment, Bountly, if it be poſſible, when I found ſhe herſelf had never ſeen him.

"Never ſeen him, ſiſter! Why, how do you know that you——"

"O Mr. Penſon! how unknown to you is

is the happineſs of having all falſe affections rooted out of the heart, of having no will of one's own! Beſides, as we partake all of the ſame ſpirit, I may ſay we have all but one ſoul; and then what choice is required where all is alike? No, I conſider myſelf as clay in the hands of the potter, to be done with as he pleaſes."

"Who? what potter?" cried I aſtoniſhed, and without giving myſelf time to reflect.

She pointed to heaven.

Married, and know not to whom! Well, of all things this is moſt ſurpriſing!—But I have ſince learned this is no uncommon caſe among this people. Childlikeneſs, as I obſerved to thee once before, is their darling principle; but methinks this is beneath childlikeneſs. Beaſts are ſatisfied, male and female, with each other, without the idea of choice: but man is indued with ſomething that requires more than the mere gratification of ſenſe. It is not merely the ſex that he deſires; for that deſire which

which is ſatisfied with mere ſex, I call *luſt:* but among the ſex there is generally ſome particular object to which his heart, his affection is drawn. This diſtinction of objects, unknown to brutes, and only vouchſafed to man, would I call *love.* This is one of the marking characters of *man*; and if it be a ſin to exerciſe this faculty (or rather to ſubmit to the exerciſe of it), his reaſon is equally a ſin; and to be completely holy on this plan, he muſt get rid of both, and herd with beaſts. — No, Bountly; however pious the intention, that which thwarts the neceſſary lead of nature, cannot be right: religion may correct, but ſhould not deſtroy.

But Cary (Iſabella I ſhould ſay) uſed to be remarkable for quick ſenſations; and is it not wonderful ſhe ſhould now be ſo metamorphoſed?

The conſtitution of man is ſubject to revolutions both corporeal and mental: ſome are brought about gradually; but a ſudden

ſhock

ſhock either of the body or mind more generally produces them. In religious caſes ſuch revolutions are moſtly attributed to ſomething ſupernatural: in ſome inſtances I would not diſpute this; but frequently, I doubt, could we ſearch to the bottom, we ſhould find it originate in a common cauſe. I wiſh I could ſearch deeper into my ſiſter: ſhe has however promiſed to account for her behaviour to me ere long.

Why, Bountly, thoſe verſes, the melancholy tenor of which has at once ſo puzzled me, and excited my commiſeration, are a religious effuſion! and I know no one ſo likely (conſidering them as ſuch) to be their author as Iſabella: they are certainly hers. Her paſſions are certainly as lively as ever; but their ſtreams have taken a romantic turn, I think; they work up hill, even to heaven. But if the figure would not be too much ſtrained, I would ſay, that,

from

from their natural gravitation they work upward ſo heavily, that they appear in a ſtate of ſtagnation.

Truly, Bountly, they are religious verſes! But ſuch figures, ſuch expreſſions, were ſurely never before applied in devotion. And yet there is ſomething in them that affects me. I can form a crude idea of the imagination being worked up to ſuch a kind of melancholy piety. They muſt have been penned during a convulſion of the ſoul, proceeding from a too great degree of devout ſenſibility.

I have before ſaid that education and reflection have ſpoiled me for a Moravian. Otherwiſe, perhaps, I had penned ſuch verſes myſelf; for I never find expreſſions adequate to my feelings: and often wrapped in a kind of wild gloom that comes over me, though I would fain expreſs my ſituation, I can ſeldom find a trope ſufficiently

ſignificant whereby to repreſent it. This perhaps, were religion my theme, would lead me to uſe language not ſufficiently pure. But I will tell thee how I diſcovered theſe verſes to be religious ones.

I called at Fetter-lane this morning, to ſee my ſiſter. She was not at home—ſhe was at Mr. ———'s, the miniſter's. Thither I repaired, where I found *her*, the miniſter's wife, the miniſter, and a fourth perſon, ſitting in the parlour: they had each of them a ſmall card or ticket in their hands. On my ſiſter's lap lay a neat ſmall box or caſe, that contained many more of thoſe cards or tickets, and which concealed all but the ends of them. I was received, as I ever am by them, with cordiality: but I was hardly ſeated, when my ſiſter preſented me the box that lay on her lap; ſaying, "Bro-"ther, will you have a *bleſſing?*"—The expreſſion made me ſtare, I believe; for the miniſter, taking the box out of her hand, ſaid, "Dear ſiſter Iſabel, the fulneſs of

your heart dictates to your tongue language which muſt to your brother be incomprehenſible."—Then turning to me, he ſaid, "Sir, ſuch a compoſition of ſenſuality and ſpirituality is man, that even religion, to effect its end, muſt ſuit itſelf to their harmony. The mind, perpetually ruminating on ſpiritual abſtractions, grows languid, and requires the aid of ſenſe to quicken it. To this end, both in our meetings and dwellings, we allow every thing that can, without offence, by ſtriking the one, enliven the other. Even to the article of amuſement we purſue this idea; for it muſt follow, from what I have ſaid, that we acknowledge the neceſſity of amuſement. Among other things which we have adapted in this line (while we reject the amuſements of the world, as too often having a vicious tendency), is this of drawing cards; on which, if you draw one, you will ſee is written a text of ſcripture, and a little poe-

tical effuſion. A variety of little innocent conceits may be produced from ſuch a ſcheme, to amuſe a ſimple heart: but the moſt general one with us is, to obſerve how aptly ſometimes the texts will fall in with our circumſtances, or with what may happen to be paſſing in our minds."

The miniſter ſpoke like a ſenſible chriſtian; but my ſiſter is an enthuſiaſt in the moſt extravagant ſenſe of the word. I have ſeen none among this people, I think, ſo rapt as ſhe is. But I digreſs.

I drew a card: the text I forget (it related to the interment of our Redeemer); for the verſe under it engaged all my attention. It began thus: "I'm bound faſt with his dear grave-clothes platted."—I hardly read farther: the coincidence of the idea with that in the verſes of my ſiſter, ſtruck me; and I was now no longer at a loſs to gueſs their purport. In looking farther among the cards, I found a variety of verſes con-

containing expreſſions of the ſame caſt; and I think theſe people are fond of giving their ſentiments this uncommon colouring.

Did I tell thee I had introduced Sylvia to my ſiſter? She is much better pleaſed with her than I am. Ah! did I ever think ſuch an expreſſion would eſcape me of a *ſiſter!* But Sylvia's expectations were not raiſed like mine, and conſequently ſhe feels not my diſappointment. To be ſo abſtracted from the things of time as is my ſiſter, may be great, but 'tis not amiable. Were it not that Sylvia is more than a ſiſter to me, I ſhould be quite impatient with her. Yet I feel, dearly feel, ſhe is my ſiſter, my *own* ſiſter; for, like me, ſhe cannot be moderate in that which engages her affections. Heaven engages hers entirely, even to abſorption.—But oh, from my own feelings, let me form an excuſe for my ſiſter's.

Captain Brudenell is gone to Greenwich, on a viſit to an old brother officer. When he returns, we go to Wales, to viſit another ſiſter of the captain's; and then——But oh, Bountly! how can I think of it, indigent as I am in compariſon with Miſs Brudenell! Beſides, I have yet had no opportunity of conciliating her guardian's approbation; and to enter the family under ſuch diſadvantages———. Yet how can I give her up? She now conſtitutes my every hope of earthly felicity; and would it not be as much ingratitude to Providence to refuſe the tender of ſo choice a boon, as to the dear angel herſelf to ſink her below her ſphere? 'Tis a point I would wiſh to balance; but perhaps I am too nice.

Methinks, Bountly, I feel in my boſom two kinds of love for the ſame perſon, which I would diſtinguiſh, as the grammarians of ſome languages do their verbs, by the terms of active and reflective. My *reflective* love, or that which affects myſelf, and

and is made up of ſelf conſiderations, ſuch as the poſſeſſion of ſuch a lovely object as Miſs Brudenell, the being united to ſuch a faithful friend, &c. ſtimulates me ſtrongly to ſuch a union: but my *active* love, as it affects its object, which it holds too dear to injure by a connection ſo inadequate as a connection with myſelf, as ſtrongly checks the impetus of my deſires. If theſe terms appear a ſoleciſm to thee, Bountly, thou wilt excuſe them on theſe grounds, that they are adopted by one who is a ſoleciſm to himſelf. I think a good deal on this ſubject; but till I can better adjuſt my ſentiments, I cannot ſuffer myſelf to indulge in all thoſe delicious endearments which Miſs Brudenell's amiable tenderneſs ſeems to proffer me, and which my heart ſo languiſhes to indulge in. Beſides (for I tell thee all my weakneſs; at leaſt I addreſs it to thee, though much I refrain to trouble thee with, even after I have written)—beſides thoſe obſtructions to my happineſs

pineſs which I have above related, and which are however palpable enough to be reaſoned on, I have others which impede me, that will not bear the touch of reaſon at all. In fact, I am become a mere old woman, whimſical by day, and a viſionary by night; or, more explicitly ſpeaking, peſtered with dreams in my ſlumbers, whoſe effects I cannot ſhake off in my waking hours. Strange, that at this juncture, when Providence vouchſafes a little to open my proſpects, imagination ſhould be ſo peculiarly buſy to overcloud them! Yet ſo it is. Scarcely can I cloſe my eyes but my long loſt Linny preſents herſelf before me: with an exquiſite but gloomy ardour I embrace her, when, lo! I find a Sylvia in my arms; and ere I can recover from the ſurpriſe occaſioned by the mutation, behold the illuſion is again Linny. Then I feel as though conſcious of having offended. Linny eyes me, methinks, with a kind of tender reprehenſion; but before I can

ſoothe

ſoothe her diſpleaſure, Sylvia again appears, as witneſſing my blandiſhments—Linny and Sylvia both, Bountly! I gaze on them with a kind of affectionate horror. I awake, and conſole myſelf with the idea that 'twas but the magic of fancy. —What, Bountly, find conſolation in the idea that Linny, my once dear, my ever dear Linny, exiſts but in fancy! Oh thou canſt not think what convulſive ſenſations now rack my boſom!

Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

P——, in Suſſex.

O BOUNTLY, Sylvia muſt be mine! Providence ſeems determined to cure me of my frowardneſs, by adapting itſelf to my humour; and, by removing one obſtacle after another, to leave nothing whereat my delicacy may ſtumble.

I can now look up to Sylvia with ſome degree of confidence. Her tenderneſs, though I ſtill feel myſelf equally obliged to it, yet I am obliged to it *now* not by that kind of obligation which is humiliating. My heart ſeems eaſed of a burthen; ſomething ſeems to have looſened my tongue; it can now ſay, "Sylvia, I love thee," without the ungracious ſtammer of conſcious unworthineſs. Wealth, thou canſt inſinuate a kind of aſſurance into the breaſt of

of diffidence itſelf. Heretofore, Bountly, I felt myſelf like a man who, though he haply have gold about him, is conſcious of its being deficient in weight. He ſees good bargains proffered, he longs to purchaſe; yet foregoes the advantage rather than expoſe himſelf by tendering light caſh.

Wealth gives weight to merit where it is, and creates a paſſable counterfeit of it where it is wanting. But truly, were I conſcious of poſſeſſing much merit, I ſhould now be vexed under the conviction that riches had procured me that in a moment which merit hitherto could never attain; or, in other words, that I can be eſteemed for my poſſeſſions, but never for myſelf. For my merit is mine, my own peculiar ſelf; my wealth a mere adjunct.

Mr. Brudenell congratulates me, is my very good friend, wiſhes an alliance, ſpeaks largely of his intentions in his niece's favour, &c. No, Sir, Penſon's heart is too great.

Not

Not a farthing of *yours*. I can now ſupport my Sylvia in elegance without your aſſiſtance. *Erewhile* Penſon was unworthy your alliance; *now* your gift is unworthy his acceptance. My heart cannot forget your diſapprobation of the *poor* Penſon. My heart! Proud heart, recollect thyſelf! Brudenell never injured thee; he intereſted himſelf for Penſon's life; he was never *his enemy*; but he was *Sylvia's friend*. Make that diſtinction, and Brudenell muſt ſtand acquitted.

Rupees in the eaſt, the wampum in the weſt, and with us a uſeleſs material, to which we have affixed an ideal value, no more intrinſic than the thin paper which is ſometimes its repreſentative, gives a man weight in the balance of ſociety, and brings him not only in credit with his fellows, but with himſelf. I feel at this moment the effect of this adjunctive conſequence: but is it not a kind of moral dropſy, which, while it gives one a portlineſs, is

per-

perhaps ſapping the conſtitution ?—I will phyſic it.

Thou haſt ſometimes heard me mention my couſin Goodwin, to whom my uncle, in a fit of diſpleaſure with my father, bequeathed his eſtates, and which bequeſt the ſuddenneſs of his death prevented his revoking. This kinſman, of whom I had very little knowledge, except by name, ſent for me ſome days ago: the letter found me in London. I haſtened to him—I found him in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, but perfectly ſenſible and collected.

"Couſin," ſaid he, "I never felt the prejudice of education ſtronger than at this moment: but it is owing to the debility of ebbing nature. Nevertheleſs, be it owing to what it will, I muſt humour it. I never offended you: yet conſcious of being the cauſe of offence, I cannot think of leaving the world without being in charity with all men, and you in particular: and though I have no great faith in the doctrine of fu-

ture

ture rewards and puniſhments, yet a certain natural juſtice urges me to make you a reſtitution of that which petulance only gave me."—This unexpected diſcourſe, thou mayſt think, Bountly, did not a little ſurpriſe me.

"Sir," ſaid I, "you diſtreſs me; you have children, Sir, and——"

"No affected objections, couſin," interrupted he: "my children have enough."

But I will not trouble thee, Bountly, with the particulars of our converſation, which was long and deſultory. His principles (as I ſuſpected from that part of his diſcourſe which I have repeated, and more plainly diſcovered from the ſubſequent parts) were thoſe of a free thinker. He doubted every thing his reaſon could not comprehend.

'Tis better, in caſes that at laſt cannot be aſcertained, to reaſon too little than too much.

My couſin afforded me a melancholy proof

proof of this : for not being able to comprehend its ways, not being able to account for them without recurring to revelation, which he rejected, he was ever murmuring at Providence, and arraigning it at the bar of reaſon for cruelty, more eſpecially as it regarded himſelf and his diſeaſe. Yet he appears to have been a man of no vicious bias, but one whom one could eſteem.

He was laid on his pallet the day before that on which he expired. A time-piece ſtood oppoſite him ; it was out of order : it led him to a variety of compariſon and melancholy reflection ; and it was admirable with what plauſibility he ſet forth his complaints againſt the cruelty of providential diſpenſation. His complaints, and the intereſting ſituation he was in, affected me ; it even now affects me. Let me ſketch to thee, as a contraſt to the dying Chriſtian,

The

The Dying Philoſopher.

STRETCH'D on the liſtleſs couch of pale diſeaſe,
A faulty time-piece clicking feebly by,
Thus ſigh'd the ſick, whilſt o'er the ſlow degrees
Of pain's long minutes glanc'd his languid eye:

"Oh that, like this imperfect piece of art,
"This frail machine that marks my heavy hours,
"My pulſes beat! that ſteel compos'd my heart,
"And braſs unthinking all my thinking pow'rs!

"For why, endued with faculties to muſe
"Scarcely ſufficient o'er my outward frame,
"Should I attempt to ſcan th' Almighty's views,
"Or blame his ſkill who made me what I am?

"If cheerful health's ſmooth progreſs aught impede,
"If nature's curious work defective be,
"Let him the fault who form'd my ſtructure heed:
"Ah! why ſhould nature's errors intereſt me?

"This toy, unconſcious of its motion, goes
"Or ſtops; alike unheedful why or where:
"Itſelf its maker's excellence nor knows,
"Cenſures his art, or mourns his want of care.

"Whilſt

" Whilſt I, myſelf a like machine, preſume
" To ſit in judgment on omniſcient ſkill;
" To tax with cruelty my Maker's doom,
" To doubt his pow'r, or murmur at his will.

" Why doſt thou tantalize me thus? I cry;
" Why point to joy, yet plunge me deep in woe?
" Why play'ſt thou ever in man's wiſhful eye
" Thoſe gifts, alas! thou mean'ſt not to beſtow?

" Or why his cup with pleaſure doſt thou fill,
" If but to daſh it from his hand again?
" Like a teas'd child, man ſobs and ſorrows ſtill
" For loſt delights, or joys he can't obtain.

" The earthly ſire his helpleſs offspring ſpares,
" Nor gives to torture what his love begot;
" Heaven's child alone its parent's rancour bears,
" Pain its ſad portion, grief its hapleſs lot.

" Lo, here—emerg'd, alas! from time's dark womb
" T' inherit ſorrow, to poſſeſs a ſigh—
" I graft a life which withers o'er the tomb,
" With hope predeſtin'd in deſpair to die.

" Oh why, a compound of unceaſing ſtrife,
" Was form'd my nature ſtill to be diſtreſs'd?
" In the great ocean of eternal life
" Why found not my ſmall drop eternal reſt?

" If better thou this fabric *couldſt* not build,
" Where was thy *mercy* when thou badſt me live?
" But, oh! how cruel if thy *will* withheld
" The only bleſſing worthy thee to give!

" Even Happineſs, who, conſort of high heaven,
" Vouchſafes no ſmile to lighten earth's diſtreſs;
" Stern malediction, that to him has given
" Who mourns for health, to mourn for happineſs!

" Life! ruthleſs Donor! 'tis a weary load,
" Uſeleſs to all, and wretchedneſs to me.
" To what thou gav'ſt, this being, ill beſtow'd,
" Add health, add eaſe, or bid me ceaſe to be.

" Thus, even as he who on the craggy ſteep
" Ponder'd the wonders of th' inſurgent wave,
" Till, loſt in thought, he plung'd into the deep,
" In reaſoning loſt, I hurry to the grave.

" Yet let not wrath, Oh Mighty One! commence
" Againſt a worm toſs'd on affliction's flood!
" Who but thyſelf inſpir'd me with the ſenſe
" Of natural evil, or of moral good?

" Nor ſhould I of thy dealings e'er complain,
" But that thou breath'ſt quick life thro' ev'ry pore,
" Life that ſhrinks trembling from the gripe of pain,
" Compell'd to groan when wiſhing to adore.

" Writhing

" Writhing beneath adverſity's keen ſcourge,
" Haply the puniſhment of playful youth,
" May not the aged ſufferer juſtly urge,
" Why gav'ſt thou reaſon, if ſo ſlow of growth?

" Or wouldſt thou him condemn, who (tho' he rate
" Abſurd the worth of ſupernatural things,
" Or falſely count the ſtroke of myſtic fate,
" Yet) moves alone by heaven's own tempering
" ſprings?

" Bear with me then: for could I reaſon *wrong*,
" If thou to reaſon *right* hadſt me *deſign'd*?
" Man, like a glow-worm, darkly gropes along,
" Whilſt late experience lights his path behind.

" But whither tends my vain adventurous pray'r?
" Where will my woe-wild ſoul obtrude her moan?
" Preſuming and irreverent is deſpair;
" Reproach its reaſoning, and its pray'r a groan.

" Yet deign me this:—My Maker! when did I
" Demand of thee this body I poſſeſs?
" Or what is my offence? that I may try
" By deep contrition to obtain redreſs.

" Alas! I am unwiſh'd-for what I am,
" O'erburthen'd with a gift unaſk'd, unſought;
" Yet throbs my heart to bear it void of blame:
" But, ah! I err, not knowing what I ought.

" Inſcrutable art thou, myſterious God!
" Deep thy deſigns, and pathleſs as the ſea:
" Thou tread'ſt me, like a reptile, on the clod,
" Mak'ſt me remonſtrate, yet derid'ſt my plea.

" Oh rather cruſh me; let me ſink to reſt;
" Vouchſafe to all my woes their final cure:
" Or, if no ſofter pity touch thy breaſt,
" Grant me, oh grant me patience to endure."

Thus, as immur'd within a dungeon's gloom,
Where pants pale ſilence, of itſelf afraid,
The ſentenc'd culprit, trembling o'er his doom,
Extends vain wiſhes whither hope ne'er ſtray'd;

In bootleſs muſings, meted out with ſighs,
Death's deſtin'd victim did the drear hours ſpend;
Thought roſe on thought, as Alps on Alps ariſe,
And of his reas'ning plaint appear'd no end.

And now the day-dawn from the purple eaſt
Thro' the dimm'd windows caſt a doubtful ray;
Around the ſick his little offspring preſs'd,
Eager the tribute of the morn to pay.

O'er him in hopeleſs expectation hung
Th' attentive partner of his reſtleſs bed.
He look'd—'twas all; for miſery fix'd his tongue,
And on his pillow ſunk his dying head.

The

The big tear trickling down his pallid cheek,
Impaſſion'd life's laſt effort for relief,
Alone a long, long farewel did beſpeak
At once to all his pain and all his grief.

Thus reaſoned, thus repined, and thus expired, the man who, had his faculties not attempted ſubjects to which human powers muſt ever be unequal, had been an ornament to chriſtianity: for it ſeems he was of that happy natural temperament which is propitious to every virtue. But he had early imbibed the principles of ſcepticiſm, which all his life after involved him in a labyrinth of uncertainties, and ſadly gloomed over his latter hours.

What a fatality, my friend, that a man ſhould all his life labour ſtrenuouſly to undermine that which could only ſupport him in the hour of death!—Reaſon! know thy bounds! Henceforth lead me not into diſquiſitions whence thy utmoſt penetration muſt return laden but with conjec-

ture! Range not like a ſavage to deſtroy; but, if thou muſt exerciſe thyſelf, be it on ſuch ground only where thou canſt not weaken a ſolacing probability, but where thou canſt eſtabliſh ſome uſeful truth!

Ah! had Goodwin——but he is gone; and oh that he who endowed him with the faculty of reaſon, may have pardoned its temerity where perchance it preſumed too far!

Before his death, he transferred to me all the eſtate and poſſeſſions of my late uncle; in the reſtoration of which, he was nice to ſuch a degree of punctuality, as made me ready to conclude that he believed more of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments than he had ſuffered his lips to acknowledge. Indeed, this part of our creed ſeems to be the creed of nature, univerſally impreſſed on the human conception; and thoſe who ſet themſelves againſt it have conſequently to encounter, not only the inſtinct of their own breaſts, but the inſtinct,

inſtinct, the trembling hope, of every claſs of mankind, both ſavage and civil.

I hinted before that Mr. Brudenell had congratulated me on my acquiſition.—Not ſo the captain. I ſaw him in London a day or two after Goodwin's death (for I left not my couſin till he was no more). Sylvia had informed him of the event: he was quite vexed; not that he grudges me my good fortune, as he calls it; but, as he will have it that, by relieving Carvile's daughter, I have done him a great obligation (circumſtances conſidered), ſo he wiſhes it to be ſolely his province to make a man of me, as he calls it, by way of recompence. "Blaſt it!" ſays he, "the dog is worked into port, look ye, and no thanks to Captain Brudenell. Dead his mazard: captain, indeed! waiting for a wind, did not conſider the tide."—The captain is whimſically generous, Bountly.

To-morrow I return to London to my Sylvia (methinks I can ſay *my* Sylvia now,

without faultering), and to my ſiſter. She is a good girl; but ſhe is myſterious. No matter, I love her nevertheleſs; and ſhe ſhall find me affectionate in a way more palpable than bare expreſſions.

Adieu.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

PENSON *to his Friend* BOUNTLY.

London.

O BOUNTLY! yeſterday Providence gave we wealth; it affected me very little, for *before* I had a ſufficiency for myſelf: but to-day it has done more; it has made me to rejoice in my acquiſition, by affording me an opportunity of ſharing it with a child of misfortune.

But my heart is for ever getting the ſtart of my head. I will try for once to be methodical: for *this* letter I am previouſly re-

reſolved thou *ſhalt* ſee; which is not always the caſe when I indulge myſelf in writing to thee. It will inform thee of an old acquaintance.

I was this morning pretty early returning to London in my couſin's chaiſe: when there happening ſome defect in one of the wheels, which required a reparation, I quitted it at a village we arrived in; and leaving it to overtake me, rambled on the road.

I had not proceeded above a mile when I obſerved a man, in a ſailor's habit, ſitting with his back towards the road, on the ſlope of the ditch.

Whether it be from a romantic or curious diſpoſition, or what other cauſe, I know not; but I ever feel a propenſity for the acquaintance of an itinerary. I felt it now.

I approached him; I ſaw not his face, nor did he deign to ſurvey mine.

"What tired, friend?" ſaid I.

"May

" May be not," replied he; " may be I could find my limbs, if occaſion."

'Twas ſpoken with the accent of ſuſpicion, Bountly. He took a quid of tobacco, but varied not his poſture.

" Well then, you muſt have been familiar with adverſity, if this ſcite could tempt your inclination."

" All as we think, maſter," replied the other.

" Why ay, there is ſomething in that indeed," ſaid I; and obeying the impulſe of the moment, which prompted me to explore what pleaſure the ſailor could experience by indulging a reverie on the ſide of a ditch, I ſlipt my foot, and ſat down too.

Thou wilt ſmile, Bountly: but people would often derive pleaſure from very ſilly things, if pride, more than prudence, did not reſtrain their inclinations.

The ſailor iggled as though he had a mind

mind to have edged off; and eyed me with a peculiar kind of ray, the pencil of which, compoſed of various affections, was evidently however pointed by ſurpriſe.

"Nay, my friend, let me not diſturb you. I only wiſhed to experience what a pleaſure ſuch a ſituation as this could afford."

"Pleaſure!" repeated he.

"Nay, if it be diſtreſs, then give me leave to ſhare it."

"May be not neither," ſaid he.

Unſucceſs damps the vigour of moſt incitements; but curioſity is never more eager to renew its attack than when it finds its mines are counterworked.

My hand was in my pocket.—Adverſity, ſaid I to myſelf, cloſes the mouth of a great ſpirit, even while it burſts the heart. I put a few ſhillings on the bank, and was riſing; but the ſailor aroſe, and receding from the money, ſaid "No, Sir, no: Tom is not yet reduced to beggary."

Tom!

Tom!—The tone, which ſounded not now the rough guttural note of ſuſpicion, ſeemed familiar to my ear.—Tom! I traced his features; they had the bronze of hardneſs, but they retained a ſymmetry which reminded me of Tom Snell.

I ſprung forward to embrace him: he puſhed me from him. "Ware timbers, my lad," ſaid he.

"Tom Snell?" ſaid I.

"No matter," interrupted he. "If my colours have betrayed me, I'll not be boarded without a broadſide or two yet."

"Betrayed, Tom! Doſt think Penſon would betray thee?"

"Penſon! What, maſter Wanley? God forgive me, but I ſuſpect every body. You know my misfortune, maſter Wanley: my life is at ſtake if I am betrayed."

I took his hands. I know not what I ſaid; but if it was not ſomething at once affectionate and conſolatory, my language did not correſpond with my heart.

Thou

Thou mayſt, believe, Bountly, our ſurpriſe and joy were mutual; and for the firſt moment I believe our expreſſions were very incoherent: but we felt each other's ſentiments.

We again ſat down on the bank; we grew more compoſed. Enquiry ſucceeded to exclamation.

Tom began.

"Do you ever viſit N—— now, maſter Penſon? Methinks I would fain ſteal thither undiſcovered if I could: once more ſee it, maſter Penſon, and then leave ——"

"No, Tom," interruped I, "no more *leaving*. Confuſion to the villain who once drove thee thence: but the old raſcal ſhall do thee juſtice; I'll make him, Tom."

Tom ſtared.

"Nay, do not wonder. I am not that inſignificant Penſon I was awhile ago; I am now as great as himſelf."

Thou

Thou canſt not think, Bountly, how proud I was at that moment.

"God bleſs your honour!" cried Tom; "but it muſt not be: I would not have you involved in a diſpute with him for the world. He is a devil."

"Never mind.—We will turn exorciſts then. Wealth, Tom, capacitates a man for any character."

Tom ſeemed to muſe. At length, "My poor old father, Sir," ſaid he; and looked, Bountly, as though he wiſhed for information, yet dreaded to receive it.

"He is living, Tom, and ſo is Betſy Freeman too."

Tom bluſhed.

"God bleſs her!" ſaid he; "I loved her dearly once, but muſt not think of that now. Fortune has uſed me hardly, Sir; but," ſaid he, raiſing himſelf with a kind of affected heroiſm, "I heed it very little: my plan is to make the beſt of a bad matter.

ter. No uſe to ſtand with one's finger in one's eye when the ſhip is aground: wear is the word, or go to the bottom; and I have no mind to go a floundering yet, pleaſe your honour."

Tom poſſeſſes that tight ſpirit, Bountly, which is generally the happy conſequence of an active life. Whatever diſtreſs aſſails him, though he feels its force, yet he ſeems to play it off, as the vibration of a tight rope plays off the ſtone that is thrown againſt it.

The chaiſe now came up.—The ſervant had already opened the door.

"Come, Tom," ſaid I; "I'll give thee a lift."

"Thank your honour," cried Tom, and made towards the back of the carriage.

"No, Tom; however I may *vaunt* of wealth, I only *eſteem* it as it enables me to indulge my inclination. The diſtinction paid to it farther I deſpiſe: 'tis not paid to

to me; 'tis here, for inſtance, paid to the carriage I ride in."

Tom ſtill heſitated.

"I'll ride behind, an't pleaſe ye."

"Tom," ſaid I, "on that bank this diſtinction was not thought of. Don't mortify me with the ſuppoſition that thou haſt greater reſpect for this gaudy machine than for thy friend."

Tom ſtared, but yielded. The ſervants, I believe, thought me a madman: but ſhall I ſacrifice the pleaſures of the heart at the ſhrine of uninformed opinion? Merit and a threadbare coat are often connected in the ſame phraſe, but ſeldom in the ſame idea.

Some miles from London, at the conjunction of the great roads near C——, I obſerved Captain Brudenell onhorſeback. The glaſſes of our carriage were down. He ſoon came near enough to know me.

"Yo ho, boy!" cried he as he rode up to the

the ſide of the chaiſe; "glad to ſee thee: gi' me thy fiſt. What—what (obſerving Tom)—what, picked up a wreck, ha?"

I told him I had been ſo lucky as to meet with an old friend whom fortune had uſed unkindly, and that I was happy to have it in my power to be of ſervice to him.

"Boy o' my heart," ſaid he; "gi' me thy fiſt, I ſay. I'll ha' *thine* too, ſtrait, tarpaulin," continued he to Tom: "but this curſed canting cart *wherrs* at ſuch a rate, there's no liſtening to one's own thoughts. But d'ye hear, lads! let's ſtrike acroſs yonder a bit—there's a comfortable harbour. There we'll meſs, d'ye ſee—then into a boat, and ſteer for London all together. What d'ye ſay? ay or no? for I can no longer ſtand the clatter of this *lubber mill.*"

We agreed.—I diſcharged the carriage at the place the captain alluded to; and the captain, as well as myſelf, being eager to hear what had befallen poor Tom (for I

ſoon intereſted the captain in his favour, by relating the injuſtice his maſter, the 'ſquire, had done him, and which I gave thee a circumſtantial account of in my letters from N——)—I ſay the captain and myſelf being both eager to know what had befallen Tom during his exile, and particularly what had induced him to venture to return before the term of his baniſhment was expired, he ſatisfied our curioſity, whilſt dinner, which the captain had ordered, was getting ready. And I will take an early opportunity, Bountly, to tranſmit thee the ſubſtance of our old ſchool-fellow's narrative; as I am convinced, from thy former regard for him, that his adventures will both amuſe and intereſt thee.—Till when,

Farewel.

W. WANLEY PENSON.

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